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ART. I. — 1. *The Life of Charlotte Brontë.* By E. C. GASKELL, Author of "Mary Barton," "Ruth," etc. In two volumes. New York: D. Appleton and Company. 1857. 12mo. pp. 285, 269.

2. *The Brontë Novels.* — *Jane Eyre. An Autobiography.* Edited by CURRER BELL (CHARLOTTE BRONTÉ). — *Shirley. A Tale.* By the Author of "Jane Eyre." — *Villette.* By the Author of "Jane Eyre" and "Shirley." — *Wuthering Heights.* By ELLIS BELL (EMILY BRONTÉ). — *The Tenant of Wildfell Hall.* By ACTON BELL (ANNE BRONTÉ). New York: Harper and Brothers. 1857.

3. *Agnes Grey.* By ACTON BELL (ANNE BRONTÉ).

4. *The Professor. A Tale.* By CURRER BELL. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1857. 12mo. pp. 330.

THE first thrill of regret which passes over the community on the death of a favorite author, in the prime of his power, is tinged with a very decided selfishness. We count the years which we thought would bring us new volumes from the same pen, and feel ourselves defrauded of a promised treasure. Our expectations have been raised by what has been achieved, and our appreciative welcome prepared for what the future might bring. This feeling is independent of any personal interest in the dead, and when that has already existed, or is subsequently awakened by circumstances, is soon merged in

a less selfish sorrow for the broken life. The genius which wrought for our delight assumes the proportions of a friend, over whom we claim the right to mourn, and upon whose memory we dwell with loving interest. Thus we take up our pen for the task we have now set ourselves, not as a cold and distant criticism would suggest, but with reverent friendliness and warmth of interest, which we believe fully warranted by the circumstances of the case. The author of "Jane Eyre" is no longer a mere abstraction to the reader's mind, but instinct with vitality and clear in individuality. We know her henceforth even better as a woman than as a writer. When we reflect that the impression made by Currer Bell was produced by only three works, we feel all the more deeply that the powers so carefully and conscientiously used could never, had she lived, have been desecrated by any hasty or incomplete publication, that no outside pressure would have induced hurried utterance, that the reticence which marked the past would have characterized the future, and that the high ideal before her mind would never have been lowered at the instigation of popularity or by the temptation of gain. The works already published would have been followed by others worthy of their predecessors, and if they came more slowly than our eagerness desired them, their merit would have constrained us to acknowledge that time was necessary to ripen into full maturity the fruit which boasted such rare flavor. This hope blasted, this future denied, we cling the more closely to the treasures we already possess, and turn eagerly towards every avenue for gaining knowledge of the nature which originated them, rejoicing when our cool judgment allows us to approve what our tenderness for the dead induces us to value.

The world does not need to be told that the works of an author are not always counterparts of his actual experience; we have long known that the merriest quips often come from the saddest hearts, and the most lachrymose sentimentalities from the jolliest natures; yet we feel, nevertheless, that in the life of an author we are to search for the secret of his power, the clew to his imaginings, the explanation of his literary position. When we criticise a work with no personal knowledge of the writer, we obtain an impartiality of judgment in

some respects, at the expense of thorough and sympathetic understanding of his point of view, his qualifying circumstances and his personal enthusiasms and prejudices. The blunders of inference which follow upon letting loose the astuteness of professed critics over an unknown country, are often ludicrous, sometimes disastrous. The knowledge of an author's life, by increasing our power of throwing ourselves into his position, sheds light on many a dark passage, explains many a seeming paradox, and more than compensates for the loss of entire impartiality of judgment, with its accompanying indifference of criticism. Indeed, a perfectly impartial criticism is almost impossible, since the desire to criticise at any length implies that the heart is interested in favor of, or the feelings excited against, the work in question. In the absence of this motive power we can furnish only a tame and spiritless statement, little better than a table of contents. The critic who throws himself *con amore* into his subject is not necessarily warped out of his critical perpendicular, and a genial appreciation of the merits of his author or a quick perception of his defects need not degenerate into fulsome flattery or bitter invective.

In the search for information concerning an author, we are fortunate when we come upon a biography like that which Mrs. Gaskell gives us of Miss Brontë. We find in it, not only the satisfaction of an urgent curiosity upon many points of personal history, but a key to Currer Bell's fictions, which sends us to their reperusal with a new and more tender interest. And in the glimpses given of the sisters Emily and Anne, — those strange mental organizations in which peculiarities were carried almost into deformities, — we learn to account for the strange elements present in their works. We find the atmosphere of the novels predominating in the "Life," — the "counterfeit presentment" of persons and incidents known personally or by tradition, placed before us in the romances. This is especially true in Charlotte's case; for her mind was less narrow by nature, and her life more varied in feeling and in action, than that of either of her sisters. The most repulsive and the most contradictory of her fictitious characters prove to be but the careful elaboration of outlines sketched

from her own circle of experience. In the vivid description which Mrs. Gaskell gives of Charlotte Brontë's life, we are surprised to find how little the novelist strained her privilege of coloring and intensifying the elements of character about her. Those who dwell amidst the constant friction of city life, or are subjected to steady attrition among their fellows, can with difficulty conceive how the sharp points and rough edges of character remain, and even become more prominent, in circumstances of isolation. This is as true of communities as of individuals; and however fond we may be of imagining model republics existing in isolated positions, which protect them from the enervating breath of general luxury, it is very certain that such protection must be purchased with the loss of much in the way of refinement of tone and universality of development. Hereditary traits become intensified, whether they are virtues or vices; and, alas for poor human nature! the vices too often grow more luxuriantly than the virtues; or, at best, virtues are more quiet in their development, and have less concentrated power over the imagination and hold upon the memory. Household crimes of the past are whispered fearfully by the winter fireside, long after household virtues have passed out of remembrance. All contracting influences are strengthened when they act unchanged upon generation after generation; social laws bend under the unchecked power of the hereditary rich and the exhausted energies of the hereditary poor; and public opinion sides with the strong, or contents itself with low and timid whispers of ineffectual disapprobation. To these circumstances we must look for an explanation of the state of society in that isolated portion of England in which the Brontés were born and reared, and for which we must make due allowance in reading their works.

The biographer of Currer Bell had a very delicate and a very difficult task to perform. The public naturally craved the most explicit details concerning the externals of a life of whose interior workings it had caught glimpses through the half-revealing, half-concealing medium of what we may term autobiographic novels. This explicitness would necessarily involve many persons who might object to being called

before the world, and bring out in strong relief particulars of such a nature that prudence and courtesy demand silence even when indignation clamors for utterance. The temptation to speak is the greater in this instance, for the reason that the sufferings of Charlotte Bronté were precisely those portions of her life which called forth her most glowing words. The morbid delicacy of feeling which some of them induced, gave rise to her most thrilling revelations of spiritual susceptibility. The capacities for happiness, the aspirations for affection, so crushed and lacerated, sent forth the deepest cry of anguish. Fully to explain all the circumstances would be to arraign individuals connected with them; but the severity with which a tribunal of justice may ferret out evidence and pass its definitive sentence is forbidden to those who would fain probe the depths of moral torture. Yet a certain inferential condemnation ensues from those necessary revelations which the simplest and most delicate statement of incidents involves, and the occasional transcending of strict limits may be pardoned to the enthusiasm of personal friendship.

We propose, in the first place, to examine the memoirs which Mrs. Gaskell furnishes us, with special reference to those portions which tell most powerfully upon the development of Miss Bronté's mind and heart, and then to turn, with the light thus thrown upon the author, to a scrutiny of her works. We believe that this knowledge of the individual — always more necessary in judging of a woman's comparative position than of a man's, since her sphere of feeling is less rounded by external action — is in a peculiar degree necessary to a full comprehension of Currer Bell's romances. We also believe that many of the criticisms made in times past, in the total absence of such knowledge, would now, were it possible, receive very decided modification, and the general judgment in regard to her works become even more favorable than their popularity proves it to be already.

Mrs. Gaskell prefaces the memoirs themselves with some explanatory sketches of the country and the people among whom Miss Bronté was born, and the environments from which her mind received its earliest and strongest impressions. This is the more necessary, owing to the very striking peculi-

arities of Yorkshire and its inhabitants. Nothing less than an account of these peculiarities as they manifested themselves half a century ago, could prepare one to believe in them at a later period, or within the childhood of the Brontés, and even then it requires some effort to conceive that such relics of barbarism and such savageness of customs could exist anywhere in England in this nineteenth century. These facts, however, once established, the inevitable inferences which follow are our first help towards a complete comprehension of the reason why, when the Brontés described the men and women whom they saw, or with whose histories they were familiar through immediate tradition, the great world should have felt its delicate nerves shaken at what it regarded as exaggerated pictures of coarse and hard humanity. The persons whom the sisters met in their daily walks were quite as rough and odd as those they put upon their imaginary stage, and within the limits of their own family strange contrasts appeared, while the tales with which their old nurse nourished their childish imaginations were weird as any entwined into their fictions.

The incidents which Mrs. Gaskell relates as confirmation of the ferocity and coarse cruelty of this people, we have not room to quote; but some of them are startling and repulsive in the highest degree. And though with kindliness of intention she musters a small array of compensating virtues, which appear upon a thorough study of the nature of the people, they fail to soothe our indignant feelings, which revert again and again to the graphic but hateful narrative.

To this rude and desolate country Mr. Bronté, the father of Charlotte, brought his young wife, and amid the cheerless and forlorn scenes of lonely country life in Yorkshire the wife soon ended her days, leaving behind her six desolate little children in that dreary stone parsonage of Haworth, the mere picture of which we cannot contemplate without a shiver at its forlorn aspect. The father, an Irishman and a good but stern man, was quite as eccentric as any character which his daughter's imagination ever drew. Full of energy, but with little tenderness, charitable and laborious in his vocation as clergyman, but taciturn and solitary in his ways, he left his

motherless children to nestle together and to look only to one another for sympathy and endearments. In other respects he seems to have been a good father, and to have won the esteem and reverence of his family. His hygienic theories, however, were carried out, we fear, very much to the detriment of little ones who appear to have needed precisely the opposite of his Spartan method of treatment. His naturally violent temper, though under sufficient control to prevent him from indulging in angry words or blows, found vent in the most ludicrous manner. He is described as working off "his volcanic wrath by firing pistols out of the back door in rapid succession," as burning up the hearth-rug and appearing to enjoy the stench thereof, and as sawing off the backs of the chairs during another *accés de fureur*. He did not approve of any elegance of apparel, and therefore threw into the fire some gay shoes belonging to the children, and cut into shreds a silk dress presented to his wife, which shocked his fastidiously plain taste. What his children must have thought while these oddities were before their eyes, we may well imagine, when we remember the wonderful precocity of their minds. Some of the peculiarities of the father, modified by the gentleness of the mother, may be traced in the children.

Some time after the mother's death, a sister of hers came to take charge of the motherless brood. She was an estimable but not very lovable woman, who inspired the respect rather than the affection of those about her. Her natural austerity was increased by her dislike of Yorkshire, which she never conquered, though she remained there till her death. She taught the little girls to excel in all household accomplishments, initiating them into all the mysteries of cooking and embroidery. The reader will remember many passages in the novels, where these matters find honorable mention. In the absence of all other children's society, and without any of the toys and picture-books which fairly smother the infants of more (or less?) favored regions, these little folks read the newspapers of the day, discussed the Parliamentary debates, and formed their conversation and their employment upon the models of the older persons about them. Their precocity, which would have been apparent under any circumstances,

became absolutely marvellous under the strange forcing process to which they were subjected. The child-nature was lost, if indeed it ever had any existence, and the five sisters and one brother formed a community of their own, quite unlike that of any other known nursery. Even their plays, when they condescended to amuse themselves, were rather the recreations of mature minds than the frolic nonsense of childhood. In the course of time four of the sisters were sent to a school at Cowan's Bridge, of which all that need be said is, that it was the original of Lowood in "Jane Eyre"; but the two elder ones died in the course of the first year, and the two younger ones were soon after removed from the school. Mrs. Gaskell's account of the life at this school is no less painful, though less dramatic, than its counterpart in the novel. Upon the death of her older sisters, little Charlotte, though a mere child, assumed the responsibilities of chief in the diminished group, and seems to have comprehended her position immediately, and devoted herself to the duties consequent upon it with unswerving fidelity. She remained at home till she had entered her fifteenth year, exercising herself industriously in the household tasks prescribed by her aunt, or busied in the preparation of various literary compositions, which grew so numerous, that in 1830, when she was but fourteen, she made out "A Catalogue of my Books," which were twenty-two in number. These little volumes, written in a tiny hand, and containing from sixty to one hundred pages each, were devoted to a great variety of topics, and consisted both of prose and verse. In 1831 she was sent to Roe-Head, to a school very different from the Cowan's Bridge abomination, where she remained for a year, and formed some of her strongest and most valuable friendships. Taking every possible advantage of the educational opportunities here afforded her, Charlotte made great progress, and afterwards returned to the school in the capacity of teacher. During her stay at Roe-Head, her observant mind, always active, gathered in impressions of local scenery and personal character, and her memory stored itself with traditional lore, all of which were destined to form the material of her future works. Her duties as teacher were extremely arduous, and her life painfully monotonous; but she bore it

with courage, though she mourned deeply over the condition of her sister Emily, at that time teaching in a school at Halifax, and worn down with "hard labor from six in the morning to eleven at night, with only one half-hour of exercise between." Charlotte's health gave way entirely, and she returned home. Emily also succumbed to the hardships of her lot. At this time the sisters appear to have made their first decided literary efforts, and letters, asking counsel, were sent to Southey and Wordsworth. Southey's reply is given at length, and, while mildly discouraging, is marked with the gentle kindness and courteousness of his nature. Baffled in this hope, Charlotte set herself resolutely to work again in a situation totally repugnant to her, and became a private governess. In this sphere she accumulated experiences and bore sufferings, which, calling out no loud or frequent complaint at the time, fermented within her, and burst forth long afterwards in her works.

It is not known that her experiences at this time were very unlike those of other women in the same social position, — or rather, to speak more correctly, in the same absence of all position. The sufferings, the mortifications, and the sorrows of private governesses have been too long a favorite theme of English novelists, to leave any possible aspect of the mournful topic untouched. Why the abuses interwoven into that system of education are not resolutely eradicated by public indignation, or, if that is impossible, why the system itself is not exchanged for something more genial and humane, can be explained only by that peculiar tenacity with which the English, as a nation, cling to their established customs, and the apathetic obstinacy with which they regard any suggestion of change. Miss Bronté, being condemned by Fate to be a governess, must meet with the same trials and annoyances under which the rest of the class have long groaned; but she being also a woman of genius equal to her susceptibility, having the gift of utterance as well as of endurance, the world has to thank her persecutors indirectly for much that glows in her writings. What persons are within themselves, influences the expression of the life far more than the incidents which make its daily tenor. Commonplace persons appear to meet

with only commonplace experiences, because they have no immortal fire within to melt the ore of life into flowing metal, no creative inspiration to mould it into form and beauty. Genius makes from that same ore a bronze statue of glorious proportions, for the world to admire, and transforms into passionate utterance the incidents which in an ordinary life would come to naught, or at most cause only a transient emotion. The materials in the two cases are not unlike, but the power at work upon them is, in one case, that of a Prometheus, in the other that of an ignorant child. We find Charlotte Bronté always busy in "making out," from all that she sees and all that she feels, half-real and half-ideal creations, and moulding her acquired ideas in the crucible of her fancy. She treasures all the traditions of a country rich in startling tales of the past; she fills her mind with pictures of long-gone scenes; the mansions which she passes in her daily walks are peopled to her sight with forms unseen by common eyes; and even the ordinary incidents of the monotonous life about her reveal to her a darker tragedy and a deeper pathos. To such a nature as Currer Bell's nothing was without signification. To the plain, near-sighted, silent woman, nature found a way to reveal its secrets and reward her worship; to the introverted mind of the morbid dreamer grew mysterious insight into the phenomena of all varieties of minds; to the busy plodder amid daily drudgeries came eagle-winged thoughts of freedom and wildest soaring; and over the pent-up affections of the taciturn and diffident governess swept whirlwinds of passion, by turns the stormiest agony and the most rapturous bliss.

Discouraged and harassed by a mode of life so utterly at variance with their instincts, enfeebled in health by longing homesickness, which always hung about them when absent from their own breezy moors, the sisters determined to attempt taking a school by themselves, hoping to increase their pecuniary resources, at the same time that they secured the happiness of remaining together. This plan was never crowned with success; but the endeavor to carry it out led to a new and important change in the life of Charlotte and Emily, who, for the purpose of better fitting themselves to

become teachers, went over to Brussels, and entered the *pensionnat* of Monsieur and Madame Héger. There, by unremitted application, they obtained a thorough knowledge of the French language, and increased their acquirements generally. To this sojourn in Belgium we are indebted for Currer Bell's "Villette." They were called home, after an absence of ten months, by the sudden illness and death of their aunt. Emily never returned to Brussels; but Charlotte soon after assumed the position of English teacher in the same establishment, so that her whole residence on the Continent extended over a period of two years. Her experience during this time is set down so vividly in "Villette," that, once read, it can never be forgotten. Disagreeable as her life necessarily was in some respects, it was not without its pleasant side, if only for the reason that it afforded her in full measure those advantages she courted so much. Her mind was maturing in all ways, to an extent of which she herself was probably hardly aware; and if her solitary hours and forlorn destitution of affection and sympathy fostered the morbid susceptibility of her disposition, we can hardly quarrel with them, since the most powerful psychological portions of "Villette" could never have come into existence without them. Even her *devoirs* in French composition show the power of her mind, which breaks through the difficulties imposed by a foreign tongue.

During her whole stay at Brussels, Charlotte spared no efforts to avail herself of every opportunity of intellectual improvement, though her delicate health and sensitive temperament must often have made her tasks difficult of accomplishment. Her intellectual growth would have done credit to a far more robust physical organization. She won the especial respect of Monsieur Héger, and seems to have felt for him a great degree of reverence and grateful friendship. His peculiarities of manner and temper, his strong religious and charitable feelings, and his odd irritability, are shadowed forth in Paul Emanuel, a hero who, though he may have failed to become popular among ordinary hero-worshippers, has his select number of admirers, and was evidently intended by the author to win our esteem and our liking. The few

persons outside the walls of the *pensionnat* with whom Miss Brontë became acquainted, the local scenery, the historic associations, were all analyzed and all appropriated by her, with little plan, perhaps, of future use, but simply from the inevitable and irresistible tendency of her mind thus to examine, and as it were hold in solution, those scenes and incidents which with others pass unnoticed in daily routine. Thus the lonely home of the *grandes vacances* became to her a prominent and frightful reality of experience, not to be dismissed afterwards from the memory with a shrug of the shoulders and an exclamation of disgust, but to induce nights of weary sleeplessness, to bring on fever and desperation as they dragged their slow length along, and years afterwards to recur with undiminished force, and dictate those strangely fascinating chapters on "The Long Vacation" in "Villette." The fact also of her stanch Protestantism, amid so much obtrusive Romanism, added fuel to the fire of her inner excitement, and provoked all her antagonism. She had no sympathy with, no admiration for, the ceremonies of that Church; the *messe* was to her always "idolatrous," and "the uncompromising truth" of her character would not allow her to shrink from the maintenance of opinions, which could hardly be received with complaisance by those among whom she dwelt. Her position at Madame Héger's became less and less tolerable to her, and the increasing troubles at home, resulting in part from the misconduct of her brother Branwell, and in part from the threatened blindness of her father, combined with her own homesick yearnings to induce her return to Haworth.

And now ensued a long stay upon the moors, a quiet resumption of home habits and daily-recurring duties, her literary labors still pursued, silently but with undaunted courage. The story of the publication of a volume of poems by the three sisters is well known. Then followed the acceptance by a London publisher of "Agnes Grey" and "Wuthering Heights," by Anne and Emily, and the rejection of "The Professor," Charlotte's first fiction. Undismayed even by this, she commenced "Jane Eyre," and its opening chapters were written while she was in close attendance upon

her blind father. Her life was at this time as monotonous as Haworth life must necessarily be. The walk upon the moors was the most agreeable event of the day; the evening talk, when the sisters were together and the rest of the family asleep, was the charm of the night. When a naturally active and energetic intellect is placed in circumstances devoid of variety and interest, other influences, which in seasons of social excitement remain dormant, rise into importance and wield a dominating power. The phenomena of external nature, with their daily variety, — the inevitable and seemingly spontaneous changes of thought in long seasons of uninterrupted meditation, united with a sense of thraldom under a condition at variance with the impulses of the heart, — these are the influences which are set at work, and which produce in weak minds a deadness or mental paralysis, and in strong ones a feverish restlessness. Traces of this restlessness are occasionally apparent in Charlotte Brontë; but the steadfast courage with which she combated both this and the miserable ill-health aggravated by it call forth our esteem and admiration. Indeed, a quiet, undemonstrative energy was one of "Currer Bell's" most marked characteristics, and the unshaken firmness with which she bore a life-long monotony, to a temperament like hers a constant martyrdom, continually displays itself upon the pages of her biography. Some of her fictitious characters are endowed with similar organizations, and possess the same power of endurance, the same reluctance to accept means of escape which in the least jar the moral sense, the same force to bear without uttering one cry till the crisis of agony is past and words can be spoken calmly. Something of her singularly self-contained spirit is revealed in the characters of Jane Eyre and Lucy Snowe. It would seem that neither of these was intended as a likeness of her nature, as she herself understood it; but most readers will discover remarkable resemblance as to the workings of the inner heart and the endurance of interior conflict and suffering. Not the least of Currer Bell's artistic talents is that which she possessed of emerging from the intense introversion which marks the conception of some of her characters, and plunging at once and vigorously into the stormiest

action and the most demonstrative passion, vividness and vitality accompanying every change in the movement.

The power of passive endurance in Miss Bronté, united with the strength of active perseverance, which she possessed in an equal degree, can alone explain the fact that this fragile and delicate woman, whose health was enfeebled by frequent illness, whose nerves were wrung by all depressing influences, and whose heart was smitten by repeated afflictions, was able to turn from the darkness about her, to rise from the exhausting minutiæ of household cares and the physical fatigue of laborious attention upon others more ill than herself, to make for herself an atmosphere, full of change and of charm, in the fair land of romance, and, after a night spent in the passionate vehemence of Jane Eyre's personality, to renew the same faithful performance of daily prosaic duty. Tenderly attached to her sisters and her father, forbearing to the brother whose recklessness made his home wretched, we find her always forgetful of herself and devoted to others. The faithfulness of her devotion through those long and weary years of dismal Haworth life, varied only by rare visits made and received among her very small circle of friends, is set forth with simple pathos by her biographer, and forms one of the most touching chapters of womanly experience. Those who have been accustomed to regard Currer Bell only as an author who has dared to speak on certain topics with a plainness somewhat unusual among fashionable lady-writers, and have consequently assailed her for coarseness and immorality, will stand abashed before this record of womanly virtue and tender affection. Miss Bronté never lost her keen perception of the desolate monotony of her home-life, through familiarity with its routine. She writes to a friend: "I can hardly tell you how time gets on at Haworth. There is no event to mark its progress. One day resembles another; and all have heavy, lifeless physiognomies. . . . . I feel as if we were all buried here. I long to travel; to work; to live a life of action."

To add to her depression, her eyes, which she had injured by her minute style of drawing and by her miniature handwriting, — a fac-simile of which Mrs. Gaskell introduces, —

became very troublesome, so that the fear of blindness tormented her, and her amusements, already so limited, were still further curtailed. Her father's eyes were much relieved by a surgical operation undertaken in compliance with Charlotte's earnest entreaties. Her own eyes never entirely recovered, and she was often unable to use them for reading or for writing, — a deprivation keenly felt by her, and doubly distressing as an aggravation of her loneliness. Her brother's sad and disgraceful history was another bitter ingredient in her cup of sorrow. The story is simply and plainly told by Mrs. Gaskell, and clearly explains how the author of "Wildfell Hall" should have known so well the details of a vicious life. The suffering and mortification which he inflicted upon his innocent sisters were no slight addition to his offences against virtue.

In the mean time the novels of the two younger sisters had been accepted, as we have seen, and Charlotte's returned upon her hands. As "The Professor" is now before the public, an opportunity is afforded for judging of the critical acumen of the six London publishers who declined to usher it into the world. An indication of character quite in keeping with Currer Bell's other peculiarities is apparent in the circumstance of her using the same wrapper for her manuscript during all its pilgrimages, so that each publisher was able to see the names of his brethren who had refused it before him. "Jane Eyre," however, was doomed to a better fate, and we rejoice as we remember that the strong heart, so long unable to find acceptable utterance, at last received a worthy welcome. The graphic account by Mrs. Gaskell of Charlotte's method of composition, and of her patient fulfilment of household drudgery when her brain was on fire with the creative impulse, proves that it is by no means necessary that literary women cease to be bound by domestic laws. In the private correspondence of Miss Brontë we trace a resemblance to Jane Eyre's own style, playfulness when her heart is sore within her, resolute courage in the struggle of life, and a smile because she will not weep.

With the publication and immediate popularity of "Jane Eyre," Currer Bell entered upon an active literary career,

which, however, never prevented her from giving her wonted attention to her home duties. We find her easily assuming the dignity of a successful author, neither disdainful of praise nor elated by its novelty. Her letters at this time become doubly interesting. Her reading was extended through the kindness of her publishers, who supplied her with books otherwise inaccessible to one in her isolated position, and her mind seized with avidity, yet with discrimination, the food placed within its reach. Her criticisms are keen and pithy, and show a ready grasp of whatever subject she took up. "Jane Eyre" was published in October, 1847, at which time Miss Brontë was thirty-one years of age.

Owing to the confounding of the pseudonymes of Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell, and the consequent mistakes of the publishers, Charlotte and Anne determined to go to London to establish beyond a doubt their separate existence. They remained but three days in the great city, and every circumstance of their stay is harmonious with the individuality which they have already asserted so strongly before the mind of the reader. The next year Branwell died, and Charlotte writes to a friend: "All his vices were and are nothing now. We remember only his woes." This was in October, and the following December Emily also was taken. The story of her last days is unsurpassed in tragic pathos; we read almost with horror of her struggle against her inevitable doom. "Stronger than a man, simpler than a child, her nature stood alone. The awful point was, that, while full of truth for others, on herself she had no pity; the spirit was inexorable to the flesh; from the trembling hands, the unnerved limbs, the fading eyes, the same service was exacted as they had rendered in health." In truth the strength of her will and the power of her resolve, joined to the peculiar tastes and tendencies of her nature, made of Emily Brontë a very extraordinary woman, and we find in her the germs of much, which, placed under more favorable circumstances, must have developed into nobility and grandeur. Sorrow followed fast on sorrow, and poor little Anne, after bravely endeavoring to resist her insidious foe, consumption, died in May, 1849, during a visit to the sea-shore, made with Charlotte, in the

vain hope of benefiting her health. Charlotte returned to her desolate home, to take up again the battle of her life, now utterly alone. She writes to her dearest friend: —

"I tried to be glad that I was come home. I have always been glad before, — except once; — even then I was cheered. But this time joy was not to be the sensation. I felt that the house was all silent, — the rooms were all empty. I remembered where the three were laid, — in what narrow, dark dwellings, — never more to reappear on earth. So the sense of desolation and bitterness took possession of me. The agony that *was to be undergone* and *was not* to be avoided, came on."

And again, some little time after: —

"Sometimes when I wake in the morning, and know that Solitude, Remembrance, and Longing are to be almost my sole companions all day through, that at night I shall go to bed with them, that they will long keep me sleepless, — that next morning I shall wake to them again, — sometimes, Nell, I have a heavy heart of it."

She was at the end of the second volume of Shirley, when all these home afflictions came upon her. As soon as she had recovered from the first prostration of her grief, she resumed her work, and the first chapter of the third volume bears for a title, "The Valley of the Shadow of Death." This work was soon finished, and was published just two years after "Jane Eyre." It excited almost as much interest, but not quite so much severe criticism, as its predecessor. And now it began to be known who Currer Bell was, and a visit which she made at the house of her publisher, in December, brought her in personal contact with as much of the literary society of the metropolis as her shy manners and feeble health would permit. The meeting with strangers was an ordeal to which she could never accustom herself, and the excitement of a dinner-party, or even of a call, would bring on that enemy of all woman-kind, — nervous headache. She met Thackeray several times, and exchanged the strong but distant intellectual admiration she felt for him for a personal esteem and friendliness, though she still retained her power of criticism upon his works, and clearly perceived his faults. Always kindly in her own judgments, and genial in her criticisms, she felt keenly the philippics launched from some quarters at "Jane Eyre," and even wept on reading a severe

review of "Shirley" in the "Times," though she uttered no remonstrances, and insisted on perusing all adverse criticisms, heroically maintaining that they "did her good."

Her history henceforth alternates between lively intellectual experiences set forth in pleasant letters to and from critics and authors, and the old routine, seldom broken, of household avocations. "All knew the place of residence of Currer Bell," says her biographer. "She compared herself to the ostrich hiding its head in the sand; and says that she still buries hers in the heath of Haworth moors; but 'the concealment is but self-delusion.'" She succeeded in accomplishing a large amount of reading, in spite of the weakness of her eyes. Solitude and sad memories made her heart often heavy; and the bleak and desolate storms so frequent in that country told fearfully upon a nature so susceptible as hers to every variation of temperature, and brought about a constant recurrence of those symptoms of consumption which were always hovering near her. The long and melancholy days and the still longer and more dreary nights dragged slowly on, exhausting mind and body in the effort to bear up against them, so bravely but so vainly made. Her imagination grew morbid, her nerves lost their vigor, her fancies conquered her reason in those lonely night-seasons, and few can imagine what she endured as she paced up and down her solitary room after all else were sleeping. The gloomy situation of the parsonage, in the midst of a churchyard "literally paved with rain-blackened tombstones," and never a healthy residence, any more than it was a cheerful one, became in the damp weather of spring fearfully unwholesome, and the family suffered constantly in health. Miss Brontë's friends were affectionately urgent for her to make them frequent visits; but her father's dependence upon her, and her own lofty sense of duty to him, prevented her from indulging in long absence from home. She was not one to leave the simplest duties unfulfilled for her own pleasure; so she clung to her old father, and plodded on in the pestilential air and among the sorrowful associations of Haworth. The shadowy forms of her dead sisters were ever by her side, and in the lone, sad night-hours her yearning for them grew so intense

as to win almost audible response to her excited mind. Every little taste of theirs was remembered, and everything about her was connected with them. The moors reminded her of Emily, whose love for them was a passionate vehemence, and she says: "Not a knoll of heather, not a branch of fern, not a young bilberry-leaf, not a fluttering lark or linnet, but reminds me of her. The distant prospects were Anne's delight, and when I look round, she is in the blue tints, the pale mists, the waves and shadows of the horizon." What wonder that her own cheek grew pale and her imagination morbid, left thus alone with these sorrowful memories! The wonder is that such a delicate organism kept any healthful action, that the harp swept by such rude gusts retained any tone of music responsive to lighter breaths. When her rarely occurring pleasures did come, when a short visit to a friend checkered the monotony of her life, we are astonished at the receptive faculty she exhibits for all the pleasure that presents itself. Her feeble frame shivers and trembles at the social ordeal; she grows nervous at meeting strangers; but her inner nature is a bold one, after all, and she is able to seize the intellectual enjoyment, and to exercise her critical and analytic powers, even when apparently overpowered by her *mauvaise honte*. After a brief sip from the cup of pleasure, the return to her gloomy home calls forth no harsher expression of the inevitable reaction of her spirits than a rare utterance like this: "I would not write to you immediately on my arrival at home, because each return to this old house brings with it a phase of feeling which it is better to pass through quietly before beginning to indite letters." Two days which she spent in Scotland were like a glimpse of fairy-land to her, and each moment of them made its own deep and distinct impression upon her fancy. Her anxiety for her father's health was constant, and openly expressed, and was reciprocated by him with the strongest solicitude on his part, when he believed her to be ill. She felt that this anxiety was injurious to them both, in leading them to think too much upon symptoms which they could not remove, and she did her best to lay aside her dread both for him and for herself. But she always spoke and wrote with unfailing interest in her father's

health, and Mrs. Gaskell says, "There is not one letter of hers which I have read, which does not contain some mention of her father's state in this respect."

Charlotte Brontë is described by her biographer as she appeared at their first meeting, as "a little lady in a black silk gown. She came up and shook hands with me at once. I went up to unbonnet, &c., came down to tea; the little lady worked away and hardly spoke, but I had time for a good look at her. She is (as she calls herself) *undeveloped*, thin, and more than half a head shorter than I am; soft brown hair, not very dark; eyes (very good and expressive, looking straight and open at you) of the same color as her hair; a large mouth; the forehead square, broad, and rather overhanging. She has a very sweet voice." And as they walk or drive in the open air she gives a "careful examination of the shape of the clouds and the signs of the heavens, in which she read, as from a book, what the coming weather would be"; and tells her new friend that she can have "no idea what a companion the sky becomes to any one living in solitude, — more than any inanimate object on earth, — more than the moors themselves." The readers of the novels cannot fail to have been struck with the many marvellous sky-pictures therein painted, and the powerful description of all weather phenomena.

During the composition of "Villette," Miss Brontë suffered more than ever from illness and consequent depression of spirits, so that, with the most willing heart in the world, she was unable to prepare it for the press until after long and vexatious delays. She felt conscientiously unwilling to write when her mind was below its proper tone, and she replies to the importunities of her publishers: —

"If my health is spared, I shall get on with it as fast as is consistent with its being done, if not *well*, yet as well as I can do it. *Not one whit faster.* When the mood leaves me, (it has left me now without vouchsafing so much as a word or a message when it will return,) I put by the MS. and wait till it comes back again. God knows, I sometimes have to wait long, — *very* long it seems to me."

The vigorous activity and persevering industry with which she wrote when "the mood" did come back, prove this in-

ability to have been no weak affectation, no silly desire to be flattered into the resumption of her work. "Villette" had to be written, too, with no friend near to whom she could go for sympathy and criticism, as she had before resorted to her sisters; and in a letter written at this time she says: "I can hardly tell you how I hunger to hear some opinion besides my own, and how I have sometimes desponded, and almost despaired, because there was no one to whom to read a line, or of whom to ask a counsel." Her knowledge of her own mind, and of the kind of power she possessed as differing from that of other popular novelists, is shown in a few remarks relative to "Villette":—

"You will see that 'Villette' touches on no matter of public interest. I cannot write books handling the topics of the day: it is of no use trying. Nor can I write a book for its moral. Nor can I take up a philanthropic scheme, though I honor philanthropy; and voluntarily and sincerely veil my face before such a mighty subject as that handled in Mrs. Beecher Stowe's work, 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.'"

"Villette" appeared in 1852, and with this work, which more than sustains the author's previous reputation, closes Currer Bell's literary career, and we are called upon to lay aside our sympathies with her as an author, only to take them up again — if her biographer has succeeded with others as well as with ourselves, in awakening a very strong personal interest — the more decidedly with her womanly sorrows and deferred hopes. The sunshine of married life which eventually warmed the bereaved heart, and made even the old parsonage a cheerful home, did not rise unobstructed by clouds and portents. When the long-silent and patient-waiting, but much-loving Mr. Nichols, found words to speak his own heart and to waken a response in Miss Brontë's, the old Titan, her father, had so long survived his own tender feelings, that the lovers found no encouragement for their hopes from his astonished perceptions, and so decided was he in the expression of his disapproval, that Charlotte bowed her head before the storm, and the poor curate was obliged to leave both the lady of his love and the field of his labors. After a year of dutiful submission, the details of which may be imagined by all who have been witnesses of similar domestic circumstances, the

stern old father yielded, and we find Charlotte busied, with quiet trust and hope, in preparations for the modest wedding. It took place in the little church at eight o'clock in the morning, — precisely the hour (and under not altogether dissimilar circumstances of loneliness) at which little Jane Eyre was to have become Mrs. Fairfax Rochester. During the nine months of her married life, Mrs. Nichols enjoyed a serene contentment, a quiet satisfaction, quite unlike any of her previous experiences, and the sympathetic reader rejoices at every word which tells that the stout, but storm-weary heart has found a resting-place at last. We have only occasional glimpses of her home now; for the public has no right to enter. The authoress is "not at home," even though the matron remain as hospitable as before. But the shadow was never to be fairly lifted from this life; the picture was to receive only a few faint tints of cheerful coloring upon its sombre canvas; and soon after we congratulate the husband upon the possession of his wife, we are called to mourn with him over her loss. The sympathy of the world can do nothing to lighten such a bereavement; it cannot cheer the desolate home, or break the spell of bitter memories; but after the hush of reverent silence is over, it urges its claim to offer a word of respectful and earnest sympathy.

We close this sketch of the Memoirs with Mrs. Gaskell's own words: —

"If my readers find that I have not said enough, I have said too much. I cannot measure or judge of such a character as hers. I cannot map out vices, and virtues, and debatable land. . . . . I turn from the critical, unsympathetic public, — inclined to judge harshly because they have only seen superficially and not thought deeply. I appeal to that larger and more solemn public, who know how to look with tender humility at faults and errors; how to admire generously extraordinary genius, and how to reverence with warm, full hearts all noble virtue. To that Public I commit the memory of Charlotte Bronté."

Mrs. Gaskell has not only given us a graphic delineation of the incidents in the life of her friend, and a clear and delicately outlined portrait of her personality, but in the very doing of this she has nobly fulfilled her own desire to vindicate and to honor the memory of Currer Bell. Without flattery, or violent

declamation, she has eulogized her friend in the most fitting and effectual manner, by simply permitting facts to speak for themselves. The best vindication of a true life is to tell the plain, unadorned history of that life. The world has a shrewd, and after all a pretty fair judgment, when it is in possession of a sufficient number of facts. The unavoidable distortion which the circumstances attending a prominent position before the public receive, from the great amount of handling they are subjected to, is best remedied by a straightforward statement from some responsible quarter. The final judgment of the community is almost always in accordance with the dictates of generosity and truth. Character, like water, finds its own level, if it have but time to settle, and we soon discover that the frothing and turmoil which lifted certain waves into apparent height, or opened caverns whose depth we could not fathom, subside when the gale is over, and allow us to estimate the true depth of the stream. Great natures never fear this subsiding process; serene as the ocean in grandeur and in depth, the sounding-line may be cast down and the plummet allowed to tell its reckoning fairly. Therefore in this Life of Miss Brontë the truest service has been rendered to her memory, and the best panegyric uttered over her tomb, by a simple and candid recital of the environments of a nature so peculiar, yet so noble, the endurances of a heart so tender, yet so strong, the struggles of an intellect so powerful, yet so susceptible. The literary history is a rare one, in this age when intellectual strength of all kinds rushes eagerly to the arena, when even mediocrity is unwilling to sit silent in the chimney-corner. The inner record is as strange, in its picture of steady self-denial and struggle, when the heart, sensible of its own weakness and of the strength of its adversary, the imagination, still waged battle against morbid fancies and nervous depression, and, though sometimes conquered, refused to yield. Few persons would have felt the pressure of filial duty so strong as to prevail against such an array of hostile circumstances. With every temptation to leave a desolate and sickly home, and go where honor and the hope of renewed health brightened the prospect, the courage and devotion which could sustain Charlotte Brontë through those long years upon

the Yorkshire moors was no small virtue. We learn from her works, even better than from the occasional outbreaks in her private correspondence, how varied and how eager were her longings and her capabilities. The thirst for action, the yearning for change, the power of emotional enjoyment, the intelligent desire to travel, are all revealed to us in her fictions, though jealously guarded and conscientiously repressed in her daily life.

Few who read the Brontë novels when they first appeared could have suspected, in ever so faint a degree, the strangeness of the private history which lay concealed behind the friendly shelter of those oracular names. It is questionable whether the criticism which attacked them from some quarters so ferociously and so blindly did not, in the end, prove a benefit to them. It drew the more attention to the defects indisputably existing, in the works of the younger sisters especially, but with that attention has come a more impartial judgment and a higher award of praise; for the knowledge that the authors painted life as it lay around them in their daily path is sufficient refutation of the charge, that they revelled in coarseness for coarseness' sake, and drew pictures of vice in accordance with their own inherent depravity. The materials were not selected by them, but thrust upon them by circumstances clamorous for utterance. The narrowness of their general world-knowledge could hardly be suspected by themselves. They probably did not regard their sphere as an exceptional one, but supposed that in their circle they saw, in little, what the world was in large, and when their imaginations pictured fairer scenes and softer natures and gentler emotions, then they fancied that they were straying into realms of impossibility. And looking at these novels in the strong daylight cast upon them by our study of the hearts and brains in which they had their birth, — no longer mere creations of an imagination which leaves a cheery social circle at its will, to retire to the study and indulge its untrammelled powers, able to return at any moment to healthful and happy influences from without, — they come to us as the very outpouring of pent-up passion, the cry of fettered hearts, the panting of hungry intellects, restrained by the iron despotism of adverse and unconquerable circumstance.

Few novels have called forth, even in these days of violent literary sensations, such decided opinions and such contradictory criticisms as "Jane Eyre." Upon its first reading no one seemed able to pronounce a moderate judgment. Some were enthusiastic in admiration, others rabid in detestation. All possible merits and all conceivable defects were discovered in it. Immorality, coarseness, and unnaturalness were seen by some, while others beheld only a brilliantly colored picture of the human heart. Critics fell upon it, for it challenged criticism; sagacity speculated upon it, for it defied surmise; explanations were hazarded without contradiction, for the author remained silent, and apparently undisturbed by the commotion awakened. Some readers traced only the bold, broad strokes of a masculine hand; others discerned the touch of a woman's delicate fingers; and the wise ones declared it the production of a brother and a sister, not the effort of any single mind. Like a meteor, it swept across the literary heavens, drawing towards it the gaze of thousands.

The public judgment still remains somewhat undecided as to the tendency of "Jane Eyre," viewed simply in its moral aspect, and this is, perhaps, so long as the majority is on the side of a favorable judgment, no small testimonial to the general truthfulness and power of the story. For the same result ensues upon actual occurrences about us, when the circumstances are peculiar and in any way tinctured with romance. Parties are formed for and against, champions are full of enthusiasm and faith, adversaries of bitterness and condemnation, and the judgment of those who wish to be impartial remains long suspended. The situations in "Jane Eyre" are powerfully drawn and brilliantly contrasted; but there is nothing impossible in the circumstances, and we are able to follow every change of scene, and to trace the working of each heart with understanding interest. To those who track "little Jane" over the stony road of her temptation, and go forth with her as she goes into the desolate world, impelled by the unerring instinct of her conscience, no further search for moral power will be necessary.

The book has been too universally read and too fully criti-

cised to need more than a passing notice from us in regard to its literary merit. But there are several points wherein our present knowledge of the author decidedly modifies, and others in which it totally changes, opinions passed upon it in the absence of such knowledge. Not long after the publication of the work, the world outside concluded that it was in great measure autobiographic; but this, so far from uniting the different opinions, only placed the battle upon a new ground, and the writer became as fruitful a topic for discussion as the work itself, while the point where truth blended with fiction was decided at the pleasure of the critic. We now know it to have been autobiographic chiefly in that sense in which true genius throws its very self into its work, pours its lifeblood through its creation, making it throb with vitality, and then, by right of kingship, calls its conquered territory by its own name. The first part of "Jane Eyre," the child-life of the heroine, deserves a more special notice than it is apt to receive; for the more rapid and tumultuous play of passion that succeeds obliterates the impression made by it. It is, however, artistic in the highest degree, and, viewed as a prelude to the main plot, is almost unequalled in its preparatory movement. Every stroke of the pencil which paints the heroine as formed by nature and influenced by circumstance, is of value in sketching the precise outline which is afterwards filled up. There are no waste lines or uncertain etchings, and the fidelity with which the first conception of character is clung to is quite marvellous. The childhood of Jane, with its embryo qualities, its nascent strength, its nervous imaginings, and its strong antagonisms, develops in steady preparation for the fervid passion-life of the woman. The strong but long-repressed impulse, the passionate heart, the conscience and right principle dominant over both by virtue of native vigor alone, take us into regions of struggle, and unveil to us a conflict which romance-writers have usually left untouched, or but weakly portrayed. It is somewhat singular that this new and fascinating field of romance should have been selected by one living far from all literary competition, and with only her own judgment to decide upon its fitness. It was a kind of literary clairvoyance

which enabled Currer Bell to see that the time was ripe for such utterances. Novel-readers now-a-days are not satisfied with pictures of external and social life, however brilliantly colored they may be, or however various in style. The demand — to speak in mercantile parlance — is for a better article. We ask for deeper insight into character, for the features of the mind and heart rather than of the face and figure. Heroines cease to be miracles of beauty, yet prove themselves still powerful to charm; heroes are no longer of necessity stalwart and Herculean, yet they are still victors in the life-arena. The author plays the part of anatomist, and dissects heart, brain, and nerve, to lay them before the reader for examination and analysis. Perhaps Thackeray may be regarded as the most skilful in this dissection, though he enjoys the work more as if he were pulling an enemy to pieces with malice aforethought, than as a surgeon regarding the result only in a scientific light. Currer Bell is more genial than Thackeray, and never loses her faith in the heroic element of humanity. She delights and interests us in persons who are neither magnificently handsome nor superlatively magnanimous, but who have warm human hearts and active minds, and the battle of whose life is no ignoble struggle, though it may be a silent and single-handed one. It is this single-handed conflict, indeed, that she delights in, and depicts with greatest power, believing, as she says herself, that "Men and women never struggle so hard as when they struggle alone, without witness, counsellor, or confidant; unencouraged, unadvised, and unpitied." The reader of Miss Brontë's life may judge whether or not she knew what such a lonely life-battle really was.

In "Jane Eyre," as the first positive outburst of long-repressed vitality, we might excuse much more violent demonstrations than we find. The reticence so evident in Currer Bell's personal character often asserts itself in her writings, and although at times the volcano bursts forth, and hot lava-streams scorch the air, yet we feel that but a small portion of the internal fire finds its way to the surface. We hardly need to be told that a large part of "Jane Eyre" was written in a wonderfully short time. The whole movement of the

Thornfield life betokens an irrepressible impulse in the author, and establishes in the mind of the reader a confidence similar to that we acquire in a great musician, whom we have heard successfully surmounting difficult passages of his art; breathing freely once more, we lay aside all anxiety for the future, certain that the power will be equal to the strain made upon it. The characters in "Jane Eyre" are stronger than most of the surrounding circumstances, to which, with consummate skill, they are made to seem to yield. It is in the accumulation of circumstances tending in one direction, and the indomitable will of the heroine which breaks this linked chain when the crisis comes, that we find the moral of the tale. Her moral strength and her unswerving instinct are out of the range of ordinary minds, as the sphere of her conflict is removed from commonplace environments. Isolated alike from restraint and from assistance, from praise and from blame, she is clothed in a God-given armor of proof, and wins the victory in the very strength of her woman's weakness. Natures like hers present extremes and approach paradox; strength and vigor of action in a crisis are balanced by impressionableness and superior receptivity for the magnetic force in others, producing a sort of fascinated submission to a certain point, at which the tremendous revulsive power is awakened. In Rochester a study of another kind is placed before us, as successfully managed, though less admirable in itself. Indeed, he makes no attempt to win our admiration, but he gains from us the somewhat surly liking which would suit him best were he aware of it. We can even understand how he managed to "suit little Jane" "to the inmost fibre of her being." Knowing the difficulties of his position, and the original and acquired faults of his character, we judge his short-comings rather as we do those of our own prodigal sons, for whom our hearts yearn and our lips frame excuses, than as judges on the bench do those of criminals whose antecedents are nothing to them. This may be wrong, but it is true to human nature, which never can divest itself of these warpings of judgment, or fail to discover the under-tone in the Rochester nature, and believe in its nobility while it condemns its errors. The predominant feeling is, that the nature is bent out of its

true course by adverse influences, not that it loves best of itself a distorted growth, and we keep hoping for calmer airs to allow it to rise erect once more. In St. John, the third type of character, self-denial soars (paradoxical as it may seem) into an intense selfishness; and in laying aside all the humanizing and pleasurable influences within and around him, he immolates others at the shrine of self as remorselessly as Rochester's eager and impulsive selfishness would do. Jane in both instances enjoys the struggle with their iron wills; ultimate victory we are sure must be with her, and we watch the contest with faith in our chosen champion. Like David with the Philistine, she takes no sword too large for her handling, nor tries to wield a lance too heavy for her strength, but with the small stone in the sling she slays her adversary, she herself hardly knows how. There is no bravado in her onset, no panoply of war, and her nerves tremble though her heart is strong, when the Goliath of her battle shakes the ground with his terrible tread. Like David also, she can return to the tending of her sheep, no whit puffed up by the great deed she has done. She has mounted no stilts upon which she cannot remain, yet from which it is mortifying to descend, and ordinary mortals are not afraid of her, though she has fought with and slain giants.

The most prominent artistic defects in the work are, in our opinion, the too highly colored pictures of the physical distress endured by Jane after leaving Thornfield, and the somewhat hackneyed melodrama of the discovery of her cousins in the persons of her chance benefactors, and her subsequent acquisition of a fortune. The former removes our interest to a new range of antagonistic experiences without relieving the tension, for the introduction of starvation and physical exposure as additional suffering for the lacerated nature does not harmonize with the general effect, or add force to the *dénouement;* and the latter detracts from the generally unique management of the characters and the plot.

Miss Bronté was always keenly alive to the attacks made upon "Jane Eyre," and it is certain that any trenching upon the limits of delicacy or of morality was far from her thought, and that, in telling her story as it arose in her imagination, her

obedience to the truth of her perceptions of humanity is as complete when she paints its sins as when she dwells upon its virtues. If the alternative is to be true to the life-picture she tries to paint, even by confounding our perceptions with our sympathies, as she sees them constantly confounded in those around her and in her own self, or to sacrifice the fidelity of her coloring in order to throw into stronger relief the line between wrong and right, her decision as an artist may be different from that of a political economist. The public voice has declared in favor of retaining the faithful picture, and there are those who do not despair of finding in it profitable study. It is not always in those works which make the loudest claims as moral utterances, that the most searching truth and the keenest strength are to be found.

The general tone of "Shirley" is somewhat unlike that of its predecessor; the characters are more numerous, the scenes more varied, the interest less concentrated. It lacks the impetuous impulse, the passionate glow, the lava-rush towards a single point, and gives us instead, more changing tableaux, more general friction, wider varieties of emotion. It retains the spiciness of seasoning however; the viands are still of racy flavor and delicate concoction, but we detect more common and familiar ingredients in them. We still have vivacious conversations sparkling with repartee, descriptions quite Turner-like in their brilliancy of painting, and touches of deep pathos side by side with sunny and gleeful scenes. In the opening chapters we have a rough "charcoal sketch" of characters, a bold outline of coarseness quite unlike the usual efforts of the feminine pen in such directions. We are glad to learn from the "Life" that the curates did not originate in the imagination of Miss Bronté, or derive their absurdities from any desire on her part to cast a slur upon the profession to which they belong. The characters in "Shirley" are nearly all of them drawn from life, and their behavior under the circumstances created for them by the author is in perfect keeping with the tendencies which her analysis of their characteristics enabled her to discover and set in motion.

It is pleasant to trace the delicate revelations of Miss Bronté's own tastes and habits in her writings. We find

her love of nature, her keen perception of the changing moods of earth and sky, and all her atmospheric susceptibilities, continually peeping out. She sets it down against one of her characters in "Shirley," that he "was not a man given to close observation of nature, he could walk miles on the most varying April day, and never see the beautiful dallying of earth and heaven, never mark when a sunbeam kissed the hill-tops, making them smile clear in green light, or when a shower wept over them, hiding their crests with the low-hanging, dishevelled tresses of a cloud"; and we feel directly that Currer Bell neither likes, nor means that her readers shall like, that man. The heroine in "Shirley" was intended as an impersonation of Emily Brontë, as her sister fancied she would have shown herself under more genial circumstances than those which surrounded her in reality. We detect the touch of a loving finger in the arrangement of the drapery around this peculiar figure. That incident in the romance which has been condemned as too melodramatic, — the bite of the mad dog, — is an exact transcript of a similar experience on the part of Emily Brontë. Caroline Helstone represents a much-loved friend of Charlotte, and is evidently a favorite with the author, though a stronger contrast than that between such a disposition and her own Jane Eyre-ish nature cannot well be imagined. She gives us in the two Moores men nearly as selfish as Rochester and St. John, and endowed with the power which selfish men almost always possess when they are shrewd and energetic. They obtain that which they really set their hearts upon having. It is undeniable that Currer Bell's heroes love themselves very much even in loving their mistresses. Having acknowledged this, or any other element of character in her creations, she never avoids for them any legitimate consequence of its existence, never shrinks from any situation into which it brings them, from fear of jarring upon the prepossessions of the reader. Inexorable as Nemesis, she forces upon them the mortifications and the disasters which are their due. Few writers would have dared the strain upon our liking given in the mercenary love-making of Robert Moore to Shirley, since Robert is intended to win our respect on the whole; but this was the

natural consequence of the premises established in Robert himself, and we have to go through it as we may, and get over it as he did. In the delicately painful descriptions of illness we trace the experience of Charlotte Brontë by the bedside of her dying sisters; and there is a frequent tone of sadness in "Shirley," which tells us that the author is by no means sitting in unclouded sunshine. The characters arrive at conclusions which we feel that the writer herself has reached, and in passages like the following, we feel that she speaks her own carefully wrought-out philosophy.

"I believe — I daily find it proved — that we can get nothing in this world worth keeping, not so much as a principle or a conviction, except out of purifying flame, or through strengthening peril. We err; we fall; we are humbled, — then we walk more carefully. We greedily eat and drink poison out of the gilded cup of vice, or from the beggar's wallet of avarice; we are sickened, degraded; everything good in us rebels against us; our souls rise bitterly indignant against our bodies; there is a period of civil war; *if the soul has strength, it conquers and rules thereafter.*"

In this conflict of life within itself in which Currer Bell finds the secret of progression, the labor of the soul upon itself and the fulfilment of its appointed work, she is very skilful to interest us and powerful to reveal its movement. We feel that the hard discipline of her men and women is like that which we make for ourselves, and that the process by which they struggle into greater freedom is that by which we must ourselves emerge from bondage. "Shirley" excited nearly as much attention as "Jane Eyre," and its admirable portraiture of Yorkshire people and scenery led to the detection of its author's identity.

In 1852 "Villette," Currer Bell's last work, was published. In this novel the scene of action is removed from England to the Continent, it being, as we have seen, a transcript of her own residence in Belgium. In some respects "Villette" is her most remarkable work. It possesses a more classic elegance of outline and a more delicate finish of detail than either "Jane Eyre" or "Shirley." In its analysis of character it is absolutely clairvoyant. The heart of Lucy Snowe, — that name so rightly chosen, — a volcano white with drifts with-

out, glowing with molten heat within, — is laid bare before us, and we may watch every flicker of the flame, every surging of the fiery billows. No anatomist could more clearly describe the physical vitality, than she has sketched this weird and wild, yet hushed and still nature. She plays in the romance a part similar to that of Charlotte Brontë herself in the world, — that of a silent, unsuspected analyzer of others. Miss Brontë says of her: "I was not leniently disposed towards Lucy Snowe; from the beginning, I never meant to appoint her lines in pleasant places"; — and we feel that ordinary sources of happiness were necessarily closed to such a one. In eloquence of language, also, "Villette" bears the palm, rich as the others were in choice diction and fitting phrases. Certain passages in "Villette" rise to a height of sublimity or reach a depth of pathos which moves the very soul. Sadness is its prevailing tone, the hand of Fate casts its shadow from the beginning, and we know that it will fall upon us at the last.

There are, however, certain defects in "Villette" which Miss Brontë herself acknowledged, though she felt powerless to remedy them. She writes to her publisher: "I must pronounce you right again, in your complaint of the transfer of interest, in the third volume, from one set of characters to another. It is not pleasant, and it will probably be found as unwelcome to the reader, as it was, in a sense, compulsory upon the writer." The childhood of Paulina, also, promises more than it performs. She is much more of a woman when she is a child in years, than when she is fairly grown up. The queer little girl impresses us as "quite a character," and we are disappointed when she degenerates into a mere pretty woman. The giddy, shrewd-witted Ginevra is decidedly more entertaining; her whimsicalities amuse and her absurdities provoke us as they did Lucy, while she manages to keep the same place in our liking. Paul Emanuel is a personage apparently after Miss Brontë's own heart, and she evidently enjoys dwelling upon the dark-complexioned, irascible little man. He is strangely effective in the pages of "Villette," and our admiration for him grows with the progressive development of the story, till our affections twine about him

whether we will or no. In regard to his fate as set forth in the last paragraph, the meaning of which has been often disputed, we have now the confirmation of its tragic import from Miss Brontë's own lips. Indeed, the romance would have been imperfect without it, every stroke of the pen prepared us for it, and the author would have been false to "all the unities" had she forced a different *dénouement*. The oracular style of its announcement was merely out of deference to her father's request, that she would "make them happy at last."

From these three works we must make up our estimate of Currer Bell's genius; for "The Professor," written first, but not published till the halo of an assured reputation surrounded the name of its author, hardly influences our judgment either way. Its faults, which are many, were redeemed in her subsequent works; its crudeness, which is great, gave place to exquisite finish both of plot and of character; and its choice of material, which reminds us of her sisters rather than of herself as we now know her, was replaced by more genial and more natural specimens of humanity. Its best portions are developed in "Villette" with more power and richer charm, and, so far as Currer Bell is concerned, the publication of "The Professor" might still have been omitted; but viewed by itself, and compared with most of the romances issuing from the prolific and not over-fastidious press of the day, we confess some surprise that the occasional flashes of talent in its details, and the unquestionable strength of its conception, should not have won the attention of some one of the publishers to whose inspection it was submitted. One inference we may certainly draw from its perusal now; if "The Professor" was destined to be followed by such works as "Jane Eyre," "Shirley," and "Villette," we might fairly have expected a rich harvest from the minds that in their first efforts could originate "Wuthering Heights" and "The Tenant of Wildfell Hall." Had the two sisters been spared, "the Brontë novels" might have become a long and illustrious list of noble fictions.

In one respect Currer Bell is not altogether unlike her favorite, Thackeray; for she selects for her *dramatis personæ*

no impossible abstractions, but warm human hearts with a fair share of imperfections, and presents us with characters which neither awe nor astonish, but which we make welcome in our family circle. But she does not, like Thackeray, become jocosely bitter over the natures she evokes, nor abuse them till the reader is roused in their defence. Sarcasm with her does not dip its arrow in poison. There is more of good than of evil in her characters; and we feel confidence in their latent heroism, draw strength from the contemplation of their struggles, and rise from the perusal of her works without bitterness. The charge of coarseness has occasionally reappeared; but, after the vindication of Mrs. Gaskell, we think it must take rank with those suggestions which recommend a "Shakespeare for the use of private families" and a mantilla for the Venus de' Medici.

We have room for but a brief notice of Emily and Anne and their works, but the public is familiar with their history. Emily seems to have been a very Titaness with her imperious will and her uncompromising ways, though Charlotte declares, in her delineation of her as Shirley, her faith in her capacity for more genial development. The best criticism of her novel, "Wuthering Heights," is by Charlotte, and that is an explanation rather than a criticism; for it is only in the author that the key to such an extraordinary story can be found. She described human nature as it appeared to her distorted fancy, and it bore the same resemblance to healthful humanity, that a faithful description of an eclipse of the sun, as seen through smoked glass, would bear to the usual appearance of that luminary. Charlotte says: —

"What her mind gathered of the real, was too exclusively confined to those tragic and terrible traits, of which, in listening to the secret annals of every rude vicinage, the memory is sometimes compelled to receive the impress. Her imagination, which was a spirit more sombre than sunny, more powerful than sportive, found in such traits materials whence it wrought creations like Heathcliffe, like Earnshaw, like Catharine. Having formed these beings, she did not know what she had done. If the auditor of her work, when read in manuscript, shuddered under the grinding influences of natures so relentless and implacable, of spirits so lost and fallen, — if it was complained that the

mere hearing of certain vivid and fearful scenes banished sleep by night, and disturbed mental peace by day, — Ellis Bell would wonder what was meant, and suspect the complainant of affectation."

This would naturally be the case with a mind capable of creating such monsters, and marshalling them coolly through all the movements of a romance; the shrinking from them must have been on their first appearance to the imagination, or not at all. The power of the creations is as great as it is grotesque, and there is, after all, a fearful fascination in turning over the pages of "Wuthering Heights." It calls for no harsh judgment as a moral utterance; for its monstrosity removes it from the range of moralities altogether, and can no more be reduced to any practical application than the fancies which perplex a brain in a paroxysm of nightmare.

Anne, the younger and more gentle sister, was of a different mould; yet some passages of her "Tenant of Wildfell Hall" would lead us to suppose that she was gentle chiefly through contrast with her Spartan sister, and that the savage elements about her found an occasional echo from within. "Agnes Grey," which appeared with "Wuthering Heights," made little impression; her reputation rests upon her second and last work, "The Tenant of Wildfell Hall." For a criticism of this, we turn again to Charlotte; for though different in scope and style from "Wuthering Heights," it is nearly as inexplicable at a first glance.

"She had," says her sister, "in the course of her life, been called on to contemplate near at hand, and for a long time, the terrible effects of talents misused and faculties abused; what she saw sunk very deeply into her mind. She brooded over it till she believed it to be a duty to reproduce every detail (of course with fictitious characters, incidents, and situations), as a warning to others. She hated her work, but would pursue it. She must be honest; she must not varnish, soften, or conceal."

It must be owned that she did not "varnish" the horrors which she painted, and which her first readers did not suspect of causing the artist so much suffering. We can now trace the quiverings of a sister's heart through the hateful details of a vicious manhood; and if the book fail somewhat in its

attempt to become a warning, it may at least claim the merit of a well-meant effort.

The history of the Bronté family is a tragedy throughout. Seldom have we been allowed to unveil such peculiar natures acting upon each other in one home-circle, and emerging from profound isolation into brief but dazzling publicity. With the death of Charlotte ends the sad history, and we have now only the memory of what they were. The world will not soon forget them, and would gladly offer them a more kindly tribute than it could conscientiously have given while ignorant of so much which now reveals the virtues, the struggles, and the sufferings of the sisters in that desolate Haworth parsonage. We once more thank Mrs. Gaskell for her labor of love, so gracefully executed, and echo to the letter the indignant language with which she condemns the too hastily uttered comments of ignorant criticism.

"It is well that the thoughtless critics, who spoke of the sad and gloomy views of life presented by the Brontés in their tales, should know how such words were wrung out of them by the living recollection of the long agony they suffered. It is well, too, that they who have objected to the representation of coarseness, and shrank from it with repugnance, as if such conceptions arose out of the writers, should learn, that not from the imagination, not from internal conception, but from the hard, cruel facts, pressed down, by external life, upon their very senses, for long months and years together, did they write out what they saw, obeying the stern dictates of their consciences. They might be mistaken. They might err in writing at all, when their afflictions were so great that they could not write otherwise than they did of life. It is possible that it would have been better to have described only good and pleasant people, doing only good and pleasant things (in which case they could hardly have written at any time). All I say is, that never, I believe, did women, possessed of such wonderful gifts, exercise them with a fuller feeling of responsibility for their use. As to mistakes, they stand now — as authors as well as women — before the judgment-seat of God."

ART. II. — *History of Piedmont.* By ANTONIO GALLENGA. London: Chapman and Hall. 1855. 3 vols. 12mo.

SOME of our readers may remember an Italian exile, whose course of lectures on the history and literature of his country, delivered to a select audience in Boston, nearly twenty years ago, were alike remarkable for their comprehensive scope, their authentic and minute details, and the command they evinced of our vernacular tongue. When afterwards published in England, they became one of the standard books illustrative of an apparently inexhaustible theme.* For some years after his visit to the United States, the author contributed to the London periodicals; and, like Foscolo and Rufini, relieved the lot of an exile by the graceful labors of the pen. Having married in the land which thus afforded him an independent asylum, when the throes of revolution again convulsed the peninsula, he returned to become a representative from Sardinia to the German revolutionary diet at Frankfort. The sensitive and melancholy temperament of Mariotti, as he called himself while in exile, his thoughtfulness and reserve, not less than his personal appearance, bespoke the Northern Italian; and his career is a singular illustration of the modern vicissitudes of his country and the fate of her citizens. In the youthful fervor of his republican zeal, when a victim to Austrian despotism, which had driven him from Parma while yet a student, he became one of the ardent disciples of Mazzini, and left Switzerland for Turin with the purpose of a deliberate regicide in his heart. The aspirations of a patriot, and the exasperated blood of a youth made a penniless fugitive by the most subtle and cruel of all tyrannies, account for, if they do not palliate, this vindictive impulse. A fatal catastrophe was averted by accidental circumstances. The impetuous refugee was spared the ignominy of a Ravaillac and a Sand. The dagger, with its handle of *lapis lazuli*, consecrated to the bloody deed and sent by the head of the liberal party, reached Gallenga; but his heart appears to have shrunk, at last, from

* *Italy, Past and Present*, by L. Mariotti.

the crime, — which was of a nature repulsive even to the most fanatical of the Piedmontese, — and he went forth to become familiar with constitutional liberty in England and the United States, and to recognize its spirit as active and paramount under diverse forms of government. With time and experience, his radical views were essentially modified; and he became one of the most intelligent advocates of the son of the very king against whose life he once conspired.

The war of opinion of which Piedmont has recently been the scene brought into direct controversy the moderate party, of which Gioberti had been the philosophic interpreter, and the uncompromising republicans, who have so long recognized Mazzini as their leader; the discussion led to taunting references to the past; and the latter reproached Gallenga with disloyalty to an association in behalf of which he had once volunteered to incur the disgraceful martyrdom of the assassin. Whether Mazzini was justified in revealing the names and plots of so many of his fellow-sufferers in the Italian cause as appear in his remarkable letter, is a question we do not pause to consider. Suffice it to observe, that the *ci-devant* Mariotti had, in the interval of more than twenty years, found reason to alter his political sentiments, and to behold an auspicious future, even under princely sway; and had identified himself with the fortunes of a progressive and liberal yet monarchical government, whose benign policy he regarded as fraught with promise to Italy. This, in the view of Mazzini, was apostasy such as exonerated him from all the claims of ancient fraternity. Gallenga, when thus openly accused of a conspiracy against the father, though it had been so long ago abandoned in thought as well as in deed, instantly laid at the feet of the son his royal gifts, the crosses of St. Maurice and St. Lazarus, and resigned his seat as a representative in the Sardinian Parliament, notwithstanding Charles Emanuel had promptly forgiven him, and once more became an exile. This characteristic experience, — the boyish enthusiasm, the youthful self-sacrifice, the sanguinary purpose, the long and studious exile, the change of opinion, the resumption of citizenship, the revival of the past as a reproach to the present, and the open discussion in the Piedmontese journals as to the

justice of Mazzini's denunciation of his old allies (some of whom were established in offices of utility and honor in the growing state), and as to the abstract justifiableness of regicide itself, — all exhibit the phases of that political transition and those gloomy exigencies which make the annals of the most beautiful of countries so intensely sad to contemplate and unsatisfactory to reason from. However vacillating has been Gallenga's political career, his literary toil has never been intermitted. While in London, he sketched with much graphic tact his early life and revolutionary experiences,* parts of which equal in interest "Lorenzo Benoni" and "Dr. Antonio"; he wrote able criticisms in the reviews on the Italian authors, and a story praised by Kingsley in his last novel; and, while at Turin, he was a most efficient contributor to the leading journals. But his most voluminous work, in English, is that named at the head of this article.

If the career of the author is significant of the later fortunes of his country, the titles of his chapters are no less indicative of the singular vicissitudes of the past history of the Subalpine Kingdom. He records successively the "civilization," "reconstruction," "ordeal," "stagnation," "eclipse," and "constitution" of Piedmont, — appellatives which emphatically suggest how extreme have been the political alternations, and how gradual the formative process whereby Sardinia has attained her present condition. The earlier annals of the kingdom are often dreary and monotonous; the chronicle is but occasionally relieved by an episode of heroism or a tradition of romance. To appreciate the actual condition, however, it is requisite to glance at the development, of the state.

At the entrance of the territory we find tokens of its character and history. On the road to Mount Cenis, in a chapel of the cathedral of Susa, is an old wooden effigy of Adelaide, the countess from whom the house of Savoy acquired its dominions; at San Michele is the place of sepulture of some of its princes; at Rivoli we behold the palace where Amadeus II. was long imprisoned; at Asti we are shown the room where Alfieri was born; here, the fortifications of Ales-

* *The Black-gown Papers.*

sandria* recall the modern wars, and fields of luxuriant grain mark the battle-plain of Marengo; and there an ancient hospice suggests memories of the primitive monastic hospitality.

Considered as a political unity, the Sardinian monarchy, or, as it has been more recently called, the Subalpine Kingdom, is a singular complication of genealogies, annexations, grants, conquests, and cessions, alternating with the fortunes of neighboring states and the alliances of her own rulers. After the Roman and the Vandal conquests, the Counts of Savoy — now by an eligible marriage, and again by diplomatic sagacity, — at one epoch by adherence to the German emperors, and at another through intrigues with the court of Spain, France, or Austria — extended and confirmed their power. The last king of Arles, according to tradition, laid the foundation of this princely house when he created its first recognized ancestor, Berthold, Count of Savoy, in 1016. Thenceforth the bounds of the state were continually shifting, but the dynasty was established. The old title of "King of Cyprus," so often found annexed to the names of his successors, was derived from Anne, daughter of James, king of Cyprus, — the wife of Duke Louis. The will of Count Amadeus VI., in 1383, inaugurated the legal existence of the line, and by the peace of Utrecht, in 1713, Sardinia was formally acknowledged as a European kingdom.

* When the cannon presented by the different countries of the world are mounted on this fortress, inscribed with the names of states, it will be a protest against tyranny as unique as it is impressive. The following is the card acknowledging the Boston contribution: — "Signor Corelli begs leave to offer his thanks to those generous friends of Italy who have enabled him, by their contributions, to present an American cannon to the fortress of Alessandria. He assures them that their gift is already on its way, and will soon be welcomed upon the frontier citadel of Sardinia as the tribute of the friends of constitutional liberty in the New World to the defenders of constitutional liberty in the Old. It will be the novel office of this cannon to announce, on the borders of the most despotic states of Europe, that the citizens of a democratic republic can appreciate and encourage a constitutional monarchy, and that, in the patriotic exertions of Victor Emanuel and of the Count Cavour, they can recognize the fact that a monarch and his enlightened minister may be the best guardians of the happiness, the good order, and the liberty of Northern Italy. In the present threatening attitude of the old despotisms toward Sardinia, its citizens will understand and cherish the sympathy of the young republic, with its well-regulated institutions, in the stability of which is the only present hope of freedom for Italy."

During the protracted wars between Charles V. and Francis I. Sardinia lost the Valais and Geneva (which became incorporated with Switzerland), and the Pays de Vaud, thenceforth possessed by Berne. The military distinction of Emanuel Philibert, who, after being expelled from his kingdom by the French, became one of the generals of Philip II., obtained for him the restoration of his dominions by the peace of Cateau Cambresis in 1539. With this energetic and intelligent ruler fairly began the development and consolidation of the state; and, of her long line of dukes and princes, he therefore is chiefly associated with her recent political advancement. The national life of the present has invoked his memory; the name of no other ruler is so frequently on the lips of the Piedmontese citizen; his judicious enterprises are constantly referred to, and his errors extenuated; his example is held up for imitation, and the stranger is pointed to his statue in Turin, as an effigy that recalls the best traditions of the kingdom. Says Robertson:—

"Philip, who was not ambitious of military glory, gave the command of his army to Emanuel Philibert, Duke of Savoy, and fixed his own residence at Cambray, that he might be at hand to receive the earliest intelligence of his motions, and to aid him with his counsels. The Duke opened the campaign with a masterly stroke of address, which justified Philip's choice, and discovered such a superiority of genius over the French generals as almost insured success in his subsequent operations.....

"Philip, immediately after the battle, visited the camp at St. Quentin, where he was received with all the exultation of military triumph; and such were his transports of joy on account of an event which threw so much lustre on the beginning of his reign, that they softened his severe and haughty temper into an unusual flow of courtesy. When the Duke of Savoy approached, and was kneeling to kiss his hands, he caught him in his arms, and embracing him with warmth, 'It becomes me,' says he, 'rather to kiss your hands, which have gained me such a glorious and almost bloodless victory.'" — *History of Charles V.*, Book XII.

To Emanuel Philibert, Sardinia is indebted for her silk culture, one of the permanent sources of wealth; for the commencement of some of the most important forts scattered through his dominions; for the principality of Oneglia, ob-

tained by exchange, and the county of Tenda, by purchase; and for the citadel of Turin. Urged by the Pope, he attempted to convert the Waldenses, and it was during his sway that the noble victory of these isolated Protestants, in which so many of their papal foes were destroyed, secured to them, for a time at least, freedom of religious worship. This most efficient of Piedmontese rulers was distinguished for prudent foresight. By acquiescence with the just demands of the Protestant minority of his people, by brave conflict with his neighbors ever bent on invasion, by promoting internal improvement and border defences, and especially by gradual withdrawal from the trammels of the French and Spanish courts, he reconstructed his state, elicited the self-reliance and the resources so desirable for its vigorous growth, and initiated that moderate policy, made up of wise forbearance and stern self-defence, which circumstances rendered the only one available for a country thus limited and exposed.

Victor Amadeus II. gained Alessandria, part of Milan, Val di Sesia, and the duchy of Montferrat, which in the twelfth century was a German marquisate, and by the law of descent ought to have previously accrued to Piedmont. To these acquisitions the peace of Utrecht added Sicily in 1713; but, seven years after, the island of Sardinia was unwillingly received as a substitute. Charles Emanuel III., the next king, as the ally of France and Spain against Austria, by the peace of Vienna, in 1735, secured Tortona and Novara, another fragment of Milan, as an imperial fief.* By the treaty of Worms, eight years afterward, during the war of the Austrian succession, a third fragment, Anghiera, Vigevano, &c., was acquired. During his reign of forty years great prosperity attended the kingdom, and the code of laws known by his name is a noble memorial of his wisdom. In his disputes with the Pope, the rights of the state were asserted and

* "Early one morning," says a self-biographer of the period, "my servant burst into my room at Milan, and drew aside the curtain. On seeing me awake, he exclaimed, 'Ah, sir, I have great news to tell you. 15,000 Savoyard horse and foot have taken possession of the city.' It was the commencement of the war of 1733, called the war of Don Carlos. The king of Sardinia had declared for the Prince, and had united his forces with those of France and Spain against the house of Austria." — *Memoirs of Goldoni*, Vol. I. Chap. XI.

preserved; and the Concordat of 1726, afterwards confirmed by Benedict XIV., made all church appointments, and even papal bulls, dependent on his approval for their validity in Piedmont, and also subjected the clergy of the kingdom to taxation. It is recorded of this monarch, that he ever longed to add Genoa to his dominions, and that he was one of those kings "over whose cradles we weep only to breathe again at their tombs."

Victor Amadeus III. died in 1796, and his successor, Charles Emanuel IV., abdicated in 1802. The former joined Austria against France, and lost thereby Savoy and Nice; and although the latter allied himself to France against Austria, his dominions were invaded on the pretence of popular dissatisfaction with the taxes and the nobility, by order of the Directory, and in 1798 he was forced to cede all his continental possessions to France, and to retire with his family to the island of Sardinia. After his abdication, he passed the rest of his life with a Jesuit fraternity at Rome, where he died in 1819. Meantime both Piedmont and Genoa were incorporated with the French empire. By the peace of Paris in 1814, Victor Emanuel I. received, as his brother's successor, the possessions of the house, except half of Savoy, which, however, was added by treaty the next year, together with Monaco. Carouge and Chesne were given to Geneva.

At this epoch the Subalpine Kingdom rose in importance, from its local situation with reference to other parts of Europe. A strong desire was manifest in the Congress of Vienna to reinforce the Sardinian kings, because they virtually held the passes of the Alps; and, on the other hand, England wished to establish commercial relations with the court of Turin. Both of these diplomatic objects were promoted by the cession of Genoa to the Sardinian monarchy, and the noble city of the sea, for which her kings had so long sighed in vain, was thus arbitrarily annexed in December, 1814. The restoration of Victor Emanuel was the signal for reaction in the political and social interests of the state. The old constitution was revived, the Jesuits readmitted, the Holy Alliance signed, and a strict censorship established. In 1818 the sale of the royal domains by the French was con-

firmed, and four hundred thousand livres annually appropriated to reimburse the emigrants who had thus lost their estates. As England's ally, the king obtained honorable terms of peace with the Barbary powers, whose corsairs had seriously interfered with the Sardinian commerce, and against whom, heretofore, his own small navy had ineffectually acted. In 1821 he abdicated — on account of the Austrian occupation of his territory — in favor of his brother, Charles Felix, who in his attempt blindly to carry out the views of the Vienna Congress, and to make his country a "partition wall" between Austria and France, provoked the Piedmontese revolution. The Congress of Verona, in 1822, decreed that foreign troops should evacuate the country. The Piedmontese refugees in Switzerland called forth a remonstrance from the Allies; and not only were they removed, but the press was placed under restriction. Intercourse with Spain had ceased prior to the French invasion; and the Prince of Carignan, afterwards king, served as a volunteer under the Duke of Angoulême. Yet Sardinia rather inclined to Austrian politics. As late as 1825 a royal edict forbade any person to learn to read and write, who was not possessed of four hundred dollars; a like sum in the funds was required for admission to the universities; and translations of the modern German authors were proscribed. Charles Felix died in 1831, and was succeeded by Charles Albert, at the commencement of whose reign popular disturbances occurred in Genoa, and the merchants there offered him a liberal sum to purchase their independence, which being refused, he was virtually besieged until relieved by Austrian troops.

The real object of the late king in his military zeal and preparations, in his appeals to the patriotic, and his own courageous conduct, during the last memorable revolution, continues to be a mooted question; the ardent republicans charging him with premeditated treason and selfish ambition, and the more eclectic politicians ascribing his course to misplaced confidence and the inevitable effect of circumstances. To seize a crown and to establish a nation's independence seem purposes too wide apart to be ascribed to the same individual; yet, while justice must admit a vacillation and

compromise which fairly expose him to the suspicion of honest patriots, charity suggests the apology of a difficult and complicated situation, in which a truly heroic and self-devoted man might naturally falter. An Englishwoman of poetic genius and liberal sympathies has written his epitaph in the spirit of true magnanimity.*

One of the most prominent historical facts which strikes us on our brief survey is the comparative immunity of this region from invasion. While the rest of Italy allured barbaric hordes by its smiling plains, the wild passes of the Alps and the lands contiguous were rather passed over than invaded. We read, indeed, of inroads and partial colonization by many ancient tribes. Saracens, Hungarians, Etruscans, Ligurians, Carthaginians, and Gauls found in what is now called Piedmont sometimes a terrible avenue to more genial districts, sometimes a temporary camp or fortification, now a battle-field, and now a barrier; but the few traces that remain of them justify the declaration of the historian, that all the martial tribes of antiquity were "shy of the Alps," and that, up to the period of the Roman conquest, Piedmont was untouched by the Gaul, and only broken through by the Carthaginian. Thus left to themselves, the Subalpines preserved their normal vigor and individuality; and when absorbed, at last, into the empire of Augustus, Liguria held out longer than any region of Italy against the insidious corruption of Roman civilization, and although Cottius gave his name to the nearest Alpine range, more slowly than elsewhere in the South was the agriculturist won from rustic hardihood to urban luxury. Under Charlemagne, Piedmont was the border land between Burgundy and Italy. She dates her Christian civilization from St. Barnabas, one of the original apostles; and from that epoch, as elsewhere, the monastery and the fortress, the cross and the sword, power chiefly based on will and only tempered by a superstitious faith, moulded the character of a people thus isolated by the mountains, yet exposed by position to the contact and influence of other nationalities. From the misty era of feudal times tradition

* Mrs. Browning's Casa Guidi Windows, Part II. v.–xxiii.

derives the progenitor of the house of Savoy, in the person of Humbert of the White Hand, who is the legendary hero of Piedmont; and his immediate successors presented that anomalous combination of warrior and monk, marauder and pietist, which distinguishes so many chiefs in the Dark Ages.

The next peculiar historical feature is a continuous dynasty. While the temporary rule of a family or a foreign prince weakened by change and faction the loyalty of other Italian states, for centuries Piedmont rallied around the same visible symbol; and a comparison of the average deeds and characters of the Sardinian rulers is favorable to their administrative capacity. More or less ambitious, cruel, and crafty, like all races of hereditary potentates, they yet discover either a personal courage and military skill, or a wise foresight and vigilance, such as might vindicate legal authority. Through the successive reigns the house of Savoy exercised an influence in foreign courts, and even with the larger powers, quite beyond its apparent claims, either territorial or political. Its representatives in England and France were superior in intelligence and character, on an average, to the other envoys and ministers. The Popes showed great deference to Savoy. From the first, her princes were remarkable as disciplinarians. Bonaparte respected the Piedmontese valor. Their position, by frequently throwing into their hands the balance of power, favored this *prestige;* and although the family dissensions, the bigotry, and the reserve of these rulers mar the annals of their policy; though the vacillation of one gained him the sobriquet of Sì lly-Shally, and caused the epithet *Felice*, attached to another royal name, to be changed, by popular instinct, to *Feroce;* although the only public memorial of one is a theatre, and another so grossly misinterpreted the spirit of the age and the wants of humanity as to revive the abuses Napoleon's rule had so long repudiated; although we find the signature of one attached to a decree of persecution against the Waldenses, and of another to an unpatriotic foreign alliance, — it is to be remembered that the education, the circumstances, and often the ulterior fate of these princes offer, if not excuses, at least grounds for charitable estimates.* The

* "Although" says Alfieri, "I have no love for kings as a race, and least of all

ashes of their progenitors were ruthlessly scattered to the wind at the outbreak of the French Revolution, and the ancient mausoleum of Hautecombe, one of the most interesting antiquities of Savoy, owes its preservation to one of the restored kings; one of the line died in a Jesuit convent at Rome, and another at a monastery of Oporto; one fled to the little island apportioned to his house, and another sought the ranks of a foreign army for refuge and distinction; one died a prisoner of state; three abdicated in despair; and the unfortunate predecessor of the present king described his lot as a choice "between the chocolate of the Jesuit and the dagger of the Carbonari."

"Environed on every hand by powerful neighbors, all whose motions the Dukes of Savoy must observe, with the greatest attention, in order not only to guard against the danger of being surprised and overpowered, but that they may choose their side with discernment in those quarrels wherein it is impossible for them to avoid taking a part, this peculiarity seems to have had no inconsiderable influence on their character. By rousing them to perpetual attention, by keeping their ingenuity always on the stretch and engaging them in almost continual action, it hath formed a race of princes more sagacious in discovering their true interests, more decisive in their resolutions, and more dexterous in availing themselves of every occurrence which presented itself, than any, perhaps, that can be singled out in the history of Europe." — Robertson's *History of Charles V.*, Book XII.

To render the bonds which unite these diverse fragments of old kingdoms still more precarious, there are the intense local patriotism of Genoa, yet mindful of her former republican integrity, and the French tendencies of Savoy, confirmed by propinquity, language, former association, and the consciousness that it is towards Italy that the aspirations of Piedmont now habitually turn. For two centuries the Savoyards were alternately under Burgundian and French rule; the original residence of their Dukes was at Bourdeaux; their mausoleum is still the shrine of local patriotism.

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for despots, yet I ingennously confess that our race of princes is good, on the whole, especially in contrast with nearly all the rest of Europe. I feel an affection for them rather than aversion, especially for the present king and his predecessor (Vittorio Amadeo II. and Carlo Emanuel), who have manifested good intentions, excellent, well-bred, and exemplary characters, and have done more good than evil to their country." — *Autobiography of Alfieri*, Chap. XIII.

The futile local insurrections and their tragic issues justify the theory of the moderate party in Italy, who look to gradual amelioration through a constitutional monarchy, such as has been and is partially realized in Piedmont; while all history, and especially that of their own country, confirms the arguments of the national party, who advocate self-reliance, distrust equally native princes and foreign allies, and fall back upon the great practical truth that "who would be free, themselves must strike the blow."

"In fact," said Napoleon, "the Piedmontese do not like to be a small state; their king was a real feudal lord, whom it was necessary to court or dread. He had more power and authority than I, who, as Emperor of the French, was but a supreme magistrate, bound to see the laws executed and unable to dispense with them. Had I it in my power to prevent the arrest of a courtier for a debt? Could I have put a stop to the regular action of the laws, no matter upon whom they operated?" — Las Cases's *Memoirs*, Vol. III. p. 93.

Not less anomalous are the present circumstances of Sardinia. Her very name is derived from a small and distant island. Of comparatively limited extent, she has a broader frontier in proportion to her area than any other European state. While no censorship, as elsewhere in Italy, interferes with the admission and circulation of books, her custom-house regulations are as minute and as strictly enforced as if the philosophy of free trade had never been broached. Rustic simplicity of life marks her highland villages, while all the excesses of fashionable gambling are rife in the metropolitan rendezvous of Aix. Placed by common sentiment in the van of Italian reforms, she yet has no political or legal right to interfere with the destinies of the peninsula. While she has within her bosom the most venerable of Protestant sects, the popular tendency is towards the grossest superstitions of Romanism. Defying papal authority, she yet is overrun by priests. Among the most genuine of Italian races, her people are yet, on one side, identified in feeling and character with the French. With the best-disciplined army, she is obliged to maintain a negative attitude. While she gives ample evidence of progress, activity, and patriotism, the

national sentiment is modified and baffled by diversity of opinion, interest, and faith.

The geographical features of this remarkable territory are not less varied than its historical fortunes. It touches and includes all that is most characteristic of mountain and plain, river and lake, sea-shore and forest. Within the limits of the kingdom may be seen the maize-fields and mulberry-groves, the wheat-meadows and the vineyards, that belong to the most fertile regions of Italy, and with them the snow-crowned peaks, the fir-clad ravines, the military highways, and the "inviolate summits" of Alpine districts. Here streams are fed by glaciers; here cling to a rocky hill-side groves of luxuriant chestnuts; and there, on a marshy flat, waves the rice harvest. Now we behold the white and awful brow of Mont Blanc, and now stand in a hushed and green valley, where nature wears the most soft and sequestered aspect. To-day the explorer may loiter in a palace whose furniture resembles that of Paris, and to-morrow may roam through the rude passes of an island where the horses run wild and the peasants dress in skins. The fragrant orange plantations of Nice, the palatial architecture of Genoa, and the humble parish church of the Valais, — the distant island of Sardinia, the interior plain of Turin, the maritime beauty of the Mediterranean coast, — all belong to a common jurisdiction, and own a generic political name. It is easy to imagine the local contrasts which such a kingdom affords. Perhaps no domain yields more various scenic effects, or greater diversities of character. In Piedmont the Alps and Apennines blend. The region is, in fact, a succession of natural terraces formed by the mountains, with dells, gorges, and broad vales interspersed. Within the limits of the kingdom are the most fertile section of the valley of the Po, Mont Blanc, the little St. Bernard, and that memorable highway which crosses Mont Cenis, and the Lake of Geneva is on its borders.

Thus surrounded by, or contiguous to, the famous points of European travel, watered by the most celebrated streams of France and Italy, and crowned with the loftiest summit, its natural resources are yet inadequate to its support; and the Savoyards are among the most frequent emigrants, with all

their frugal industry and simple habits, obliged to seek a maintenance as porters, pedlers, or itinerant musicians, in more prosperous countries. It is not unusual to encounter, on the road leading from a Piedmontese village, a band of hardy urchins in their best clothes, with knapsacks and staves, going forth to seek their fortunes, — perhaps to black shoes in London or grind organs in Paris, returning to their beloved pastures in summer to tend a flock or glean the harvest. The flax, grain, potatoes, and chestnuts of their rocky soil are not abundant; and the chamois and ibex grow scarce before their eager huntsmen. As late as 1854, the difference between the income and the expenditure of the Sardinian state was $ 360,000, — a deficit, however, which has yearly decreased, and was originally caused by the cost of fortresses, army, navy, railways, and other essential means of self-protection and development.

In this kingdom, so diversified, rises the Po and spreads the Gulf of Spezia. The fig and the olive, hemp and walnuts, are equally indigenous; and so are the *malaria* of the fens and the *goître* of the hills. The breath of the sea mingles with that of the mountains, the amenities of the plain with the savageness of the highlands, the hardihood of the mountaineer with the effeminacy of city life, the narrow mind of the islander with the broad views of the cosmopolite, torrents and woods with orchards and gardens, the pine with the myrtle, the avalanche with the fountain; in a word, the extremes of civilization with those of semi-barbarism, high social refinement with uncultured isolation.

The very limits and language of Sardinia partake of the same incongruity. Chambery is French, Turin Italian; the Savoyards distinctively are neither. The Piedmontese are separated from Genoa by the maritime Alps, France bounds them on the west, and the Milanese on the east. Of old separating Gaul from Germany, afterwards Burgundy from Italy, they long manifested more affinity to the Provençals than to Italians; and although we now trace a greater identity with the latter, a peculiar physiognomy, hue, and tone signalize their Northern origin.

The Piedmontese dialect more nearly resembles that of

Provence than of Italy. The French language was first introduced into Turin at court by the house of Savoy, and its use confirmed by the repeated occupancy of the state by the armies of France.

"French," said Montaigne, two hundred and fifty years ago, "is commonly spoken here, and everybody appears to hold our people in great esteem and affection; the vernacular even has very little Italian about it, except the pronunciation; in itself it seems made up, for the most part, of French words."—*Journey into Italy.*

The importance of Piedmont, as a mountainous state intervening between others, is evinced by the value attached to her chief fortresses. In 1796, Napoleon's first demand upon the vanquished Piedmontese government was the surrender of Ceva and Alessandria; and to his possession of these and other strong-holds in that region is to be ascribed Austria's compliance with the treaty of Luneville, after the battle of Marengo. Fenestrelle has recently acquired a poetical interest from its being the scene of Saintine's delightful little romance of "Picciola."

"It was then," we are told, "I visited Fenestrelle, a large town celebrated for peppermint-water, and the fortresses which crown the two mountains between which it is situated, communicating with each other by covered ways, but partially dismantled during the wars of the Republic. One of the forts, however, was repaired and refortified when Piedmont became incorporated into France."

Besides the long and permeating agency of the governments, opinions, and habits of their neighbors,—the rigid Protestantism of Geneva, the politics and the fashions of France, the espionage and military tactics of Austria,—more or less operative upon the Piedmontese, according to circumstances, and besides the variety of character in the population of their own domain, another and singular distinction, which has essentially modified the career of Sardinia as an Italian state, and now inevitably affects her civic destiny, is the existence in the very heart of her mountain fastnesses, from remote antiquity, of an efficient colony of Dissenters. There is no chapter in the history of the Christian religion more significant than that which concerns the Waldenses of Piedmont. In the ravines of the grand crescent of the Alps which extends

from the Gulf of Genoa to that of Venice, so sequestered as often to become visible only from some overhanging cliff, nestle the parish churches of these primitive Christians, whose boast it is, among the so-called Reformers, that Rome left them, not they Rome; who preserved the Gospel in their memories, and disseminated it in precious fragments, when despotic bigotry had cancelled the holy record for the mass of humanity; who, in secluded hamlets, kept alive for ages the pure evangelical faith, sending over Europe, under the guise of humble pedlers and mechanics, the first missionaries, giving refuge to persecuted disciples, enduring with heroic patience and loyalty a long series of martyrdoms, transmitting orally through generations the history of which their enemies had destroyed nearly every written vestige, having for their most cherished heirloom a leaf of the Bible, and confronting with equal and pious self-reliance the savage troops and the jesuitical reasoners of pope and king. The most romantic scenery and the oldest fortresses of Piedmont are associated with the valor and the sacrifice of the Waldenses. The rocky mounds of Balsi signalize the pass where a few hundred dalesmen long kept at bay twenty thousand Savoyard and French troops. Along the very road where Hannibal's army passed, and by which Irenæus carried the Gospel into Gaul, these defenders of the faith, again and again, in the lapse of centuries, have retreated or made a desperate stand. From amid the gloomy arches of the larch and pine, their ancient hymns have stolen upon the mountain breeze. In every village have blazed the fagots of their martyrdom, in every cave has shrunk the fugitive; each pass has proved a Thermopylæ, each rock an altar. Their oldest chronicle dates beyond the antique songs of Provence. Their annals are designated by the names of their regal or prelatic persecutors, by a memorable battle or sacrifice, by confiscation and expatriation, by devastation, massacre, and slavery, — above which, like the blue sky over one of the half-savage glens of their mountain home, broods the serene and infinite spirit of immaculate faith. The heroism of these scattered, reprobated, and often half-exterminated people, continually asserts itself around the political vicissitudes, the wars, the bigotries, and the reforms of Piedmont.

Now a pope's bull, now a royal edict, at one time a fiendish executioner, and at another a zealous propagandist, legislation, ecclesiastical power, military force, sectarian hatred, are let loose upon the devoted race, who, simple in their habits, inured to hardships, and strong in righteous purpose, by climbing almost inaccessible peaks, by rallying in narrow defiles, by strength of arm, by argument, remonstrance, and appeal, and especially by the consistent piety of their lives, — though baffled, exiled, burned, murdered in cold blood, — yet retained their identity of character and purity of doctrine, until the freedom of conscience and of worship originally enjoyed was at first evasively tolerated, then reluctantly conceded, and at last triumphantly claimed and honored.

From the midst of picturesque scenery, the traveller, who leaves the gay capital to view these haunts of faith and of martyrdom, enters the rustic but hospitable parsonage, the village school, or the venerable church, to witness a simplicity and an earnestness akin to those which hallow the annals of the Covenanters, or the primitive worship of New England. The only ornament on the walls of vicarage or academy are the portraits of benefactors, perhaps that of Sir William Beckwith, their liberal friend long resident among them, or of Rev. Dr. Gilly, their English historian, or of Henri Arnaud, of old their intrepid and saintly leader. The beautiful shaft of Monte Viso is the natural beacon and landmark of this secluded people. Without political influence, isolated, self-devoted, driven, again and again, from its material stand-point, this Protestant community is yet historically allied to the great nations of the world, — befriended by Holland and England, counselled by William of Orange, protected by Cromwell, sung in plaintive eulogy by Milton, and, in later times, relieved and gladdened by the contributions of Switzerland and the United States. Its annals are as romantic as its present aspect is interesting. Recognized by the very dynasty once most active in their persecution; their first written memorials identical in language with the songs of the Troubadours, and long among the literary curiosities of the University of Cambridge; their doctrinal symbols purely and exclusively Scriptural; with local memorials of heroism equal, in moral

significance, to Marathon, Uri, and Bunker Hill; at one moment saved from destruction by a fog, and at another by a snow-covered harvest, — Nature ever their benefactor; poor, hardy, faithful; their very perpetuity one of the marvels of history, — the Vaudois of Piedmont offer a wonderful problem to the philosophic and Christian lover of his race. Manufactures, especially that of silk, have recently begun to increase among them. Their institutions are attracting liberal curiosity and generous foreign aid; and their legal protection in the metropolis of a kingdom one fifth of which is the property of the Roman Church, may be regarded as the most auspicious sign of the times in the complex aspect of Italy's welfare. Two considerations, suggested by the acute Guizot, must modify our judgment in estimating their past misfortunes. "Their acts of imprudence and violence," he says, "frequently furnished the government with pretexts, and sometimes with motives, for persecution"; while, on the other hand, "they possessed among the Piedmontese aristocracy many benevolent patrons, who recommended the government to pursue toward them a more benevolent policy, and to respect their ancient liberties." Over their humble temples are inscribed passages from the New Testament; the means of elementary instruction are available to all; many of their pastors are distinguished for learning and piety; at La Tour they have a flourishing college, and their schools at present number one hundred and sixty-nine, (some open only in the winter months,) maintained partly by the budget of the province, with occasional grants from the government.*

* "In the Piedmontese valleys are fifteen Waldensian parishes, confided to fifteen pastors. These valleys contain about 22,000 souls. The number of Roman Catholics mixed with these 22,000 Waldensians is somewhere about 3,000, with twenty-nine priests. Signor Revel, Moderator of the Waldensian Church, at the commencement of his ministry having been sent as minister of a parish at the very highest point of one of the mountains, there found a priest, whose charge consisted of one good old man of seventy years of age. The poor priest had never succeeded in making a single proselyte; and one thing that sadly afflicted him was, that very often he could not say mass, for want of some one to assist him. According to the testimony of the Rev. Mr. Noel, who some months ago visited these valleys, it appears that a truly evangelical revival has taken place among them. The Waldensians have 169 elementary schools, many of which, however, are only open for four months in the year. The number of the scholars averages 4,826. They possess

The capital of Sardinia is, in a great measure, destitute of those historical associations, vestiges of classical antiquity, and trophies of art, which lend so peculiar a charm in Cisatlantic eyes to the other cities of the Italian peninsula. It lacks also the attractions of climate, which, at certain periods of the year, make the seaboard and the South so enchanting. In summer it is parched with heat, and in winter chilled by the mountain winds and the vicinity of snow. The insurance companies which protect the agriculturists from the disastrous ice-freshets, and the establishment of public fires for the benefit of the poor, indicate a rigor of climate unknown at a distance from the Alps. There is no school of painting, as at Bologna, no mediæval architecture, as at Florence, no Christian temple such as hallows the Seven Hills, no disinterred city, whose relics make the stranger pause with wonder and delight, as at Naples. The aspect of Turin is essentially modern. The fresh tint of its marble edifices, the broad rectangular streets, the busy square, and thronged colonnade, attest a metropolis more like Paris than like Rome. In certain phases it is imposing, but as a whole monotonous. Fogs as pervading as those of London, and heat such as during the summer solstice broods over the plain of Lombardy, alternate with seasons of bracing mountain air and clear, salubrious sky. With all abatements that may be made, the situation and environments

two little hospitals, each containing twenty-six beds. In various parts of the Sardinian kingdom they have succeeded in establishing missionary stations. In Pinerolo, a town containing 15,000 inhabitants, the first stone has been laid of a Waldensian temple. The 'Table' maintains a preacher there, a teacher, and a colporteur. In Turin, the population of which is 150,000, they have a beautiful temple, a pastor who preaches in French, and two preachers who preach in Italian, three masters, one mistress, and two colporteurs. They publish a small journal in the Italian language, *La Buona Novella*, and have a depository of books and religious tracts under the direction of a committee. In San Mauro they have a master, who is at the same time colporteur. In Genoa, a city of 100,000 inhabitants, they have a preacher, a missionary, a master, a mistress, and two colporteurs. In Sanpier d'Arena, a suburb of Genoa, a master and preacher. In Favale a little congregation exists, directed by a teacher who studied at the normal school of Torre, the capital of the valleys. In Nice, a city of 20,000 souls, they maintain a pastor, an evangelist, a minister, a mistress, and two colporteurs. In all, there were twenty-four agents in the service of the Waldensian Church in Italy. The College of Torre possesses twelve professors, and one hundred and five students, comprising those of the Normal School and of the Theological Faculty."

of Turin are eminently picturesque. It is a tableau framed by the mountains; and as the light and shade, the sunshine and the snow, the twilight, moonbeams, or shower, flit or linger over these majestic ranges, they present a succession of tints and forms which the lover of nature can never weary of beholding. Sometimes, on a spring morning, an emerald hue predominates, and on the soft declivities hundreds of smiling villas greet the eyes; and at other times, every hoary peak is amethystine with the glow of sunset.

Nor is the capital itself without objects and places of interest, which, in a land less renowned for traditional associations, would be considered most attractive. On the summit of one of its circumjacent heights is the church of La Superga, the mausoleum of her modern kings, erected in fulfilment of a vow of one of them after victory; and the favorite promenade below is said to be the site whence Tasso derived his idea of the gardens of Armida. The royal gallery boasts many a gem of each great Italian master, with good specimens of the Flemish and Spanish schools. Many foreign painters were naturalized here, and one of the popular sculptors of our day, Marochetti, is a native of Turin. But a more characteristic object of interest is the armory, where, among other curious and rare trophies, may be seen the sword of the brave Emanuel Philibert, the staff once grasped by Alfonso of Ferrara, old Damascus blades, helmets in the style of the Renaissance, antique shields and targets, and two eagles of Napoleon's old Guard. Another remarkable collection is the museum dedicated to Egyptian relics, — one of the most complete and valuable in Europe, — whose antiquities Champollion has illustrated.*

When Montaigne passed through Turin in 1586, he found it a "small town standing in very marshy ground, neither well built nor very pleasant." A century and a half later, Goldoni, perhaps somewhat conciliated by his dramatic success, gives us a more tempting picture: "I was unacquainted with Turin, which I found a delightful place. The uniformity of the buildings in the principal streets produces a charming effect;

* *Lettres relatives au Musée Royal Egyptien de Turin.*

the squares and churches are exceedingly beautiful, and the royal residences, both in town and country, display great magnificence and taste."

Like our own capital, Turin is a city made by government. Spacious, regular, and elegant, it wants variety, and that distinctive aspect which marks the towns whose origin and growth have been less conventional. As in Paris, the journal, *café*, and promenade have a representative character and political significance. Each party has its rendezvous and its organs. The number of official buildings, the pamphlets offered for sale, the talk under the porticos, and often the costume and associates of prominent individuals, suggest the relations of the city to the state. Among the citizens may be seen the ultra royalist of the last and the radical innovator of the present century, with all intermediate varieties, as affected by religious, civic, social, progressive and retrograde, ambitious and conservative sentiments. And this vitality of opinion, this public interest in questions of policy and administration, the discussion incident thereto, and the new animation and dignity, both intellectual and moral, thus given to life, manners, and conversation, constitute, after all, the salient distinction between the capital of Sardinia and that of Lombardy, Tuscany, or the Roman States. We feel that it is something for any class of Italians to be thus emancipated from the frivolous inertia consequent upon despotic rule, — to have a positive influence upon national affairs and scope for intelligence and sympathy.

In the long and various record of English travels in Italy we find but slight allusions to Sardinia and her capital; and those refer chiefly to the political events of which they were the scene, or to some remarkable landscape. The letters of the poet Gray, so minute in praise of Roman medals, here only speak of the magnificent scenery of the Grande Chartreuse, where he wrote his Alcaic Ode in the Album of the Fathers. Bishop Berkeley briefly describes his Alpine transit, and Addison paused amid the snows of Mont Cenis to indite his poetical epistle to Montagu. Yet we are not without salient data whereby to estimate the character and interest of the state at different periods, and as exhibited to various minds.

After the siege of Trino, in 1639, Count Grammont, with his friend Matta, figured in the *soirées* of Madame Royale, as the Duchess of Savoy was called, at her famous villa near Turin, and has left a characteristic picture of the social life of the place and period. He declares that, "though the men of Turin were extremely handsome, they were not possessed of the art of pleasing"; for which deficiency he and his companion seem to have successfully endeavored to atone. The details given of amorous etiquette and pedantic gallantry indicate a most frivolous tone of society, and a taste for petty intrigue quite at variance with the manly aptitudes of military, and the comprehensive tact in diplomatic life, which are so often cited as historical traits of the Piedmontese.*

But the most satisfactory evidence of the normal tendencies of the national character and of the actual progress and prospects of Sardinia, a century ago, is derived from a native writer, who revisited his country after a residence in England which taught him justly to estimate both moral and economical interests. The name of Baretti is familiar to us, not only through his well-known Italian Dictionary, but as one of that renowned band of good talkers and literary *confrères*, of which Dr. Johnson was the central personage, and James Boswell the garrulous but faithful scribe. To the London public, indeed, for a few weeks, he was one of those objects of tragic interest whose memoirs form the staple of *Causes Célèbres*, though happily his respected and worthy name escaped association with those of Savage and Dr. Dodd, — men of letters under the ban of the criminal law. In self-defence he killed a man in the street, and was tried for murder, but, without delay, acquitted; and among the illustrious friends who testified to his excellent character were Johnson, Goldsmith, Burke, Garrick, Reynolds, and Beauclerk. Baretti was the son of an architect of Turin. He first wrote a popular, yet severe, literary critique, called *Frusta Literaria*. His Dictionary

* "The inhabitants of Turin," writes a more amiable and less aristocratic witness, about a hundred years after, "are very kind and polite; they have much of the manners and customs of the French, and speak their language familiarly; on the arrival of a Venetian, Genoese, or Milanese, they are in the habit of saying, 'He is an Italian.'" — *Memoirs of Goldoni, written by himself.*

was a work of eminent utility, and a desideratum in England. Its preparation was coincident with Johnson's task in the same field, and this circumstance strengthened their intimacy. The genial cleverness and attainments of the Piedmontese doctor rendered his society most acceptable to the brave old English lexicographer. "Sir," he remarked to Boswell, "I know no man who carries his head higher in conversation than Baretti. There are strong powers in his mind. He has not, indeed, many hooks; but with what hooks he has, he grapples very forcibly. His account of Italy is a very entertaining book."* If this "giving an opinion" is characteristic of the dogmatical sage, not less so is the observation of his admiring satellite,—that he "only appeared twice in his life in a court of justice, and that was to give evidence for Baretti, which he did, '*in a slow, deliberate, and distinct manner, which was uncommonly impressive.*'" †

Dr. Baretti returned to Italy in 1760, and, on finding himself again with his London friends, was induced to write and publish a work on his own country, on account of the superficial and erroneous views current through the popularity of Sharpe's Tour. Among other opinions which he ably controverts, is that which estimates the Italians *en masse*, and as a nation, without reference to local peculiarities. In defining some of the characteristics of each state of the peninsula, he speaks, with evident authority, of the natives of that which gave him birth. The first trait, he informs us, which distinguishes the Piedmontese from other Italians, is a want of cheerfulness; and every traveller fresh from Naples or Tuscany is struck with the grave expression and the absence of hilarity in the faces and manners he encounters at the foot of the Alps. An historical exception to the usual associations connected with the cities and even the provincial towns of Italy he recognizes in the paucity of genius both for art and poetry. In his time there were, indeed, architects, sculptors, and painters at Turin; but they enjoyed only a mediocre reputation, and were comparatively few. On the other hand, he

* *Account of the Manners and Customs of Italy.* By Joseph Baretti. London. 1768.

† Boswell's Life of Johnson.

claims for his fellow-citizens superiority in the practical arts, in civic knowledge and scientific ability. Their courage when engaged with French, Spanish, and German foes, their excellent military discipline and skill in fortification, tactics, and diplomacy, are dwelt upon as acknowledged national qualities. *Le Piemont est la sepulture des François*, was a proverb. So general was the martial spirit, that the favorite costume of peasants was the cast-off uniform of soldiers. The names of Berthollet and Pinto rival, in Piedmont, those of Vauban and Cohorn in France. To besiege La Brunette or Fenestrelle was deemed a fruitless experiment; and Baretti seemed to think that, when Cuneo, Demonte, and Alessandria were finished, they would effectually command the entrance of the kingdom. With both earlier and subsequent writers, he recognized the French proclivities of the people, who, while they imitate at court and in society the manners of Paris, lack the native grace, ease, and aptitude there so remarkable. Among the nobility were famous negotiators, but scarcely any scholars; the neglect of Italian literature was then, as before and since, an anomaly; and an unusual degree of ignorance prevailed in the middle classes. A few good lawyers, physicians, and mathematicians alone redeemed the commonplace attainments of this rank; and conversation, to one so familiar with the sense of Johnson, the eloquence of Burke, and the geniality of Goldsmith, appeared frivolous and insipid at the *cafés* and *soireés* of Turin. The women of society he describes as either unprincipled pleasure-seekers or bigoted prudes; and the few who read, at an epoch when female education was scarcely recognized in its modern sense, confined their attention to French romance. He gives the palm, as regards moral consistency, to the artisans and peasantry, and commends the agriculture of Piedmont as fully equal to that of Tuscany. The Savoyard character is described as of the same generic quality, but more plain and thrifty in consequence of the mountain life and barren soil. Baretti concludes his picture with the severe assertion, that the Piedmontese "greatly admire the French, hate the Genoese, despise all other Italians, and are not beloved by anybody."

Sardinia, however, with her picturesque natural beauty, and

her brave people, was not long to continue without a poet, or to fail to associate herself with what was most efficient in the spirit of the age. Asti gave birth to Alfieri in 1749; and Rousseau found his benefactress, his home, and no small part of his best education, at Chambery, so that his name is for ever attached to that city and its neighborhood. It is a singular coincidence, that the Italian state which was so long proverbially deficient in lettered genius should thus be identified with the most vigorous modern representatives of the national mind, — the greatest dramatic writer and the most influential of European social philosophers, of their respective times.* Goldoni, the favorite comic author of the Italian drama, speaks gratefully of the early success of his plays at Turin. One of his most popular comedies was suggested by the only complaint which reached his ears at the theatre of that city, — namely, that he "was not Molière." "I respected," he writes, "this master of the art as highly as the Piedmontese, and was seized with a desire to give them a convincing proof of it." He accordingly wrote "Molière."

The scientific theme which absorbed the naturalists of Europe a century ago was Electricity. Franklin's experiments and discoveries awakened universal curiosity and interest; and when, at a subsequent period, Dr. Priestley wrote the history of these inquiries, and recognized the facts lying within this new sphere of human knowledge, he gave the palm to Beccaria as the most versatile and complete in his researches. His "Electricismo Artifiziale," published in 1772, contains all that was then known on the subject. Franklin highly prized his writings, and caused them to be translated. King Charles Emanuel invited him to a professorship in the University of Turin, and in 1759 employed him to measure a degree of the meridian in Piedmont. This led to another valuable contribution to science. Cassini published certain doubts of the correctness of Beccaria's measurement, which

* Incidentally the frontier summits of the kingdom are likewise associated with Gibbon and his "Decline and Fall"; from that "covered walk of acacias" where he walked to and fro, half regretting that his long task was completed, a step brought him to the garden, whence, as he tells us, "a rich scenery of meadows and vineyards descends to the Leman Lake, and is crowned by the stupendous mountains of Savoy."

gave occasion to Beccaria's letter "*d' un Italiano ad un Parigiano*," in which he explained the influence of proximity to the Alps on the deviation of the pendulum. This indefatigable, self-absorbed, and therefore careless, but highly esteemed philosopher, died in 1781.

If our American sympathies are thus indirectly linked with Piedmontese science, through the development of Franklin's great principle in the labors of one of his most ardent disciples, the literature of the state more nearly appeals to us through the writings of Carlo Botta. He first made known the story of the American struggle for independence to the land which gave birth to Columbus. The Italian historian of our Revolutionary war was a native of San Giorgio in Piedmont. He studied the natural sciences at Turin, was one of the medical staff of the French army, and accompanied it to Corfu. In 1799, as a member of the Provisional Government, he approved of the incorporation of the state with France, and became one of the Piedmontese *consulta*, after the battle of Marengo, but offended Napoleon by a candid reproach of his tyranny. His name was erased from the legislative roll on account of his being a foreigner, but he was one of the *corps legislatif* who in 1814 declared that the Emperor had forfeited his throne. The next year he was appointed Director of the Academy of Nancy, but returned to private life at the restoration. Botta was a prolific writer; his histories, scientific memoirs, travels, and an epic poem attest his learning, industry, and talent; and, even now, the American in Italy finds the mass of readers acquainted with his own country only through the novels of Cooper and "La Guérra Americana" of Carlo Botta. One of his sons has pursued the art of engraving with success at Turin, and another was long employed in the East in the service of the Jardin des Plantes. It will ever be our national reproach, that the first European historian of our heroic age was allowed to endure privation in his declining years. He died in indigent circumstances at Paris.

It requires not the name of the great tragic poet of Italy, inscribed at an angle of one of the thoroughfares of Turin, to associate, not the street only, but the city, with Alfieri. Indeed, his memory redeems the comparatively material and

every-day ideas first suggested by this elegant but unromantic capital. The terse emphasis of those powerful dramas, wherein the classic form of antiquity is pervaded by the earnest spirit of modern genius, and gives to the sweetest of languages an intensity and relief, like sculptured words, — grand, direct, and rigid, — serves to impress the reader of Alfieri's life, so candidly yet philosophically written, with all the details of his boyhood and youth in this the well-described scene of his so-called education. We remember how his childish fancy was impressed when he first entered Turin, through the Porta Nuova and the Piazza San Carlo, to the Annunziata where stood his uncle's house, the subsequent "galley-slave" monotony and toil of his academic life, the forced and unintelligible study of Nepos and Virgil, the dreary Latin lectures on Philosophy, the blind grappling with Rhetoric, Physics, and Law, under the pedantic and conventional system of monastic preceptors, the stolen banquets upon Annibale Caro, Ariosto, and Metastasio, and the consoling interviews with his beautiful sister at the convent grate. From these "puerile juvenile vicissitudes," and this "ludicrous education," as he calls them, we follow him, in imagination, as we tread the streets familiar to his youth, through the invalid years of that wasted spring-time of a gifted soul, abandoned to a frivolous society and a civic existence affording no scope to high ambition, no goal for patriotic sentiment. His pride in dress, fencing, and gallantry, his love of horses, his capricious journeys, his sensibility to nature, his impetuous, aspiring mind, aristocratic temper, and liberal convictions, and, finally, his heroic self-emancipation, iron will, and immortal triumphs, — all blend with the scene around us, and seem appropriate to the picturesque heights, disciplined soldiery, and mountain air. Alfieri aptly called his native country "amphibious," and indignantly complained that he grew up there, ostensibly educated by the state, ignorant of the riches of Italian literature, and hearing only French or a *patois*. Not until years of study in Tuscany had given him command of "that soft bastard Latin," in his hands destined to receive its Dantesque energy, and a long residence in England had familiarized him with the national self-respect which he sought in vain on the

Continent, does he seem to have found the utterance and attained the moral consistency which finally rendered him the chief genius of modern Italy.

With the rise of that insidious revolutionary element, Carbonarism, appeared another poet, who, without the commanding genius of the tragic bard, not inadequately represented a more beautiful phase of his art, and, by the simple and pathetic record of his own sufferings in the cause of patriotism, added a memorable name to the roll of Piedmontese authors, and indirectly enlisted the world's sympathy for his country's misfortunes. The graceful style and tender eloquence of Silvio Pellico (born at Saluzzo in 1788), associated as they are with a tragic experience, and permanently embodied in "Francesca" and "My Prisons," offer a remarkable contrast in their beautiful atmosphere of religious and affectionate sentiment to the severe and self-reliant tone of Alfieri. To complete the tardy but versatile literary development of the state in that favorite department of modern authorship, the historical romance, the Marquis d' Azeglio (born at Turin ten years after Pellico), a son-in-law of its Italian father, Manzoni, and at once the best living pictorial artist and one of the ablest statesmen of Piedmont, achieved in "Ettore Fieramosca" and "Nicolo di Lapi" works of masterly research, powerful characterization, and classic finish.

When the tide of revolution stagnated ten years ago in Europe, it left this state alone in the possession of civic, educational, and economical benefits won through years of discipline, forbearance, and heroism. In the period which has since elapsed, the advancement of Sardinia, in essential prosperity, has been more like that which marks American than Italian civilization. Freed as she is from the wiles of Jesuitism, repudiating papal encroachments, and disentangled from Austrian influence, the external obstacles to national progress were no sooner removed, than new vigor was developed in the internal administration of the kingdom, and the wants and aspirations of her citizens asserted themselves with authority and wisdom. Commerce increased a hundred-fold; railroads connected the most distant points of the realm; productive industry was effectively stimulated; new dwellings arose;

neglected fields were laid open by the ploughshare; hill-sides were terraced for vineyards; the silk manufactories were multiplied; and in village and capital, on highway and mountain-path, an animation and cheerful industry startled the traveller, accustomed to the mendicant swarms of the Neapolitan and the lethargic repose of the Roman States. Such palpable fruits of a liberal government justify the closing declaration of Gallenga's history, — that "Italy may yet be a dream, but Piedmont is reality"; and confirm Lord John Russell's late prophecy, that "Sardinia has a great future." These hopeful auguries have been sometimes regarded as extravagant, when considered in relation to what is called the "Italian Question," and the growth of republican principles on the Continent; and doubtless the sanguine temper of those who deeply sympathize in the woes and yearnings of Italian patriotism have ascribed to this flourishing state an influence and future direction in the destiny of the peninsula unwarranted by the facts of history and the probabilities of national character. Yet this does not invalidate the actual promise of the hour, and the visible achievements of the state. It is a grand, surprising, and unique spectacle which Sardinia invites us to contemplate. While every honest patriot trembles at Naples, either with fear, pity, or indignation, at the regal crimes there enacted darkly and incessantly against the inalienable rights of humanity; while an imbecile Pontiff is intrenched at the Vatican by French bayonets; while the stranger in Lombardy recoils, with outraged self-respect, from the *espionage* to which he is hourly subjected, — in Piedmont one may listen to free and eloquent parliamentary debates; he may read journals that advocate every phase of opinion; he may behold fifty thousand Italian refugees protected and encouraged in their several vocations;* he may hear the manly

* Among them Mamiani of Rome, a deputy in the Parliament of Sardinia; Cecilia and Farina, distinguished Sicilian writers; Mancini of Naples, Professor of International Law in the University of Turin; Scialoja of the same city, equally eminent as a Professor of Political Economy in that institution; Guerrazzi of Leghorn, the celebrated historical novelist; Pallavicino of Milan, so long a Spielberg prisoner, and now a Sardinian representative, whose interesting memoirs have just appeared; Garibaldi, the able and brave general; and the patriotic Foresti, so long esteemed as an Italian professor in New York. The venerable and heroic General Pepé also found his last secure asylum in Piedmont.

declaration of Cavour, when the Austrian government complains of the comments of the Sardinian press: "*La libera discussione degli atti del governo forma una delle basi essenziali del regime politico in vigore in Piemonte*"; he may listen to the republican arguments of Brofferio, — once a state-prisoner for expressing the same views in verse, — or discuss with the benevolent Valerio his plans for supplying the poor with fuel or the emigrants with money at the expense of the government; he may trace a noble system of public instruction, from the infant and the primary school upward to the university; he may peruse over his breakfast a local newspaper which treats of the question of the day, — whether it be the war in China or the new project for connecting Europe and the East, — as fully and ably as the best journal in Paris or London; he may find, in another issue of the prolific press, the relation of church and state, or the religious sentiment itself, treated in every aspect from the most conservative to the extreme rationalistic view;* he may ponder over a letter from New York, intelligently unfolding the practical working of our political machinery, reporting our last scientific convention, or giving the details of free schools, trade, or society in the United States;† he may inspect a Protestant hospital at Genoa, or hear a Protestant clergyman preach to the veterans in the military asylum of Asti; he may visit the new sepulchre of a patriot years ago sacrificed by despotic cruelty, but drawn from his neglected grave to be honored with the late, yet tearful, obsequies decreed by an enfranchised people; he may enjoy an unmutilated Italian tragedy, glowing with free utterance or stern with patriotic resolve, or join in the worship

* In a recent number of one of these journals, in speaking of the difference between Christianity and Romanism, the writer says: "Romanism has come at length to be the antithesis of Christianity, as it is presented in the New Testament, and by the Fathers of the primitive Church. Things cannot continue in the state in which they now are. The most devout and respectable priests, the most religious persons, all admit that quite too many absurdities have been introduced into Romanism, and that a change is absolutely necessary. Such a change is desired by them, and at the same time dreaded, — desired, because they need it; dreaded, because they cannot avoid the presentiment, that the disciplinary party may also take away some doctrines of the Church." This new paper will advocate a separation of the Church from the State, "*liberty of conscience, of worship, and of speech.*"

† *L' Opinione* has a regular and able New York correspondent, Professor V. Botta.

of the once anathematized Waldenses in their new and beautiful metropolitan church; he may watch the progress of a monument to the Piedmontese soldiers who perished in the Crimea, or note the manly bearing and intelligent activity of the various groups on the promenade and under the porticos. And this experience is adequate to inspire any candid mind with hope and confidence. Such freedom of opinion, such mental activity, the mere contact of so many of the enlightened and the persecuted, the habits of industry, the motives to self-culture, the avenues open to truth and reason, the generous hospitality and mutual respect inevitably encouraged by these circumstances, insure an indefinite degree of amelioration within and beyond the boundaries of the state; and these results are independent of the less hopeful aspects which are occasionally urged in a spirit of distrust. They are no less true and auspicious, because a large proportion of the inhabitants are Romanists, because the king is tainted with the imperfections of self-will and an undue love of pleasure, because the chief cabinet minister is ambitious, the taxes are disproportioned, lotteries tolerated, a Protestant colporteur occasionally arrested by some provincial magistrate, or a refugee banished for conspiracy, or called upon, in some isolated district, for his passport.

The actual reforms and the free popular discussion, the economical development and the educational resources of Sardinia, are thus, in the highest degree, encouraging to the growth of liberal principles and of enlightened national sentiment. But the antagonistic relation the little state now openly sustains towards Austria, the probable interference of other Continental powers to retain for the latter her Italian dominions in case of war, and the variety of opinions warmly espoused in Piedmont, and throughout the peninsula, in regard to future movements and ultimate organization, tend greatly to complicate the specific action and the final policy of the Subalpine Kingdom. Any crisis in the affairs of the Continent, such as a revolution in Naples or Lombardy, or a check upon imperial authority in France, may precipitate or modify the present tendencies of the Sardinian government. Meantime, next to the actual prospects of the state itself, — which

we have seen to be singularly hopeful, — the great question is as to the real character of the existent administration. What degree of patriotism and intelligence, of courage and good faith, can we discover in the men and measures of the hour? The parliamentary debates and the character of the leading representatives and senators will compare favorably with those of Great Britain and the United States. Amid all the rancor of faction and the selfish zeal of political ambition, there has been, and still is, evident a spirit of wisdom, forbearance, and dignity which reflects honor on the Parliament of Sardinia. Alfieri di Sostengo, Giacinto Collegno, Giulio, Plezza, and other senators, are worthy to rank with the most patriotic and able representatives of a free country; few members of a popular assembly have exhibited such incessant benevolent activity, few breathed more wise republican eloquence; and the only fault which their opponents can find with the most prominent is, that the motives of one may be ambitious, and of another selfish, — insinuations harmless, indeed, when considered as the desperate fault-finding of political animosity. As a general fact, the spirit, principles, ability, and good faith of the two houses are recognized as exemplary.

Victor Emanuel's broad, good-humored face and well-fitted uniform are familiar to us through the many engravings his visit to England called forth; and his physiognomy seems to be a just index of his character, — kind in disposition, good-natured by temperament, far more sensuous than saturnine, at court almost pedantic in his enforcement of etiquette, but in private life what is called a "good fellow" to an extent that would satisfy the most companionable democrat, and, whatever secret love of power he may cherish, quite aware of his obligation to conform to the deliberate will and real welfare of the state. It is difficult to see any serious obstacle to the public welfare in the sway of a ruler so constituted and recognized. He apparently clings to the obsolete forms and machinery of regal power from a conviction that they now chiefly represent it, — that the office of royalty is becoming more and more lost in the name. His sense of enjoyment, too, is a less alarming trait, than the self-denying reserve of ambition. There is no superstitious reverence for the "divine right of

kings" in the feeling with which his subjects regard him; they have learned to see in their monarch only a chief magistrate, while they respect his office, and honor its appointments and privileges. That Victor Emanuel enjoys their confidence, as a ruler having the good of the state at heart, is evident from the spontaneous and affectionate welcome he received on his return from England, — an ovation which formed a complete contrast to the prearranged and prepaid greeting that coldly hailed the arrival of the French Emperor at Paris.

If the machinery of administration is almost ludicrously disproportioned in Sardinia to the extent of the kingdom and the "divinity" which hedges her king, more technical than moral, no European state devolves more important functions on her prime minister. Her relations with Italy, and through Italy with Austria, and thus indirectly with the rest of Europe, are of a significance entirely beyond her dimensions on the map; and the history of the past, as well as the events of the future, may convince us that larger interests depend on the fortunes and conduct of Sardinia, than are dreamed of in the philosophy of the shallow observer. Accordingly, one of the most interesting desiderata to a stranger, in contemplating her condition and prospects, is to ascertain the views, ability, and principles of the ministry, and especially of its presiding genius.

The antecedents of Count Cavour vindicate his claim to a high and influential position in state affairs. Compared with the average experience of Italian noblemen, his opportunities for practical knowledge and comprehensive views have been remarkable. The facts which his opponents cite against him seem to us not unfavorable either to his integrity or success. That his origin can be traced to an illegitimate scion of the house of Savoy, which is the current belief; that his family is of indisputably ancient nobility; that he was educated at the Military Academy of Turin, and graduated there with rank in the artillery; that he, soon after, assisted his father in the grain and cattle trade, which laid the foundation of their wealth, then travelled, for years, in Switzerland, France, and England, and returned to engage in journalism and political life, — are all circumstances eminently auspicious to the enlargement and discipline of that superior natural intelligence which is

universally conceded to the Count. We find in the stages of this career all the essential elements of political education. His noble origin absolves him, in no small degree, from the suspicion of interested motives in any democratic sympathy he may exhibit. His early training as a soldier was an apt initiation to public life in a state so military in taste and policy. His commercial experience is, for legislative use, worth years of abstract study in political economy. His familiar acquaintance with the social life and the governments of France and England must prove available in diplomacy and internal improvements; while there is no school like the editorship of an able paper for testing speculation by discussion, and the acquisition of tact in the illustration of principles, as well as tolerance in the expression of opinion. Thus furnished and disciplined, Count Cavour brought to the service of his party, and subsequently to that of his country, broad views, sagacious insight, and indomitable energy. He seems to have modified his opinions as a journalist and an official in his early career, according to the exigencies of the times and of public sentiment, but not, so far as we can discover, in a manner to invalidate his patriotic integrity. If he was once an advocate of such a constitution as that of France, it was because he regarded it as adapted to the wants and capacities of the people. If he was opposed to a second campaign against Austria, after the armistice of Salasco, his reasons were probably cogent. He has been accused of complicity with the unfortunate Charles Albert in a predetermined defeat at Novara; but the mystery in which that subject is involved, and the party violence and prejudice which obscure the truth and pervert the facts, render his motives and conduct at the juncture so uncertain, as to give him the benefit, at least, of doubts as to conduct, and of subsequent patriotism as to motives. Without question, much of the success that has attended the Sardinian policy during the last few years is owing to the vigor, industry, and prescience of Count Cavour. Although some of his commercial plans have failed, the taxes have been regularly paid, the finances of the state judiciously adjusted and prosperously managed, many new avenues of industry and

sources of wealth opened, and many old ones revived. He won respect and showed courage and skill as a member of the Paris Congress. He is indefatigable in his work, and thoroughly in earnest. The chief charges alleged against him are that he is ambitious, and interested in every promising speculation originated in Piedmont; but these personal motives, with an intelligent statesman, are fresh guaranties that he will be wise and prudent in finance, and will respect popular sentiment in his use of power, as the surest means to accomplish even selfish aims. His course and character, his bearing and purposes, are, as is usual with energetic prime ministers, regarded from the extremes of distrust and partiality. One observer compares his glance to Pitt's eagle eye, and his figure to Sir Robert Peel's, while another discovers a Jesuitical meaning in his smile and a courtier's trick in his affability. One set of persons attribute his influence to his wealth, and another to his talent. This critic thinks that he is playing a part, and another that he was born for a statesman. Under the porticos of Turin gossip murmurs of some old amour, or some instance of intolerance toward a rival; and, in a liberal English journal, we find him described as a popular idol. Now we are told that he is an abject imitator of Guizot, and again that he resembles Napoleon. It is declared, on one hand, that his only interest in the Italians is to promote, through and by them, the aggrandizement of the Savoy dynasty; and on the other, that his affinities are as catholic as they are national. He is lauded as an intelligent advocate of free trade to-day, and derided as a mere stock-gambler to-morrow. His aristocratic relations and his state craft, his love of money and his pride of country, his deference to theory and his tenacity of independence, are the contradictory motives assigned for his policy and his manners. Meantime, that he has done and is doing many wise, brave, and useful things for Sardinia, the stubborn evidence of facts incontestably proves. There is need of both his acuteness and his *bonhommie*, his self-devotion and his intrepidity; and, by virtue of these great qualities, he effectually serves the state.

The authentic basis of foreign judgment in regard to the spirit and ability of an administration must be documentary

and practical. Diplomatic notes, speeches, and the results of a policy, are more indicative of ministerial genius and character than the comments of partisan journals. At the results of Cavour's activity in Piedmont, since he edited the most able constitutional journal, ten years since, we have already glanced. Prosperity at home and respect abroad have accrued to Sardinia. The middle party, of which he was the first organ, achieved a fortunate equilibrium of discordant political elements. D'Azeglio, like Lamartine in France, proved the eloquent expositor of the most intelligent popular will. But the great work of reform — the removal of time-hallowed abuses, the establishment of new and enlarged principles of finance, and the check to ecclesiastical and aristocratic monopolies — required a strong, pertinacious, self-reliant man; and Count Cavour proved adequate to the exigency. A somewhat aggressive policy, and a firmness almost intolerant, were indispensable in a leader at this crisis; and these qualities were confessedly tempered in him by suavity and openness to conviction, so that, with all the faults ascribed to him by political and personal enemies, we cannot fail to recognize in his career an adaptation of mind and a liberal energy of purpose, which have been conducive to the best results. Identical with this tangible proof of his efficiency, is the evidence of his correspondence and discourse. The temper and style of his letter to Count Buol, which led to the Austrian envoy's withdrawal from Turin, and of his speech in defence of appropriations for the immediate refortification of Alessandria, are dignified and appropriate, convincing and eloquent. The bad humor of the Austrian government doubtless originated at the Paris Congress, when Cavour's attempt to enlist the sympathies of England and France in the Italian cause was a tacit but keen reproach to that infernal despotism of which the double-headed eagle is the vigilant symbol. With the most pacific intentions, it is, indeed, difficult to imagine how estrangement, if not open rupture, could be long avoided between states so diverse in their economical condition and social atmosphere; the one industrious, free, and contented, the other impoverished, baffled, and degraded; a liberal and rep-

resentative press on one side of the border, and on the other, censorship, espionage, and persecution; here constitutional self-government, and there foreign domination sustained only by armed force.

While progress is thus evidently the watchword among the patriotic reformers of Sardinia, it is a progress tempered by wisdom. Thus the decree of the Chambers which suppressed the conventual religious orders, excepted the active Sisters of Charity.* Among the more recent measures proposed or adopted are the construction of a railroad between Turin and Nice, the increase of the army, and the grand enterprise of a tunnel through Mont Cenis.

All the facts of the hour and all the prognostics of the journals do not, indeed, breathe encouragement. There are, in the circumstances of the present, the influences of the past, and the discordant elements of the future, opposing and ret-

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* The number of religious orders of males possessing property in the *Terra-firma* States affected by the first article of the said law is fourteen: i. e. the Agostiniani with shoes, the Agostiniani without shoes, the Benedettini Cassinesi, the Canonisi Regolari Lateranensi, the Carmelitani without shoes, the Certosini, the Cistercensi, the Domenicani, the Conventuali, the Minimi, the Filippini, the Olivetani, the Oblati, and the Servi. They occupied 66 houses; and when the commission took possession there were 557 priests, 215 lay brethren, and 9 serving novices and servants, giving a total of 781 persons, or an average of 11 persons to each house. The number of female religious orders in the *Terra-firma* States affected by the same law is eleven: the Agostiniane, the Battistine, the Benedettine Cassinese, the Canonichesse Lateranense, the Carmelitane without shoes, the Celestine, the Chiarisse, the Cistercense, the Crocifisse, the Domenicane, and the Terziarie Domenicane. They owned 46 houses, and numbered 1085 persons, of whom 814 were "coriste," or admitted nuns, 265 "converse," or persons in a probationary state, and 6 novices, or servants. They averaged 23 persons to each convent, or more than double the number averaged by the male orders.

The 66 convents inhabited by the possessing monks were found to contain 3,905 chambers, and to be of an aggregate value of 49,757 francs. From houses, lands, capital, and other sources, the gross receipts were 668,685 francs 63 cent.; of which about a sixth was in houses, and more than half in rural possessions to the amount of 4,932 hectares of land, the rent of which at the time of the promulgation of the law did not average more than 77 francs the hectare. Comparing the total of rural possessions with the number of families to which they belonged, there appears an average of 75 hectares to each family. The rent derived from capital and credits of various kinds amounted to 105,488 francs 21 cent., or about 1,596 francs for each family. The debts of all sorts contracted by the administrators of the male orders amounted to 216,640 francs 42 cent., so that the net rent, exclusive of the value of the monasteries, was 452,045 francs 21 cent.

rograde forces. The large number of educated refugees have overstocked the liberal professions in Sardinia; the favor extended by the government towards these unfortunate guests has often excited native jealousy, while certain restrictions, not applied to citizens, have equally provoked the discontent of the exiles. The expensiveness of the army and the beneficent schemes of the administration have frequently made taxation onerous. The ill-defined and somewhat incongruous liberty of the press and of public worship has led to serious, though limited disaffection. The sincerity of the state in her foreign relations, the disinterestedness of her purposes in regard to Italy, the motives and scope of her English and French alliances, have all been gravely questioned. "Sardinia," says a late British Tory journal, "duped by the lying promises of Russian aid against Austria, and duly informed of the course France meant to take, agreed to Russia's non-

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The estimated rent of the 46 convents occupied by the nuns in possession amounted altogether to 73,145 francs, or an average of 1,590 francs to each convent, a value equal to double that of the monasteries. Comparatively, the gross rent is still greater on the whole of the different categories of property, amounting to 514,609 francs 76 cent.; of which 292,870 francs is derived from rural possessions, to the extent of 2,783 hectares of land. The debts in five of the male religious orders absorbed a third of their gross income, while those of the female orders hardly exceeded a fourth. The net revenues of the latter were found to amount to 389,155 francs.

In the island of Sardinia the male orders affected by the law are seven in number, occupying 51 houses; and the female two, with 9 houses. The first comprehend 322 persons, the second 166. The estimated rent of the whole of the monasteries and convents so occupied is very small. There were attached to them 1,054 other buildings, and 3,260 hectares of land.

The houses of the Mendicant orders suppressed amount to 183, of which 136 are in the *Terra-firma* States, and 47 in the island of Sardinia. The total number of members of these orders is 3,135, of whom 175 are women and 2,960 men. Of the latter 1,709 are priests (*sacerdoti*), 983 laymen, and 268 either novices or servants. In general, the value of the convents of the Mendicant orders is found to be very trifling. They possess, however, other property, which produces a rent of 83,804 francs 36 cent.

There are 66 collegiate churches affected by the law, comprising altogether 650 canonries; so that there is an average of 10 canonries for each church, or about one for 6,500 souls. These canonries have a net rent varying from 150 to 1,800 francs. The smallest are in the province of Liguria, and the richest in those of Novara, Vercelli, and Turin.

As to the simple benefices, the commission has not yet been able to take possession of them, but they are calculated to number about 1,700.

fulfilment of the treaty"; and elsewhere, "Whether the renewed allegiance of France and Sardinia to the British side of the question be genuine or feigned, remains to be seen."

In these and many other speculations we find only what baffles conjecture rather than hope, and do not participate in the apprehension, often expressed by English writers, that Piedmont will be flattered into complacent error. We trust to the insight of her statesmen, the liberal sentiments of her Parliament, the discipline and valor of her army, the efficiency generated by prosperous activity, the purifying and elevating influence of public education, hospitality, beneficence, and religious discussion, the severe lessons of the past, the noble pledges of the present, and the vast interests of the future, to inspire, sustain, and enlighten national self-respect and fraternity.

Sardinia was the only Italian state which had the resources and the public spirit to take part in the war initiated by England and France to check Russian encroachments. Her capital alone, of the cities of Southern Europe, has grown in size, beauty, and population within the last ten years. All the states of Italy have contributed to the monument in process of erection there in honor of the Crimean heroes of Piedmont, and to the fund designed to purchase cannon wherewith to fortify Alessandria; while the cold reception of the Austrian Emperor on his recent visit to Lombardy, and the firmness and dignity manifest in Cavour's response to his minister's recent complaints, (a diplomatic note which has made an impression in Europe similar to that caused by Webster's response to Hülsemann,) indicate a unity of political sympathies, of which Sardinia is at once the nucleus and the exponent, which gives authority to Gallenga's final historical inference: "In his bold, confident youth, an Italian patriot may have rejoiced in the firm belief that his age was destined to witness the rearing up of the whole edifice of Italian nationality. He must now be thankful to Heaven, if, dying, he carry with him the conviction that the first stone, the *corner-stone*, is at least laid."

ART. III. — *Histoire de la Maison Royale de St. Cyr.* (1686–1793.) Par THÉOPHILE LAVALLÉE. Paris: Furne et Cie. 1853.

"THERE are certain events," says Madame de Sévigné in one of her charming letters, "of which we cannot hear too many particulars." It is well for her fame that such is the fact. The wonderful fascination of her writings can scarcely be explained by the acknowledged beauty of her style. We listen with delight to her lively gossip and pleasing descriptions, not only because they breathe so tender an affection for her darling daughter, and sparkle with the brilliancy of the subtlest wit, but because they place us on so friendly and familiar relations with the Rochefoucaulds, the Condés, the La Fontaines, and the Racines of her age. An imperishable interest attaches to the circle of geniuses which surrounded the throne of the *Grand Monarque*. St. Cloud in its palmiest days could not assemble such a court as was gathered, like one family, in the spacious palace at Versailles. We are all curious to learn of the inner, and what may be termed the domestic, life of that royal household. We linger with pleasure over the sparkling pages of Madame de Sévigné, Madame de Lafayette, the Abbé de Choisi, and the sharp-sighted St. Simon.

With a kindred pleasure do we receive from M. Lavallée a picture of life at the Royal House of St. Cyr. Guided by his spirited history, we propose to give a sketch of that celebrated school, which was planned by Madame de Maintenon, founded by Louis XIV., protected by both of his successors, and finally destroyed in the storms of the Revolution. So distinguished are the names which appear in its annals, and so closely were its fortunes associated with those of the throne, that, in reading the story of its origin, prosperity, and downfall, we obtain an acquaintance with many of the illustrious characters of France, and pass in review the remarkable changes of an eventful century.*

* M. Lavallée has had access to the famous manuscript *Memoires des Dames de St. Cyr*, a portion of which La Beaumelle obtained in some unknown manner, and

The continuous wars of Lous XIV. impoverished thousands of his nobles. Before his time, they had sold their services to one feudal lord or another, and had fought, now for, and now against, their king. The possessions of the conquered party had been the lawful booty of the victors. But Louis XIV. completed the union of opposing factions, which was begun by Henry IV., and carried on by Richelieu. The discords of jealous dukes and of rival commanders were forgotten in loyalty to the monarch. A rigid military discipline was established. Unquestioning obedience and unwavering devotion were required from the officers. A large part of their life was spent in costly campaigns. Their pay was small. Their chief reward was the glory which they won. Their estates, deprived of their personal care, and burdened with heavy taxes, were declining in value. Thus many a gentleman, whose breast was covered with badges of honor, was reduced to utter destitution. Wounded officers were seen begging bread at the gates of the palace of Versailles. Their families were suffering in want. Their children were growing up in ignorance.

Policy, no less than gratitude, induced the king to relieve the distress of those gallant men, who had placed their property and their lives at his service. He therefore founded the Hôtel des Invalides, as a home for disabled soldiers, schools of cadets for the instruction of the sons of gentlemen, and the Royal House of St. Cyr, for the education of young ladies of noble birth.

The establishment of this last institution was due to the suggestion of Madame de Maintenon. The remembrance of her early misfortunes had doubtless quickened the kindly impulses of a heart, which was naturally inclined to charity. The striking vicissitudes of her life had acquainted her with many a trial and sorrow, and had taught her especially the value of early education and faithful training. She was born

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wrought into his *Lettres de Madame de Maintenon* and his *Memoires sur Madame de Maintenon*. These are the works which Voltaire attacks so fiercely in the notes to his *Siècle de Louis XIV.* He would have been glad to see the positive proofs, which are now before us, that La Beaumelle made material changes in the letters, which he published as literal copies from the manuscripts.

in a prison, where her father, Théodore d'Aubigné, was confined for counterfeiting money, and was carried with him to Martinique when she was but four years of age. On her return, at the age of ten, with her sister and her widowed mother, she was placed in a convent at Paris, by order of the queen-regent, to be converted from the Protestant faith of her fathers. Scarcely had she left the convent, when her beauty and talent attracted the attention of the witty and celebrated Scarron. She at first refused the hand of the poet, who was bent by disease "into the shape of the letter Z," as he himself says. But being left in poverty by the death of her mother, she consented at last to marry him. She learned of him Latin, Italian, and Spanish, and acquired that familiarity with literature which fitted her so well for her subsequent career. Their house was the resort of the most brilliant and elegant company of that age. Her modest but dignified bearing commanded the respect and esteem of her numerous visitors. She was left in widowhood at the age of twenty-five. With a pension of two thousand livres, which she received from Anne of Austria, she lived in simplicity and comfort at the Convent of the Ursulines, where she had been educated. She mingled with the gay and learned society of the Hôtel d'Albret and the Hôtel de Richelieu, the successors to the fallen Hôtel de Rambouillet. It was there that she made the acquaintance of Madame de Sévigné, Madame de Lafayette, Madame de Coulanges, and also of Madame de Montespan, with whose name her own was to be so unpleasantly associated. This lady induced the king to restore to the young widow her pension, which had been stopped on the death of the queen-mother. She afterwards procured for her the post of governess to the children whom she had borne to Louis XIV. When the children were legitimated by their father, Madame Scarron shared the apartment of their mother in the palace. The king was not at first pleased with her society; but he became more and more attached to her, and finally, in 1674, he presented her with the estate of Maintenon, and permitted her to take the name of Madame de Maintenon. From that time she occupied the place in the esteem of her royal master which had been before accorded to Madame de

Montespan. She succeeded in making the king more attentive to his wife during the few months for which that neglected woman survived. In a little more than a year after the death of the queen, she was secretly married to the royal widower. Her influence upon him was decided and apparent. He became more moral in his habits. He was more rigid in his devotions. He was even more attentive than before to business. Respect was paid to her by all of the royal family. Parliaments and provinces, bishops and cardinals, sought the king's favor through her. Princes and monarchs solicited her intervention. Even the Pope placed his nuncios under her protection. But no conspicuous position was assigned to her on public occasions. She appeared among the ladies of the court on terms of perfect equality. It is doubtful whether she had so great influence in politics as has been often supposed. The king certainly consulted her on questions of state. He sometimes held his council in her presence. He occasionally asked her advice, saying: "Qu'en pense *la raison?* qu'en pense *votre solidité?*" But her chief office was to amuse rather than to advise him. His misfortunes had rendered him weary, desponding, and morose. Hers was the hardest of all tasks, — to study the caprices of an old man, who was no longer "*amusable*," to be now his companion and now his servant, and, regardless of her own numerous trials, to be always attentive, always sympathizing, and always cheerful.

Yet her manifold duties did not make her forgetful of the poor. Her benefactions were accompanied by her prayers, and often by her tears. She was one day solicited by Madame de Brinon, an Ursuline nun, to aid her and a sister of her order in maintaining a school, which they had founded at Montmorency, for the education of girls. She at once sent her some pupils, the children of poor parents, and paid for their support. She visited them often, and became so deeply interested in their welfare, that she wished them to be nearer Versailles. She rented a house at Rueil, presented the scholars with clothing and furniture, and moreover called in the peasant children of the neighborhood, and gave them such instruction as they were fitted to receive.

The expenses of the institution were soon so great, that she called on the king to assist her. She set forth so clearly the wants of his noblemen's daughters, that he at once complied with her request. He had just purchased the estate of Noisy to enlarge the park of Versailles. He ordered the school to be removed to the castle of Noisy, which was to be adapted to its new use by an outlay of thirty thousand livres. One hundred girls were to be supported there at his expense. The scholars were transferred from Rueil to their new home in February, 1684. There they found a pleasant garden, laid out by Le Nôtre, spacious halls, and a beautiful chapel, on which the Pope bestowed some relics of Sainte Candide. The classes were called the red, the green, the yellow, and the blue, from the color of the ribbons which they wore in their hair and at their waists. They devoted quite as much time to needle-work as to study. It was while they were here that they wrought the famous bed for the king. They also made ornaments for the cathedral of Strasburg, which city had just been retaken by the French.

Madame de Maintenon spent much of her time with her growing school. The minutest details did not escape her notice. She attended the sick, she supervised the cooking, she ate at the pupils' table, she taught them how to bow and to make their toilette. The ladies of the court soon asked and obtained permission to visit the school. The Dauphiness also went. For a time the courtiers at Versailles talked of little else but the institution at Noisy. The king himself at last honored it with his presence. He was especially struck with the discipline, which was so firm, that not one of the girls turned her head to see him as he entered their room. He was so well pleased with all that he saw, that he decided to establish the school upon a firmer foundation, and to insure it a permanent existence. It was therefore soon after resolved by the Royal Council that two hundred and fifty girls of noble blood should be maintained and educated gratuitously, until they had reached the age of twenty.

It was seen at once that the supply of water at Noisy would be inadequate to the wants of the new institution. By the advice of Louvois and Mansard, the village of St. Cyr, which

was less than a league distant from the palace, was finally selected as the most suitable place for the school. The estate of the Marquis de Brisson was purchased at an expense of 91,000 livres, and Mansard was ordered to draw the plans for a building. The cost of arranging the grounds and constructing the edifice was 1,400,000 livres, a sum equivalent to $600,000, money of our time. 150,000 livres were devoted to the furniture. The tapestry, curtains, and decorations of each class were of the color which distinguished that class. Revenues to the amount of 150,000 livres were at first secured to the school, and 30,000 livres more were afterwards added.

The king was especially desirous that the school should not become a convent. He wished the girls to have a simple and uniform dress, but also to be prepared for lives of active usefulness. He carefully revised the regulations which were prepared by Madame de Brinon and Madame de Maintenon, and then submitted them to the inspection of the Bishop of Chartres, the Père de la Chaise, the Abbé Gobelin, Racine, and Boileau. There were to be a Superior, thirty-six *dames professes*, twenty-four *sœurs converses*, and two hundred and fifty girls of noble families, none of whom could be admitted when less than seven or more than twelve years of age. These girls could remain till they were twenty years old, and dowries were provided for those who were married upon their departure. The institution was placed under the especial protection of Madame de Maintenon, and Madame de Brinon was named Superior for life, though her successors were to be elected triennially. A medal was struck in honor of the completion of the undertaking, and the royal historiographers, Racine and Boileau, were charged to make worthy mention of the royal munificence in establishing the school.

The removal of the girls from Noisy to St. Cyr was attended with considerable pomp. They were conveyed in the carriages of the king, and were escorted by the *Suisses* of his household. The procession was led by priests, bearing the cross, and singing the *Veni Creator*. The road was crowded with spectators. The girls were enraptured with the charms of St. Cyr. It seemed to them, as their memoirs say, "the image of an earthly paradise." The house was consecrated by religious

services, and the regular exercises of the school were begun without delay.

Certain rooms were appropriated exclusively to Madame de Maintenon. It was her chief joy to escape from her servitude at the palace, and take refuge in this tranquil home. She was as unremitting in her attention to the pupils, as she had formerly been at Rueil. During the remainder of her life her best powers and energies were given to her beloved girls. The princes and princesses soon came to visit them. The fallen Madame de Montespan, incited by curiosity, or perhaps by a higher motive, was often seen in this home of her rival. It was here, indeed, that the rite of confirmation was subsequently administered to her. The king himself at length came to see the results of his benefactions. A body of the clergy, preceded by the cross, met him in the outer court. When he reached the door, he was greeted by Madame de Brinon. Behind her stood the *dames*, clad in long veils and mantles, and bearing wax tapers. Still farther back, the girls, arrayed in their plain but tasteful attire, were arranged in double ranks. He passed down the lines between them, entered the church, and listened to the *Te Deum* and the *Domine Salvum*. Then the girls marched along before him, bowed with reverence, and entered the yard. As he followed them out, their three hundred voices surprised him with this prayer, which they chanted, as is said, to the tune which we call "God save the King."*

"Grand Dieu, sauvez le roi!
Grand Dieu, vengez le roi!
Vive le roi!
Qu'à jamais glorieux,
Louis victorieux
Voye ses ennemis
Toujours soumis.
Grand Dieu, sauvez le roi!
Grand Dieu, vengez le roi!
Vive le roi!"

The instruction which was furnished at St. Cyr during

* The French assert, that Handel heard the tune at St. Cyr in 1721, and borrowed it to sing the praises of George I. The English musical critics assert that the nuns of St. Cyr took it from Handel, and first sang it at their great reception of Louis XIV.

the first few years of the school tended to make every girl a copy of Madame de Maintenon. There was devotion without austerity. There was elegance in dress, combined with simplicity. Beauty was enhanced by a few, but tasteful, ornaments. The substantial elements of education were not neglected, yet refinement was especially sought. The gallant and ingenious epistolary style of Voiture and Balzac was commended as a model. The finest passages from the works of the poets were learned and recited. Recreation, exercise, conversation, everything, was so directed as to develop a character that might adorn the highest society, and yet be prepared for any station in life. The system imparted those graces and accomplishments which gave to the women of the seventeenth century their peculiar fascination and influence.

While Madame de Maintenon was thus preparing the daughters of the nobility for lives of usefulness and honor, she established a claim to the gratitude of every friend of letters. She called Racine from the retirement in which he had been living for more than ten years, and induced him to write his *Esther* for her school. Madame de Brinon had written insipid verses for the girls to recite, until they became disgusted with her doggerel, and would learn it no more. Madame de Maintenon, whose nice ear also was offended, suggested that the scholars should be allowed to recite such passages from Corneille and Racine as should seem to be suitable for youth. Therefore scenes from *Cinna*, *Andromaque*, and *Iphigénie* were attempted. The rugged verse of Corneille was not successfully rendered; but the tender and flowing lines of Racine were given with great pathos and beauty. Madame de Maintenon feared lest this diversion should create too strong an attachment to the study of the profane drama. She therefore asked Racine to furnish the school with a poem on some moral or religious theme, in which songs should be introduced. She promised him that it should be retained at St. Cyr. The poet knew not what to reply. He had solemnly renounced dramatic poetry as sinful. To avoid temptation, he had scarcely indulged in any kind of poetical composition. Yet even the most scrupulous conscience could see no harm in writing for the inno-

cent entertainment and intellectual culture of these girls of St. Cyr. But, on the other hand, might he not imperil the fame which he had won by his *Iphigénie* and his *Phèdre*, if he attempted a work for the amusement of girls? However much he may have regretted his earlier course, he would not willingly give a proof that his genius had declined while he had been occupied in a more commendable career. His dearest friend, Boileau, strongly urged him not to undertake it. But the subject which was furnished by the Book of Esther impressed him so forcibly, as one most appropriate to the circumstances of the school, that he could not forbear beginning a piece. No sooner had Boileau and Madame de Maintenon heard a few scenes, than they encouraged him to complete the play.

When it was finished, Racine, who had taught the finest actors of his day the art of declamation, proceeded to select those girls of St. Cyr who were best fitted to represent the different personages, and to give them the necessary instruction. Mademoiselle de Veillane took the part of Esther; Mademoiselle de Lastie, *belle comme le jour*, that of Ahasuerus; Mademoiselle de la Maisonfort, sister of the celebrated woman of this name, that of Elise; Mademoiselle de Glapion, afterwards the confidential friend of Madame de Maintenon, and Superior of the House, that of Mordecai. The prologue was written expressly for Madame de Caylus, the cousin of Madame de Maintenon. She was then but seventeen years of age, but had already been married three years to the Count of Caylus, after having refused the hand of several wealthy courtiers. "Jamais," says St. Simon of her, "un visage si spirituel, si touchant, si parlant; jamais une fraîcheur pareille; jamais tant de grâce ni plus d'esprit; jamais tant de gaieté et d'agréments; jamais créature plus séduisante. Elle surpassait les plus fameuses actrices à jouer des comédies."

As the piece was to be played before the king, preparations of becoming magnificence were made. Madame de Maintenon ordered for the actresses Persian garments, which were adorned with pearls and diamonds. The royal scene-painter and musicians lent their aid. A vestibule was speedily transformed into a theatre. When all was ready, the king, with

the Prince of Condé and a few courtiers, came to witness the performance. He was equally delighted with the acting of the young and timid, but graceful scholars, with the flattering allusions to himself which the poet had introduced, and with the freshness and beauty of the girls, who were arranged in the order of their classes around the amphitheatre. The Prince of Condé was moved to tears. Racine had no sooner escorted the actresses from the stage, than he hastened to the chapel to render up his thanks to God for the success which had been granted him.

So lavish was the king in his praises of the play, that soon it was necessary to represent it again in the presence of the Dauphiness, the Duke of Orleans, the royal princes, a few priests, and the celebrated Madame de Miramion, whom Madame de Sévigné calls a "mother of the Church." "To-day," said Madame de Maintenon, "we play for the saints." Madame de Caylus represented Esther. "All the Champmêslés in the world," writes the Abbé de Choisy, "had not her ravishing tones."

Now all the courtiers wished to see the play at St. Cyr. Repeated representations were given. Some of the girls were so anxious to succeed, that they knelt down behind the scenes, and said their *Veni Creator*, in order that they might be prevented from forgetting their parts; "and I believe," says the pious old Dame de St. Cyr who has preserved for us these details, "that God, who saw their innocence and their good intentions, heard their prayers." Mademoiselle de la Maisonfort once hesitated a little. When she left the stage, the sensitive Racine exclaimed, "You have ruined the piece!" She burst into tears. He quickly drew his handkerchief from his pocket, wiped the tears from her eyes, and began to console her, so that she might not appear to have been weeping, when she should return to her part. Nevertheless the king observed the redness of her eyes, and when the courtiers and ladies learned its cause, they laughed heartily at Racine for his impulsive anxiety and kindness.

There was scarcely an illustrious person at Versailles or in Paris, who did not ask permission to attend the dramatic exhibitions at St. Cyr. Bossuet, Père de la Chaise, the President

Lamoignon, Madame de Coulanges, Madame de Sévigné, who has given us many a glance at these scenes in her lively letters, priests, magistrates, and bishops, all found pleasure in witnessing the performances of these beautiful girls. An invitation was esteemed a mark of royal favor. "The ministers left the most pressing business," says Madame de Lafayette, to behold the Esther. The king himself used to be door-keeper. He stood at the entrance, and, holding his cane across the passage, required every one to show his ticket of invitation.

A more distinguished assembly than any which had before been gathered within the walls of St. Cyr was gathered there on the 5th of February, 1689. Not only were the king and all the royal princes and princesses in the audience, but also the exiled James II. of England and his queen. They were occupying the palace of St. Germain as the guests of their cousin of France. They were living in a splendor and state to which they had been strangers in Whitehall. Louis had invited them to St. Cyr. With a large retinue he met them at the gate, showed them the house, and explained to them the object and the influence of the school. The Esther was then represented with a power and a brilliancy which had never been equalled. All opposition and criticism were forgotten in general admiration.

A fortnight from the day of James's visit to St. Cyr, the court were appalled by the sudden and mysterious death of the young queen of Spain, the niece of Louis XIV. All amusements were at once suspended. But during Lent of that year Racine wrote four sacred songs, which, together with an ode by Madame Deshoulières, and a cantata in praise of Madame de Maintenon, were performed in presence of the king and queen of England. During the following year, 1690, the Esther was played several times at the king's request. A number of Jesuits were present, and among them the austere Bourdaloue.

So highly was the king pleased with the diversions at St. Cyr, that he asked Racine to write another piece. Accordingly the next year appeared the *Athalie*. But this splendid drama, the crowning effort of the poet's genius, was not des-

tined to so favorable a reception as its less meritorious predecessor. It was found that the presence of the court had produced an unfavorable influence upon the minds of the girls and the teachers. The love of display, of rank, and of honor, which is never too weak in the heart of a Frenchwoman, was gaining a power which threatened to destroy all profitable study and serious meditation.* Madame de Maintenon therefore conformed to the advice of some of her religious counsellors, and resolved to forbid theatrical representations, though Bossuet, Fénelon, the Abbé Gobelin, and many other illustrious priests, saw no harm in permitting them to continue. But the king would not allow her to abolish them. Athalie was therefore played; but the preparations were of the simplest kind. Louis XIV., the king and queen of England, Fénelon, and a few others, were the only spectators. Madame de Maintenon was almost the only one who perceived the real beauties of the piece. The others called it "terrible," but "cold and uninteresting." After this no visitors were permitted to witness the acting at St. Cyr. But at different times, during the three following years, the king invited the girls to play in his private apartments at Versailles, in the presence of the princes and a few gentlemen of rank. The poet, who had contributed so much to the glory of St. Cyr by his *Esther* and his *Athalie*, was never forgotten by the grateful pupils. In his last illness they offered public prayers in his behalf, and afterwards listened with eager interest to Madame de Maintenon's description of his closing hours and peaceful death.

The reform which was begun at St. Cyr was carried still further. Madame de Maintenon was so filled with regret at the unhappy results of her brilliant entertainments, that she proscribed all high intellectual pursuits. She deprived the scholars of all their manuscripts. She confined their reading to strictly religious books. She took from them all their

* Though the gentlemen of the court were forbidden to talk with the girls, the exchange of glances could not be prevented. Thus were formed attachments which resulted in marriage. Thus began the acquaintance between Mademoiselle de Marsilly and M. de Vilette, who were afterwards married. She was left a widow, and was subsequently married to Lord Bolingbroke.

jewels and superfluous ornaments. She increased the amount of their manual labor. She appointed regular confessors for the school. In fact, in 1692 the House was formally changed into a convent of the Order of St. Augustine.

The girls took their vows at the age of eighteen, and dedicated themselves to works of piety, and especially to the education of the young orphans who were admitted to the school. They found their chief diversion in music. Their collection of chants, motets, choruses, and passages from the operas of Lully, was large for that age. At the Christmas festivals the king sent his private musicians to play religious symphonies in the spacious hall at St. Cyr. Sometimes he ordered his military band to perform their spirited pieces in the court-yard of the school, for the amusement of the daughters of his faithful soldiers.

Madame de Maintenon evinced the same care in training the hearts of her pupils that she had shown in cultivating their intellect and their taste. She endeavored to supplant their ambition and their pride by humility and piety. She remonstrated and exhorted both in private and in public. She watched over every person in the institution with all the fidelity of a mother. But she soon had proofs that the convent was exposed to perils more subtile and dangerous than those which had threatened the House of St. Cyr in its more worldly form; for, with her own approval, the *dames* received and cherished a heresy which disturbed the peace of the whole Gallican Church, caused Fénelon to be a prisoner in his diocese, and banished from the convent three of the most brilliant women whose names adorn its rolls. That terrible error in faith was the mystical doctrine of Quietism, which was preached by Madame Guyon. This remarkable lady, in whose charming conversation and devout aspirations Madame de Maintenon perceived nothing to awaken her suspicions, was permitted to associate freely with the *dames* of St. Cyr. She told them, with her peaceful earnestness, of that entire submission to God which would make them indifferent concerning their future state, and would lead them to think, not of heaven and hell, but of actual and present communion with the Father of Lights. She depicted that blissful repose which

is assured to the soul that is ever in a prayerful frame. She described the untroubled happiness of a life that is absorbed in holy contemplation. The women, who had been so delighted with the verses of Racine, were now equally fascinated by the piety and eloquence of their zealous visitor. The doctrine of Quietism seized with peculiar power the mind of Madame de la Maisonfort, a woman whose genius would have rendered her conspicuous in any age or nation. She had been the most accomplished and distinguished teacher of the school from the time it was first established. To hear her converse with Racine on poetry, one might suppose her a Sappho; but to hear her talk with Fénelon on the heights and depths of God's boundless love, one would suppose her a Saint Theresa. Her intellect bore a close resemblance to that of Jacqueline Pascal. But, unlike that distinguished woman, she had a strong aversion to all vows, even to those of monastic life. She listened with intensest interest to the words of Madame Guyon. She corresponded with Fénelon, whom she chose as her confessor, upon themes so abstruse and transcendental, that others could not comprehend the deep import of those beautiful letters, whose melodious diction they all admired.

The Bishop of Chartres, to whose diocese the school belonged, warned the king and Madame de Maintenon of the heretical tendency of these mystical doctrines. They were surprised to learn that they had been nourishing errors of faith in their cherished institution. Madame Guyon was at once expelled from the household. The building was searched, and all her writings were removed. Fénelon demanded a formal examination of her works. The Bishop of Chalons, Bossuet, then Bishop of Meaux, and Tronson, Superior of St. Sulpice, therefore held the famous conference at Issy. Fénelon appeared before them and defended the teachings of Madame Guyon; but after eight months' deliberation the reverend judges unanimously condemned them. Fénelon acquiesced in their decision, "not by persuasion, but by deference," as he said. His writings were also taken from the *dames* and the pupils of St. Cyr. Bossuet was sent to correct their grievous errors by familiar conversation with them. He

succeeded in winning all to his views except Madame du Tour, Madame de Montaigle, and Madame de la Maisonfort. The latter defended her position with so much logic and eloquence, that the prelate was unable to vanquish her by argument. She afterwards corresponded with him, and though she never accepted his doctrines, he always admired and respected her, and proved her faithful friend till the end of his life.

Power was employed to free St. Cyr of the obnoxious heresy, which could not be removed by the denunciations of the Bishop of Chartres, or by the persuasions of the Bishop of Meaux. By *lettres de cachet* Madame du Tour was sent to a convent at Grenoble, Madame de Montaigle to one at Chateaudun, and Madame de la Maisonfort to one at Meaux, where she placed herself under the special guidance of Bossuet. She continued a correspondence with many of the most distinguished persons of her time, and particularly with her old friend Fénelon, who treasured every word from her pen. Her body was bowed and wasted beneath the burden of increasing years, but her mind retained its wonted vigor. With all the ardor of youth she engaged in the theological disputes about Jansenism, which so agitated France in the latter years of Louis XIV.; and being again suspected of cherishing opinions which the Church condemned, she was sent to the Bernardines at Argenteuil. We know that she soon left that convent, but no history or tradition informs us where she passed the last days of her troubled life.

Madame de Maintenon and the king both knew how many ties they had sundered in separating the three *dames* and the pupils, whose mutual attachment was so strong. They therefore used every means to prevent any manifestations of discontent in the school. The king sent the *dames* a letter from his camp at Compiègne, absolutely forbidding them to receive the exiles; and immediately on his return from the camp he visited their house, and preached them a kind of royal sermon. He assured them that it was with pain that he had been forced to measures so severe, but that he had been actuated solely by the desire to extirpate error from their home. "From that time," say the Memoirs, "Quietism

was no more talked of at St. Cyr; it was entirely extinguished."

Before the king became utterly hostile to Fénelon, whom he called *le plus bel esprit et le plus chimérique de son royaume*, he had named him Archbishop of Cambrai. Not that he was especially inclined, even then, to confer that honor on the preceptor of his grandson, but he had yielded to the urgent solicitations of Madame de Maintenon. Fénelon displayed his gratitude to her by selecting St. Cyr as the place of his consecration. The ceremony was performed in private, June 10th, 1695. The only persons present, besides the *dames* and scholars and Madame de Maintenon, were Bossuet, who was the consecrating bishop, his brethren, the Bishops of Chalons and Amiens, the three grandsons of the king, the Duke of Beauvilliers, and a few intimate friends of Fénelon.

So close was the connection of the school with the fortunes of the king, that the sunlight of every national success and the shadow of every national disaster, may be clearly perceived in the checkered history of St. Cyr. The monarch began every campaign by commending himself to the prayerful remembrance of his *anges de St. Cyr*. When the Dauphin set out for Philipsburg, and when James II. was ready to embark on his expedition against Ireland, he took them to the school to offer up prayers with those "innocent girls." It was his custom to write from his camp to the school or to Madame de Maintenon whenever he captured a city or concluded a treaty, and to ask them to return their thanks to God. They obeyed with trembling voices; for the next post often brought them the tidings of the death of fathers or brothers, whose loss could never be replaced by the spoils of a conquered city. In the times of great distress, which were caused by the wars, the scholars were busied in making garments for the poor. Some of them were allowed to visit the sick and suffering peasants in the village, and carry them such relief as the house could afford.

It has been frequently affirmed that the revocation of the Edict of Nantes originated in Madame de Maintenon's room at St. Cyr. She often chose that quiet retreat to consider

the questions of state which the king submitted to her. It is doubtful whether she had any taste for political affairs, but almost all her friends, including the Bishop of Chartres and Fénelon, strongly urged her to influence the king in matters of public interest. They thought that she was a safer guide than his crowd of courtiers. Their confidence in her judgment was frequently justified by the wisdom of her acts. She was rarely deceived in her estimate of men. She trusted in Luxemburg, Boufflers, Villars, and Berwick, but not in Vendome and Catinat. She condemned the invasion of the Palatinate, one of the darkest deeds of that age. She recommended the reception of the will of the king of Spain. And it is now quite clear that she did not request the monarch to revoke the Edict of Nantes. Rather, from deference to his opinions, she consented to what he had already resolved to accomplish. "Why do you say," writes Voltaire to one of his friends in 1752, "that Madame de Maintenon had much to do with the revocation of the Edict of Nantes? She tolerated that persecution, as she tolerated that of the Cardinal de Noailles and that of Racine, but certainly she had no part in it. That is a fact beyond dispute." Her letters and her words, as reported by the *dames*, show that she was shocked by the cruelties which Louvois practised in executing the commands of the king. She also retained to the last her Protestant servants, whom Louis wished her to dismiss, or to force into the Romish Church.

It will be remembered that the persecution of the Huguenots by the king was one of the causes of the formation of the league of Augsburg. He at last succeeded in dissolving that league by making a treaty with the Duke of Savoy, by the terms of which the eldest daughter of that prince was betrothed to the Duke of Burgundy. She was then only eleven years old. She was brought to France and intrusted to the care of Madame de Maintenon, who placed her at St. Cyr. She assumed the name of Mademoiselle de Lastie, and remained there till the time of her marriage. She formed a strong attachment to the school, and remembered it with peculiar pleasure in all her later years. Two days after her wedding she repaired to the church of St. Cyr, where the girls

chanted the *Te Deum*, and sang a *Hymn to St. Louis*, which was written for the occasion. She used often to come to this home of her childhood, to pray for her aunt, as she called Madame de Maintenon, and to escape the atmosphere of the court of Versailles. She presented the *dames* with her portrait, which was suspended in their hall between that of the king and Madame de Maintenon. Sometimes she carried a few of the girls to Versailles, where, in a private manner, they played certain parts of the Esther and the Athalie. The birth of her children was celebrated at St. Cyr by special prayers and songs of joy.

During her residence at the school, the king went more frequently than before to pass his leisure in conversing familiarly with the *dames*, in attending the services of the chapel, and in witnessing the animated sports of the numerous children. There, more than anywhere else, he seems to have forgotten that haughty and majestic bearing which he so constantly maintained in the midst of his court. The monarch became a man. He strolled about in the gardens, now chatting with Madame de Maintenon, now stopping to take a child upon his knee, and respond to its innocent prattle, and then reluctantly returned to the palace at Versailles.

It was, perhaps, at this period that St. Cyr approached most nearly to the ideal of its patroness. Humility, gentleness, and simplicity reigned in the hearts of the scholars. The love of the world was no longer their ruling passion. The fame of their piety extended throughout France. The Pope sent them indulgences, presents, and letters. The holiest prelates desired to be consecrated in their church. Bossuet, Fénelon, Bourdaloue, and Massillon all preached in their pulpit. The superiors of all the convents in the country asked for the *demoiselles de St. Cyr*. But though many took the monastic vows, Madame de Maintenon still wished that more of them should marry. "What I lack," said she, "is sons-in-law." Some of them married men of distinction; but the dowry which they could draw from the public funds was not large enough to attract many suitors of that day.

The sad war of the Spanish Succession soon plunged St. Cyr into the deepest anxiety and distress. Madame de Main-

tenon was entirely overwhelmed by the continued defeats of the royal armies. The halls resounded with the sobs of the girls, whom the battles of Ramillies and Blenheim had rendered orphans. The king came in person to console them. Prayers were offered in all the convents of France for blessings upon the cause of the monarch. The Duchess of Burgundy passed whole nights in the chapel of St. Cyr. Famine came at last to fill up the measure of general suffering. Then did the charity of the *dames de St. Cyr* shine forth in its brightness. They sold all their ornaments to buy bread for the convent of Gomerfontaine. Madame de Maintenon set them the example, which they willingly followed, of living on oatmeal bread, and distributing the rest of their food among the poor. But their misfortunes were not yet complete. They were called to mourn the death of their spiritual director, the Bishop of Chartres. He testified his affection for them by bequeathing to them his heart. Two years after, in a single month, died the Duke and the Duchess of Burgundy, and their son, the Duke of Brittany. When their bodies had been placed in the sepulchre, Louis XIV. repaired to St. Cyr, where he had so often watched with delight the innocent amusements of the departed princess. He had not yet been seen to shed a tear, or heard to utter a complaint. But now, in the oratory of Madame de Maintenon, he bowed himself down at the foot of the altar, by the side of his faithful companion, and mingled his tears and his prayers with hers. He then went forth with new vigor and strength, to form those resolves which startled all Europe, and lay those great plans which thwarted his foes and preserved the integrity of his empire.

Scarcely had he conquered an honorable peace when his aged frame began to fail under the power of a fatal disease. Day and night did the inmates of St. Cyr send up their supplications in the chapel. All help was in vain. On the 1st of September, 1715, he breathed his last. In his death the school suffered a loss, which was greater than they judged it, even in that time of their deepest sorrow. Madame de Maintenon chose their house as her home. The Regent assured her of his support and his influence in favor of St. Cyr.

The royal council continued to her the annual appropriation of forty-eight thousand francs, which Louis XIV. had granted her. The Duchess of Orleans, mother of the Regent, came to pour false declarations of friendship into her ear, and the queen of England to condole with her sincerely. She declined receiving the visits of any of the royal family, except the Duke of Maine, her former pupil. She parted with her servants and equipage, and lived in as great simplicity as was proper for her health. She distributed all her income in charity. The hours which she did not devote to prayer she occupied in teaching children to read or to sew, and in pleasant converse with her faithful friends. Thus she spent the last four years of her life, gradually yielding to the infirmities of age, and preparing for her final departure.

While she was yet strong enough to receive the calls of her friends, she was visited by Peter the Great, of Russia. In a letter written on the following day, June 11, 1717, she describes their interview. "The Czar arrived at seven o'clock in the evening. He sat down by the head of my bed; he inquired if I was sick; I replied that I was; he asked what was the matter with me; I answered, 'Extreme old age.' He did not know what to say, and his interpreter appeared not to understand me. His visit was very short. He drew back the curtains at the foot of my bed to see me. You may be assured that he was soon satisfied." He took with him a plan of the house, but he seems not to have been deeply impressed by the institution itself. His practical mind was much more interested in the model of a ship or the invention of a machine.

Madame de Maintenon steadily declined until the 15th of August, 1719, when, after three hours of agony, she passed away. "Then," says the good old Dame de St. Cyr to whom we are indebted for so many particulars, "then there was one common cry of grief in all the house, and one can imagine what was our sorrow to find ourselves thus separated for ever from her who had, after God, secured us our fortune and our happiness in this life. We wept for her most bitterly, and everything which recalls to us her memory still occasions us deep emotion." She was buried with becoming solemnities

in the church. To the slab of black marble which designated her grave, the novices used to come, as to a sacred shrine, to pray on the eve of their profession. There, too, the scholars who were about to depart implored the Divine blessing upon their attempt to carry into life "the maxims and principles of St. Cyr." Everything which was hers was retained to the last as a precious relic. At the destruction of the house, her room and its furniture were found as she had left them on the day of her death.

After her decease her favorite institution was not without friends. The young king had often been carried to St. Cyr while he was under the care of his nurse. At the age of twelve he went there to the confessional, and assured the *dames*, through Marshal Villeroy, of his good wishes and protection. The Regent also aided them most kindly so long as he lived. When the young Infanta of Spain was brought to France as the betrothed of Louis XV., St. Cyr was chosen as her principal place of education. She was received by the school with the same honors that had been accorded to the Duchess of Burgundy. The king himself then made a formal visit to the school, with a retinue of two hundred persons. When the Infanta was sent back to Spain, Maria Leczynski, who was chosen as queen, hastened to St. Cyr, on the third day after her arrival at Versailles, and prayed the *dames* to consider her as a second Madame de Maintenon. At her urgent request, they allowed the girls to play Esther in her presence. She frequently occupied the apartments reserved for her, and found especial pleasure in meditation and devotion before a rude statue of the Virgin which stood in the garden. That statue acquired a melancholy interest from the death of a girl, whom the *dames* had refused to admit to the novitiate. Upon a cold night in winter she knelt before this image to implore the aid of the Holy Mother. Tradition tells us that her prayer was answered, even as it was falling from her lips. The compassionate Virgin took her to her bosom. For on the following morning she was found dead in the snow. She was ever after regarded as a saint.

St. Cyr was the place where Stanislaus used to visit his

daughter, the queen. Etiquette forbade him entrance at Versailles. When he was called to the throne of Poland, he chose St. Cyr as the residence of his wife. She remained there three years in the most friendly relations with the pious *dames*. The French queen went to see her every day.

But though names so distinguished were still connected with the house, its fortunes were manifestly declining. Cardinal Fleury looked upon it with no favor, and though the queen wished her children to be educated there, they were sent to the Abbey of Maubuisson, where they were shamefully neglected. Sickness, too, was making fearful invasions upon the little flock. The prevailing dampness of the place induced dysentery and pulmonary complaints. Louis XV., therefore, at last consented to repair the decaying edifice, and to improve the drainage of the grounds. He also increased the revenues of the institution. But its day of glory had passed. The teachers had forgotten the precepts of their departed patroness. They made their education narrow and bigoted. They became avaricious. Their property swelled to such an amount that the jealousy of the public was excited.

While tracing the fortunes of the school during the reign of Louis XV., we ought not to forget the visit of Horace Walpole in 1769. He himself has told us, in his pleasant style, of the reception which was given to him and the ladies of the court by the *dames de St. Cyr*, of the singing of the choruses from Athalie, and of the dances which were executed by the girls, while a nun, "a little less skilful than St. Cecilia, played the violin."

Louis XVI. was favorably disposed towards St. Cyr. He chose the *dames* as the almoners of his charities. But he did not give to the school that personal attention which it had received from Louis XIV. Royal patronage, moreover, was a poor protection against the approaching revolution. The estates of St. Cyr did not escape the violence of popular excitement. The royal arms, which had adorned the façade of the house, were soon destroyed. Repeated confiscations reduced the helpless women to the brink of poverty. They were ordered by the Legislative Assembly to leave the building,

and the sum of twenty sous a league was offered to each *dame* and each girl, to pay the expenses of her journey home. It appears by the records, that the second pupil who left the school after the promulgation of this decree was Marie Anne de Buonaparte. Napoleon, then captain of artillery, having come to Paris upon business, resolved to remove his sister from the dangers to which she and her associates were exposed. In a wretched carriage the future Emperor and the future Princess of Lucca and Piombino set out from St. Cyr, on the evening of the 2d of September, 1792. The young captain little thought that in a few short years he should revisit that place to examine his Imperial Military School.

The fearless resolution of the *dames* delayed for a time the day of their final dispersion. They began to depart on the 30th of April, 1793, and on the 1st of May the last of their number bade adieu to their ancient home, by a solemn prayer at the tomb of Madame de Maintenon. Some of them returned to their families, but several of their number spent their days at Versailles in public instruction. The building served for a military hospital. The body of Madame de Maintenon was dragged from its grave, and, amidst the shouts of a brutal soldiery, was thrown into a hole in the cemetery.

In the year 1800 the house was appropriated to the use of a college called the *Prytanée Français*. In 1802, M. Crouzet, the director of the college, exhumed the corpse of Madame de Maintenon, and with solemn ceremonies interred it in the court, which was overlooked by the apartments that she had formerly occupied. He erected a monument to her memory, and surrounded it with weeping-willows. But the remains of the poor woman were not long suffered to repose. In 1805 the *Prytanée* was changed into a military school. General Dateil, who presided over it, destroyed the monument, tossed the decaying body into a rough box, and packed it away in a garret, among piles of old furniture. There it remained for thirty years. In 1837 Colonel Baraguay d'Hilliers, then commandant of the school, obtained permission from the Minister of War to erect a monument in the chapel to the distinguished patroness of the Royal House of St. Cyr.

He found, in the grave where she had first been buried, the remains of her coffin, some spices, the heel of a woman's shoe, a little ebony cross, and some fragments of linen and of parchment. These and the bones, which had been lying neglected in the garret, he carefully placed in an oaken box, and enclosed them in a mausoleum of black marble, which bears this simple inscription: —

CI-GIT
MADAME DE MAINTENON.
1635 - 1719.

1836.

It is the only relic of the royal house of St. Cyr which can now be found at the *Ecole Militaire.*

ART. IV. — *A Report of the Decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, and the Opinions of the Judges thereof, in the Case of Dred Scott* versus *John F. A. Sanford.* December Term, 1856. By BENJAMIN C. HOWARD, Counsellor at Law, and Reporter of the Decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States. New York: D. Appleton & Co. pp. 389 to 633.

THE decisions of courts are required by law to be promulgated, printed, and published. The reasons of the decision are to be stated, to enable the court to expound the principles of law, and show their bearing on the case; as also to give assurance of the permanency of the rules of law, and of the wisdom and impartiality of their application, by reference to other decided cases. The court may thus justify its conclusions to the jurisconsult, and secure the confidence of the community, while it settles the rights of litigants. The promulgation and publication of judicial opinions is one of the greatest safeguards of the purity of judges, and of the impartiality of their judgments. Published opinions become a part of the literature of the day. They are submitted to the

criticism of the country. The law, the logic, and the morality, embodied and set forth in these carefully studied productions, are the legitimate subjects of examination and criticism. The greater the authority of the writers, the more dangerous are their errors. And the more important the public interests affected by them, the more imperative is the duty of pointing out their errors, or of vindicating their claim to confidence and respect. Moreover, the decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States are in no sense sectional, but national topics. Their validity, their mode of operation, their bearing on the civil *status* of individuals and classes of men, it is the concern of our whole people to investigate and determine. While, therefore, we have felt it our duty, in a Review intended primarily to represent the thought, sentiment, and literature of the nation, to avoid subjects of sectional controversy, this very consideration seems to force upon us the cognizance of a decision, or rather of a series of opinions, emanating from a tribunal which constitutes the judicial mind and conscience of the country, taken collectively.

The plaintiff brought this action of imprisonment, in the Circuit Court of the United States, to try his right to freedom. That court, after sustaining their own jurisdiction against a plea in abatement, rendered a final judgment against the plaintiff on the merits, and in favor of the defendant. The plaintiff then brought a writ of error to the Supreme Court, to obtain a reversal of that judgment, and the establishment of his right.

The judges deliver their opinions *seriatim*, each in his own language, touching at greater or less length such points as he chooses, and referring with approbation or otherwise to such parts as he pleases of the opinions of any of his brethren. Nevertheless, the argument of the Chief Justice is called the opinion of the court, for what reason does not appear on the face of the report. Only one judge expresses his concurrence with the whole of it, and even he manifests a dissatisfaction with a part of it, by rearguing it for himself. Others express assent to different parts of it, or dissent from the whole. No arguments of counsel appear; but the case is argued by the judges with much zeal, and at great length, and by some of

them with great ability and learning, without any apparent partiality or improper respect to the rights or interests of the parties or either of them, but, on the part of most of them, with a keen and steady view to the political results of the examination. All but two members of the court finally agree to turn the plaintiff out of court, as he came in. On what grounds this is done, they have agreed in no common and authoritative annunciation. With two or three exceptions, each judge may now, or hereafter, with perfect consistency, aver his concurrence or nonconcurrence with every proposition contained in the report, except such as he has published in his own name. On what points they agree or disagree must be ascertained, if at all, by analyzing, classifying, and comparing what each one has said, in regard to every point discussed in the case. This we will now attempt to do.

The matter which the court first encountered was the plea in abatement, and the first question concerning it was whether it was legally before them for adjudication. This is a question of practice. It must have been before the court, in some form, on the docket of every term since the court was established. Cases are here cited upon it, running through a period of more than half a century. And yet the honorable court do not *know* what the law is upon this point of practice. The Chief Justice says: "Doubts are entertained by some of the members of the court, whether the plea in abatement is legally before the court upon this writ of error." The question must therefore be argued at length, as an original question, and decided by a major vote, if such a vote can be obtained. It is so argued; and every judge, more or less directly, and more or less at large, expresses his views upon it. We shall see who and how many are the doubters, and who sustain each side of the question.

Mr. Chief Justice Taney says: "The plea in abatement is necessarily under consideration; and it becomes, therefore, our duty to decide whether the facts stated in the plea are or are not sufficient," &c. Mr. Justice Wayne is of the same opinion, concurring, as he says he does, entirely in the opinion of the Chief Justice, "without any qualification of its reasoning or its conclusions" on this or any other question in the

case. Mr. Justice Daniel says: "The question first in order presented by the record in this cause, is that which arises upon the plea in abatement." The idea that it "has been displaced or waived, is regarded as wholly untenable." Mr. Justice Curtis says: "When there was a plea to the jurisdiction of the Circuit Court, in a case brought here by a writ of error, the first duty of this court is, *sua sponte*, if not moved to it by either party, to examine the sufficiency of that plea." Mr. Justice McLean says: "The plea to the jurisdiction is not before us, on this writ of error." Mr. Justice Catron says: "The proceedings on the plea in abatement are not open to the review of this court by a writ of error." Mr. Justice Nelson says: "There is some question" about this matter; but he adds: "In the view we have taken of the case, it will not be necessary to pass upon this question, and we shall therefore proceed at once to an examination of the case upon its merits." He of course is one of the doubters. Mr. Justice Campbell says: "My opinion in this case is not affected by the plea to the jurisdiction, and I shall not discuss the questions it suggests." He therefore does not concur in the opinion, that the plea is necessarily before them, and that it is their duty to decide it. Mr. Justice Grier concurs "in the opinion delivered by Mr. Justice Nelson on the questions discussed by him," of which this is one. He however says: "The record shows a *prima facie* case of jurisdiction, requiring the court to decide all the questions properly arising in it."

Such is the predicament of the court on this first point of the case. Four judges are of one opinion; two of the opposite; two will give no opinion, and one is divided. When Mr. Chief Justice announces, as he does, "We think they — the plea and demurrer, and judgment of the court below upon it — are before us upon this record," he is sustained by Justices Wayne, Daniel, and Curtis only. There is no majority in favor of anything; but a majority against everything suggested; unless it should be claimed that Judge Grier is in favor of something, — in which case it would clearly be impossible to prove the contrary from any disclosure he has made of his views on this point in his published opinion.

Notwithstanding this position of the first question, the Chief

Justice goes on to state the second, as follows: "Whether the facts stated in the plea are or are not sufficient to show that the plaintiff is not entitled to sue as a citizen in a court of the United States?"

The facts stated, as correctly condensed by the Chief Justice, are that the plaintiff is "a negro, whose ancestors were imported into this country, and sold as slaves." The plaintiff alleges that he is a citizen of Missouri; the defendant says that this is not true, because he is "a negro," &c.; and the question is whether these last allegations are sufficient to show, their truth being admitted, that the plaintiff's allegation is false; or in other words, whether a negro, whose ancestors were imported slaves, can be a citizen. This, the learned Chief Justice says, "is certainly a very serious question, and one that now for the first time has been brought before this court," — "and it is our duty to meet it and decide it." Accordingly he labors it through twenty-four pages, and then announces the result as follows: "Upon a full and careful consideration of the subject, the court is of opinion, that, upon the facts stated in the plea in abatement, Dred Scott was not a citizen of Missouri within the meaning of the Constitution of the United States, and not entitled as such to sue in its courts; and, consequently, that the Circuit Court had no jurisdiction of the case, and that the judgment on the plea in abatement is erroneous." Such is the very formal announcement, by Mr. Chief Justice Taney, of what he calls "the opinion of the court" on the second question. Let us now see what the other Justices say upon this question.

Mr. Justice Wayne, like another great man, who always said "ditto to Mr. Burke," concurs unqualifiedly. But notwithstanding this broad adhesion, he still expresses one limitation. He concurs only "in the opinion of the court, as it has been written and read by the Chief Justice," before the whole court, on the 6th of March last. He may perhaps hereafter be glad to avail himself of this limitation, to escape responsibleness for a good deal of absurdity. But it will not apply to the decision of this second question, or to the twenty-four pages of argument preceding it. He assents to all this, and he expressly admits that the court "has decided that the

Circuit Court had no jurisdiction of the case," independently of the examination of the merits. Mr. Justice Daniel concurs with the Chief Justice in sustaining the plea in abatement, and reversing the judgment of the Circuit Court which overruled it. Mr. Justice McLean says: "The plea which raises the question of jurisdiction is radically defective, and the demurrer was properly sustained." Mr. Justice Curtis says: "The plea to the jurisdiction was bad, and the judgment of the Circuit Court overruling it was correct." Mr. Justice Nelson does not concur in the opinion that the plea in abatement is sufficient; for his "conclusion is, that the judgment of the court below should be affirmed," on the merits, which could not be if the suit was abated on the plea. Mr. Justice Grier concurs with Judge Nelson, and says, "that the record shows a *prima facie* case of jurisdiction," (notwithstanding the plea in abatement,) "requiring the court to decide all the questions properly arising in it" (on the trial of the issues to the jury). If he intended to have anything understood, by what he says, this must be a part of it. Besides, he thinks that the final judgment of the court below might properly be affirmed, which could not be if he held the plea in abatement good and sufficient. Mr. Justice Campbell says, his opinion "is not affected by the plea to the jurisdiction"; of course he holds it good for nothing. And again: "My examination is confined to the evidence upon the issues to the jury." He does not hold the suit abated, but to be examined on the merits, and that "the judgment should be affirmed," or at least might be so. Mr. Justice Catron says: "The plea in abatement is not open to the review of this court by a writ of error." Of course the judgment of the court below, overruling it, stands unreversed, and irreversible, in his opinion; and there is "nothing in controversy here but the merits."

The result is, that three judges are for reversing the decision of the court below, on the plea in abatement; and six are against the reversal, — two because that decision is right, one because this court has no authority to examine it, and three without giving any reason. There is no majority for anything, — to reverse, affirm, or waive. The Chief Justice says: "The

opinion of the court is," and we, the court, "have decided, that the Circuit Court erred in deciding that it had jurisdiction upon the facts admitted by the pleadings." Six members of the court, each speaking for himself only, say they have done no such thing.

Here let us make a rest, as the merchants say, and see how we stand. There is no mistake about this matter; there can be none. The Chief Justice undertakes to speak for the court, speaks in their name, in their presence, and, as he says, by their authority; and he speaks officially as the head of the judiciary of the United States, from the seat of justice, to the American people, and to the world. Can his words be anything but verity itself? He says the court have decided "that the Circuit Court had no jurisdiction of the case, and that the judgment on the plea in abatement is erroneous." Judge Wayne says the same. Judge Daniel says that this is in conformity to his opinion. The other six judges do not sustain it. This is the precise position of the Supreme Court of the United States, before the nation and before the world. How was that question decided? The validity of the whole subsequent proceedings depends upon the answer. If that judgment was decided to be erroneous, then all the court did afterwards was *coram non judice*, erroneous, and extrajudicial. And if those proceedings were erroneous, then all that this court can build upon them, or any part of them, is just as groundless, illegal, and extrajudicial as they were. If that court had no jurisdiction, this court had none. If that court could not legally look into and try the merits, neither can this court. For the jurisdiction of the latter is only through the former, and they can only do what the court below should have done, or direct them to do what they should have done without direction. There can be no doubt about this. The Chief Justice himself says, and he speaks for the court in this, if he does in anything: "Passing a judgment upon the merits in favor of either party," (and it makes no difference whether it is in favor of or against either or both parties, or whether it is passing a judgment, or taking the evidence, or directing a verdict,) "in a case which it is not authorized to try, and over which it had no jurisdiction, is as grave an error as a court

can commit." Mr. Justice Wayne expresses the same idea, where, in stating his concurrence with Mr. Justice Nelson on a single point, he adds, "assuming that the Circuit Court had jurisdiction," meaning obviously that, inasmuch as they had not jurisdiction, that point was not before them. Mr. Justice Daniel cites with approbation a case in which this court said: "Any proceeding without the limits prescribed" (that is, without the jurisdiction) "is *coram non judice*, and its action a nullity. And whether the want or excess of power is objected by the party, or is apparent to the court, it must surcease its action or proceed extrajudicially." Again he says: "The questions subsequently raised upon the several pleas in bar might be passed by, as requiring neither examination nor adjudication." Nevertheless, under the circumstances, he says: "To me it seems proper that they should here be fully considered," &c. Mr. Justice Curtis says: "To examine the merits of the case," of which "the Circuit Court had not jurisdiction, and . . . . to which the judicial power of the United States does not extend, ... transcends the limits of the authority of the court, as described by its repeated decisions, and, as I understand, acknowledged in this opinion of the majority of the court." For any court to attempt to decide cases not legally within their jurisdiction, is against law. It is a violation of the rights of parties; and when the attempt is made in reference to great national questions, affecting the political or civil rights of the body of the people, it is in every just sense of the word *usurpation*, and should be treated as such by the community whose rights are thus outraged.

The whole authority of the case hinges on this point. If the judgment of the court below, on the plea in abatement, is reversed, and that plea adjudged sufficient, then that court had no jurisdiction, and all subsequent proceedings on the pleas in bar, in both courts, are extrajudicial and void. If that judgment is affirmed, or allowed to stand in force and not reversed, then that court had jurisdiction, and all legal proceedings on the pleas in bar, in both courts, so far as they were necessary to enable them to determine the rights of the parties, on the merits, are valid. If it cannot be determined, from the official report, whether the judgment on the plea in abatement was

reversed or not, then the case is of no authority on any point.

This point not only affects the authority of the case, but it involves the character of the court, the personal credit of the judges, and the honor of the nation. It is known to the public, that this opinion of the Chief Justice, or certain parts of it, and particularly the long argument and decision on the second question, now under consideration, was read by him from the bench, as the opinion of the court, in the presence of all the judges, on the 6th of March last. On that day and the following, opinions were read by other members of the court, some of which were soon after printed and given to the public. Subsequently all the opinions we now have were given to the official reporter, and more recently, between two and three months after the original promulgation, they are all printed for the use of the public, in the form now before us. That they are not a mere transcript of what took place in court, is sufficiently manifest from internal evidence, without resort to the information of those who heard them. The Chief Justice's opinion has sustained material interpolations; one or more of the others have been reproduced entire, since that time; and others still have undergone alterations more or less material. But which of their honors have been guilty of beguiling the Chief Justice into the awkward position of promulgating, as the opinion of the court, a decision which only two of them will now back up and sustain? Did he not previously read the opinion to all the judges in private free consultation? Did not a majority of them then agree to it and adopt it, and request him to read it publicly as their opinion? How then will they justify themselves? Is it anything short of absolute perfidy in them, now to abandon him, and repudiate the decision? What obligations can he be under to screen them from the consequences of such conduct, by concealing their names? Or will they say that they never did agree to it, and that he acted without their authority in promulgating such opinions in their names? If so, there can be no difficulty in asserting that he is placed in a false position, and under an imputation beneath which he ought not to rest.

The dispute must probably lie within a very narrow compass. Justices McLean and Curtis will certainly not be suspected of having assented to the doctrine, that a negro cannot be a citizen, and that the plea in abatement was sufficient. Justice Nelson probably will not, for he is in favor of affirming the judgment below. Nor Justice Catron, for he says the plea is not before them, and they have no right even to consider it. Of course he never could have consented to reverse the judgment on it. Justices Grier and Campbell only remain. What say you, Mr. Chief Justice, did Justices Grier and Campbell, or either of them, authorize you to deliver that opinion for them, and agree to stand by it, and afterwards write and publish opinions of their own repudiating it, leaving you in a minority of three against six? What say you, Justices Grier and Campbell, did Mr. Chief Justice Taney assume to deliver an opinion for you, without your consent, and then accuse you of bad faith, because you repudiated it, and publicly refused to confirm it?

The issue is to the country. But whatever may be the result of this difference, how stands the fact? Is it as stated by the Chief Justice, that the judgment below on the plea in abatement is actually adjudged erroneous, and reversed; or is it left in full force, not reversed or vacated? It would seem that this question is now to be treated as of no manner of consequence. The publication of the opinion having promulgated its doctrines as the doctrines of the court, the truth in regard to the actual decision is of no importance. Accordingly the Chief Justice says, in his interpolated opinion, as now printed by authority: "If that plea is regarded as waived, or out of the case upon any other ground," — as, for instance, on the ground that it is bad and insufficient, as the court below decided, — "yet the question as to the jurisdiction of the Circuit Court is presented" by the merits, so it makes no difference. He therefore goes on, with the other judges, to examine and decide the case, on the merits, as they appeared in evidence, and on the verdict given on the trial of the pleas in bar, without regarding whether that trial was illegal and extrajudicial or not. We shall hereafter see with what success.

In the mean time let us see what are the principles in-

tended to be established, if a vote of the majority had sanctioned the sufficiency of the plea in abatement. The broad question presented by the plea was whether any descendant of imported African slaves, however remote, and however minute the remaining portion of African blood, could be a citizen. The negative was monstrous; and it was not sustained even in the Circuit Court of Missouri. Yet three judges of the Supreme Court of the United States were found ready to sustain it, in all its length and breadth; and more of them probably would, if it had not been thought expedient to evade it, after the *exposé* made by the dissenting opinions, in order to come at ulterior questions. The Chief Justice and Judge Daniel have devoted thirty-five pages of argument to the labor of sustaining it.

The argument starts with the identity in constitutional language of the terms "citizens and people," which "describe the political body who form the sovereignty, hold the power, and conduct the government," — "the sovereign people";* and with the admission that any State, both before and since the adoption of the Constitution, may make whom it may please, even aliens, citizens, so far as the State itself is concerned.† "Every person, and every class and description of persons, who were at that time recognized as citizens in the several

* This definition would hardly include women and minors.

† Persons made citizens by State laws vote, by virtue of those laws, in the election of all the elective officers of the general government, and of course hold a part of the sovereignty of the country, rightfully and constitutionally, and are directly within the Chief Justice's definition of citizens. Besides, if they are not general citizens, it would follow that we may have a President and members of Congress, legally elected, and the whole government controlled by the authority, legitimate and lawful, of those who are not citizens of the United States. It is repeatedly asserted in the course of these opinions, and not directly denied by any of the judges, that there is a citizenship of the United States independent of, and not arising from, or connected with, a citizenship of any of the States. If this be so, what are the rights and privileges of such citizenship? They certainly do not include a participation in the government of the country; for the right of suffrage, in regard to officers of the general government, is granted and controlled exclusively by State laws. They do not include any rights of general citizenship in all the States; for these are conferred by the Constitution only on "the citizens of each State." And they do not include the right particularly in question in this case, the right to sue in the United States courts; for this too is conferred only on a citizen of a State. This court have decided that an inhabitant of the District of Columbia cannot be a party to a suit with an inhabitant of one of the States, in virtue of this clause of the Constitution.

States, became also citizens of this new political body." But the privileges of citizens in this new sovereignty were limited to "those only who were *then* members of the several State communities, or who should afterwards, by birthright or otherwise, become members,* according to the provisions of the Constitution, and the principles on which it was founded. Imported slaves and their descendants, though they had become free, "were not acknowledged as a part of the people." They were considered as an inferior and degraded race, who "had no rights which the white man was bound to respect." They were "bought, and sold, and treated as an ordinary article of merchandise and traffic," among all nations, and nowhere more so than among the English and their American Colonies. "The general words" in the Declaration of Independence and in the Constitution, though broad enough "to embrace the whole human family, and if they were used in a similar instrument at this day would be so understood," do not include them. Two clauses only of the Constitution point to them specifically. "One of these clauses reserves to each of the thirteen States the right to import slaves, until the year 1808." "By the other, the States pledge themselves to maintain the right of property of the master." "These two provisions show, conclusively, that neither the persons therein referred to, nor their descendants, were embraced in any of the other provisions of the Constitution." The number of those emancipated was comparatively small, and they were identified with the race. They were not in the minds of the framers of the Constitution, when they were conferring rights and privileges on citizens of the United States. The power of naturalization is given exclusively to Congress, and restricted to foreigners, and the more dangerous power of raising the degraded class to the rank of citizens never could have been left to the States.

* What provision does the Constitution of the United States make for persons becoming "members" of "the new political body," by "birthright or otherwise," (except by naturalization, which extends only to foreigners,) unless it be through and by means of a citizenship of a State acquired by descent or otherwise in virtue of State laws? If the Constitution of the United States recognizes a general citizenship acquired in the States by birth, otherwise than this, it must extend equally to *all* the children of the "sovereign people," which would ill comport with the object of the Chief Justice's argument.

The rights secured by the Constitution to citizens of one State in all the others, are for temporary sojourners only. If a person migrates, he becomes an inhabitant of the State he goes to, and his *status* there must be fixed by its own laws.* Judge Daniel on some of these points is a little more explicit than the Chief Justice. He says expressly: "The African was not deemed politically a person. He was regarded and owned, *in every State*, as property merely." After the adoption of the Constitution, "State power would be incompetent to bestow a character or *status* created by the Constitution." From such groundless assumptions, false premises, and sophistical conclusions, it is some relief to turn to the dissenting opinions.

Mr. Justice Curtis sustains the decision of the court below, on this point, in an argument, full, thorough, and unanswerable. "A citizen of the United States at the time of the adoption of the Constitution," in constitutional language, means a citizen under the Confederation, and applied to all who were citizens of the States. Five States, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey, and North Carolina, then recognized as citizens, and admitted to the rights of citizens, including the right of suffrage, all their free inhabitants, without regard to color or descent. They were a part of the people, by whom the Constitution was made, for themselves and their posterity. It recognizes citizenship by birth, — "a natural-born citizen." The States originally possessed the power of determining what persons should or should not be citizens. This power they have not delegated to the general government, except in the case of aliens. The disabilities of alienage, Congress alone can remove; but of the native-born inhabitants, such are citizens as their own State laws make so, and no others.† They are the people, consti-

* So that, although a State cannot make any person a citizen of the United States by conferring on him any or all of the rights of a citizenship of the State, which it has a perfect right to do, yet if a person, who is a citizen of the United States, migrates from one State to another, the State to which he goes may degrade him to any *status* it may please. Thus the Constitution authorizes levelling down, but does not permit any levelling up.

† If any of the native-born inhabitants of the country are aliens in any of the States, their alienage is not such as the people have granted to Congress the power

tute the body politic, and carry on the government. They, and they only, by virtue of State laws, elect the President, Vice-President, and members of Congress, and the general government cannot enfranchise or disfranchise a single individual. By virtue of State citizenship, they are made by the Constitution general citizens. Besides all who were originally citizens, their descendants, and others who have been made citizens under State laws, multitudes have been added by treaty, of all shades of color and all mixtures of blood,— Mexicans, Indians, and the free colored inhabitants of Louisiana and Florida. For aught appearing in the plea, the plaintiff may have belonged to any one of these classes, though the descendant of a slave, and may consequently have been a citizen. Mr. Justice McLean also speaks out boldly, and says: "A slave is not a mere chattel. He bears the impress of his Maker, and is amenable to the laws of God and man; and he is destined to an endless existence."

But the majority of the court agreed to nothing positively on this part of the case, and to nothing negatively, except not to sustain the plea. The decision, therefore, is authority for nothing, but a simple negation, or rather want of affirmation, of the broad and monstrous proposition on which the plea was founded.

After pronouncing the decision of the court on the plea in abatement, as already quoted, the Chief Justice has inserted in the official report a long episode in reply to the dissenting opinions, as to the right of examining questions subsequently arising on the trial of the merits; and Mr. Justice Wayne has favored us with a reproduction of the same matter. There is, however, little that is intelligible, and less that is reasonable, in either. They prove, to be sure, the futility (to use the language of Mr. Justice Wayne) of "any attempt to control the court from doing so by the technical, common-law rules of pleading," or anything else; and show that, notwithstanding what Mr. Chief Justice Taney has elsewhere said, they will, if they please, "write opinions for the newspapers and debating

to remove. The only alienage over which Congress has any power is that of foreign birth, to be removed by naturalization laws. The power to remove the disabilities of any other alienage, if such exists, is among the reserved powers of the States.

clubs." Mr. Justice Daniel has the whole of it in shorter terms, when he says, "To me it seems proper" so to do, — *sic volo.*

But the common sense of the country is not to be imposed upon in this manner. If the plea in abatement is adjudged sufficient, as the Chief Justice says it is, the suit is, *ipso facto*, abated, and at an end. There is nothing afterwards before the court to be judicially adjudicated or considered. The parties are out of court. What is jurisdiction, but a right to hear and try the case? And what is the want of jurisdiction but the negative of that, — the right to let it alone? When this negative is settled, nothing remains but to conform to it. Anything else done afterwards is extrajudicial. It cannot affect the parties or their rights, and is of no consequence to any one, unless it be to the newspapers and debating clubs.

Here the court proceed to take up the case on the merits. By the pleas in bar, the defendant confessed, and justified the imprisonment complained of, by alleging that the plaintiff and his family were his slaves, and on the truth of this justification issue was joined. The only evidence laid before the jury on this issue was certain facts agreed to by the parties, on which, by the direction of the court, they found their verdict for the defendant, affirming the truth of the justification, and on which the court below rendered a judgment in his favor. To reverse that judgment, the plaintiff brought this writ of error. The general question was, whether the jury were rightly directed, or, in other words, whether the agreed facts showed the parties to be slaves. On this question a majority of the court, seven to two, have no difficulty in agreeing at once, that the plaintiff and family are slaves, and have no merits and no rights whatever. This is the first point on which the court have found themselves able to make a majority for or against anything.

What does this decision involve? The first fact on which the plaintiff relies to sustain his freedom is his residence in Illinois. In 1834 he was a slave in Missouri, and was carried by his master to the State of Illinois, where he remained, in the service of his master, two years. He was some time afterwards carried back to Missouri, having remained during the

intermediate time in the same service. The decision, therefore, involves, first, the effect of a residence where slavery is prohibited by law; and, secondly, the effect of a subsequent return to a place where slavery is sanctioned by law.

As to the first point, the effect of residence in a free State, the seven Democratic judges, constituting the majority in this case, are all but entirely silent. It were well that they had been totally so. But Mr. Justice Catron remarks, "Unless the master becomes an inhabitant of that State," that is, permanently domiciled there, "the slaves he takes there do not acquire their freedom." And Mr. Justice Nelson, for himself and the rest, threatens, as soon as they can find a case,* to decide that a slaveholder has a right to carry his slaves into any of the free States, for temporary purposes, and to withdraw them when he pleases, in contempt of all their laws. This would seem to be perfectly in character. The Chief Justice does not hesitate to assert, and to repeat, that "the right of property in a slave is *distinctly and expressly affirmed* in the Constitution."† And six of them, at least, hold that Congress have no power to establish liberty or restrain slavery in any of the States or Territories of this Union. Nothing, therefore, remains, but to break down the efficacy of State constitutions and laws in favor of liberty, and slavery stalks unrebuked universally over the land. If neither the Constitution of the United States nor the constitutions of the States can protect personal freedom, no man, whether white or black, (for the Constitution makes no difference,) has any guaranty of protection by the strong arm of the law, for himself or his posterity, against the superior strength and intelligence of his more powerful neighbor. Verily, it is the opinion of these men, that this free government was established on purpose to extend the blessings of the glorious institution of slavery. The preamble should be altered.

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* Thus invited, a case is not likely to be long withheld. Indeed, it is understood that one is already in progress.

† What can be done for a man capable of such utterances? One, too, who has actually read the Constitution? Judge Daniel expresses a similar sentiment: "The Constitution guarantees to the slaveholder the title to his property, — the only private property which the Constitution has *specifically recognized*."

But the opinions of the other two judges give us a little light upon this subject. Mr. Justice McLean says: "The civil law throughout the Continent of Europe is, that slavery can exist only within the territory where it is established." "It is of a nature that nothing can be suffered to support it but positive law." This was the law of England, as promulgated by the Court of King's Bench in Somersett's case, before our Revolution, and was, of course, the law of this country. The same principle was held by this court in Prigg's case, where it was declared unanimously, "that slavery is limited to the range of the laws under which it is sanctioned." Mr. Justice Curtis says: "Slavery, being contrary to natural right, is created only by municipal law. This is not only plain in itself, and agreed by all writers on the subject, but is inferable from the Constitution, and has been explicitly declared by this court. The Constitution refers to slaves as 'persons held to service in one State, under the laws thereof.' Nothing can more clearly describe a *status* created by municipal law." The inference from these principles is direct and conclusive, that, at the boundary of the State, where the law ceases, the *status* created by it ceases also.

But though the majority of the court have little to say on this point, they are abundantly clear on the second, to wit, the effect of a return to a slave State. On this the Chief Justice says: "His *status*, as free or slave, depended on the laws of Missouri, and not of Illinois"; "it is now firmly settled,* by the highest court in the State, that Scott and his family, upon their return, were not free, but were, by the laws of Missouri, the property of the defendant"; "and this court had no jurisdiction to revise the judgment of a State court upon its own laws." In these positions he is sustained by a majority of the court, and by some of them in elaborate arguments. The principal authority, however, in justification of

* "Firmly settled," by two judges against one. It would seem to be a useless labor to attempt to find out what the law of Missouri is, if two men can make it what they please, *ex tempore*, as they did in this case, reversing a uniform series of decisions from the foundation of their government, because "times are not as they were when the former decisions on this subject were made." See 15 Missouri Reports, 682, Scott *vs.* Emerson.

the result, is the opinion of Lord Stowell in the case of the slave Grace. She had been carried from Antigua to England, and returned to Antigua, without having claimed her freedom. Lord Stowell held that, when she resumed her domicile, she resumed her *status*. But in the application of this authority, the obvious distinction between different local laws made and administered by one king and parliament, and the different laws of the independent States of our Union, is not much discussed.

These three positions are all denied by the dissenting Justices, McLean and Curtis. Mr. Justice McLean says: "This is far from being a Missouri question." Mr. Justice Curtis, after admitting that it is competent for any civilized state, if it pleases, by "positive law," to refuse "to allow such effect to foreign laws as is in accordance with the settled rules of international law," — and denying that it is "within the province of any judicial tribunal to refuse such recognition," — says, that on this subject the "law of Missouri is the common law, introduced by statute in 1816," and that "the common law adopts, in its full extent, the law of nations, and holds it to be a part of the law of the land"; that the opinion of the majority of the Missouri court in this case "is in conflict with its previous decisions, with a great weight of judicial authority in other slaveholding States, and with fundamental principles of private international law"; and that, "sitting here to administer the law between these parties, I do not feel at liberty to surrender my own convictions of what the law requires, to the authority of that decision." Nevertheless, a majority of the court hold that the plaintiff is a slave. Two years' residence in a free State, with the consent of his master, did not make him a free man, on his return to Missouri. This was the whole principle in dispute, on the merits, and the court have now decided it. The plaintiff is not entitled to the freedom he sued for. What more is to be done?

If the suit was abated, as the Chief Justice said it was, it was of no consequence; they had still a right, as he said, to go on, and decide the merits. They have now decided the merits. Do they stop here? or is other work to be done? Does deciding the merits end the case? By no means. "There is still much land to be possessed."

After having resided two years in Illinois, where slavery was prohibited by the Constitution, the plaintiff went with his master to the territory north of Missouri and west of the Mississippi, now Minnesota, where slavery was prohibited by what has been called the Missouri Compromise Act of 1820, and resided there two years more, under precisely the same circumstances. This act was made for the purpose of introducing Missouri into the Union as a slave State. Having answered this purpose, and this only, the restricting clause or proviso was repealed in 1854. There were political reasons, however, for desiring a judicial condemnation of the restriction as unconstitutional. The pressure upon the judges, as political men, was no doubt severe. There are precedents, unfortunately, for such pressure being found too severe for judicial virtue. How was it sustained in this case? Was it of any consequence to Dred Scott, or his master, whether the Missouri Compromise was constitutional or unconstitutional? Not the least. He had resided in a State where the restriction of slavery was certainly constitutional, and on his return finds himself a slave, by the decision of this court. He has now lived in another place, where there is a similar restriction, — valid or invalid. Does it make any difference to him which? Not at all.* If the restriction is valid, on his return he is still a slave. If it is invalid, he is certainly no worse off. But the question must be decided. How can it be got at? When can it be reached, if not now? So, though it does not concern the rights of the parties a particle, and has no influence on the merits of the case in any way, yet the occasion must be seized to settle that question; and, as Mr. Justice Daniel says, "so far † as it is practicable for this court to accomplish such an end, finally put (it) to rest."

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* This is expressly admitted by Mr. Justice Daniel, who says: "Conceding to that provision the validity of a legitimate exercise of power, still this concession could by no rational interpretation imply the slightest authority for its operation beyond the territorial limits."

† This cannot be very far, unless their successors, and others, should treat their opinions with more respect than they treat their own, or those of their predecessors, and the practical decisions of the other branches of the government. The Chief Justice himself, in this very case, gives as a sufficient reason why a particular question brought before the court was not decided, that "it was not required by

In meeting this question, the Chief Justice, with whom agree Justices Wayne and Grier, admits that the power to make "all needful rules and regulations respecting the territory and other property belonging to the United States," where they have the sovereignty as well as the ownership, includes the power of general legislation; but says that the grant extends only to the territory which belonged to the government at the time the Constitution was adopted. All the power they have to legislate for territories since acquired, is inferred from the power to admit new States. This includes the power to acquire territory for that purpose, and the power to acquire it necessarily includes the power to govern it, and its inhabitants, till they are duly fitted to be made States, and introduced into the Union.

Thus a direct grant of adequate power, conferred by plain and apt words, must first be construed away; and then the same power reclaimed, by remote inference from another power, granted for a distinct and specific purpose, and not intended or supposed to contain a power of acquisition at all, nor so construed till certain exigencies were thought to require its extension to that object, which construction is now sustained in deference to the practice of the government, while such practice is good for nothing in settling the meaning of other parts of the Constitution. Why all this is done, it is difficult to imagine, unless it be to show that the Constitution is a mere nose of wax, and may be made to mean anything or nothing, in the hands of power, precisely as the political exigencies of the day may require.

But the plenary right to govern the Territories is conceded to Congress. This agrees with the practice of the government from its origin, and the Supreme Court sanctioned it by a direct adjudication, long ago, pronouncing the "possession of it unquestionable," — "and in this," the Chief Justice says, "we entirely concur." Justices Daniel, Campbell, and

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the case before the court." Mr. Justice Wayne asserts the same principle, when he says: "Nor has any point been discussed and decided, which was not called for by the record, or which was not necessary for the judicial disposition of it." If this assertion is not justified by the fact, it at least shows his opinion as to what the fact ought to have been.

Catron, with more or less distinctness, seem to find this power in the direct grant to Congress of power to make "all needful rules and regulations respecting the territory belonging to the United States." Judge Nelson, having decided the whole case on the other point, very properly abstains from giving any opinion on subsequent questions.

Their great difficulty is, to find some limitation or qualification of the admitted general legislative power over the Territories, which will exclude Congress from the power of restricting slavery therein. All agree that "no powers can be exercised which are prohibited by the Constitution, or which are contrary to its spirit." But which of these prohibitions protect slavery? The Chief Justice pitches upon the clause from *Magna Charta* which says: "No person shall be deprived of his property, without due process of law"; and he says the Constitution affirms slaves to be property. Mr. Justice Campbell says that anything is property which any of the States choose to consider such, and the federal government is bound to recognize it. Mr. Justice Catron finds the much desired limitation in the third article of the treaty of cession of Louisiana. And Mr. Justice Daniel finds it in an infringement of the equal "rights of purchase, settlement, occupation," &c., which he says "every citizen would have, if," as he very discreetly adds, "any *one* could claim it." Indeed this last idea seems to be more or less resorted to by them all.

Mr. Justice Curtis answers each of these positions separately and conclusively. As to *Magna Charta*, it was a part of the law of England before the settlement of this country, — was brought here "by our ancestors, as part of their inherited liberties," — was the law of every State in the Union when it was transferred to the Constitution of the United States, and is now probably, in some form, embodied in the constitutions of all the individual States. Under it the slave-trade has been prohibited in England; by all or nearly all the original States of this Union; and by the United States, for fifty years. The violation of these prohibitions involves a forfeiture of the property. If all this does not show that slavery is not protected by *Magna Charta*, it will be difficult to ascertain when or how the meaning of any law is ever to be known. As to the Louisi-

ana treaty, the third article, concerning the enjoyment of property, was not adapted or intended to have the effect claimed for it; if it had been, it could not have controlled the action of Congress. And lastly, whatever effect it could have had, the "stipulation ceased to operate when Louisiana became a member of the Union." And as to "equal rights," the territory was acquired for the benefit of the people collectively, not individually; and the equality of individuals respecting its settlement, occupation, &c. consists in an equal destitution of all right, except such as may be allowed on the terms and conditions contained and prescribed in duly authorized laws.

But though Congress may restrict slavery in the Territories, it by no means follows that they have power to establish it. The general legislative power of Congress over the Territories, though extended to a great variety of subjects which are not embraced in its jurisdiction over the States, is nevertheless limited by the general principles of our government, and the express prohibitions of the Constitution. It will hardly be pretended that they could establish an hereditary monarchy or aristocracy there. As little can they create privileged orders of any sort. If they can appoint one class or order of men to rule and another to serve, one for masters and another for slaves, this power is not necessarily to be limited or confined to any difference of color or blood; for the Constitution recognizes none. They may as well distinguish between the English and the other European races, as between the European and the African; or between the Carolinian and the New-Yorker, or the Pennsylvanian and the Virginian, as either. If they can make slaves at all, they may as well make white ones as black. If they can deprive one man of his liberty without due process of law, they may so deprive any number, or all, and thereby have an entire colony of slaves. If any part of this can be done, under the principles of our free government, all the prohibitions of our Constitution are not worth a rush. What is the freedom of speech, or of the press, or even a promise of the free exercise of religion, worth, to men who are liable to be deprived of all right to their own bodies, and all care for their own souls? And what is a Constitution

worth, which affects to secure certain particular rights only, and leaves the great aggregate of all rights exposed to depredation? Besides, if Congress can introduce and establish slavery anywhere, under the authority of our Constitution, they can and ought to regulate, protect, and enforce it; and the time is not distant when they, or those acting under them, will be called upon to enact a whole code of slavery laws,* which would be as congruous with the spirit and principles of our Constitution, as a code regulating and enforcing the relative rights and duties of hereditary kings, lords, commons, and villains.

Three points were intended to be decided in this case: that a negro cannot be a citizen; that a slave, after residing in a free State, with the consent of his master, and returning to a slave State, continues a slave; and that the Missouri Compromise, or any other restriction of slavery in the Territories, is unconstitutional. By grasping at too much, the court have lost the whole. As a judicial decision, the case can have no legal authority on either point. Not on the first, because the position is sustained by only three judges. Not on the second, because five judges,† a majority of the court, say the suit was abated by the plea to the jurisdiction, and judgment was so ordered, which legally put an end to the cause. Not on the third, for the same reason, and for the additional one that the question did not affect the rights of the parties, and so its decision "was not required by the case."

This is the character of the case, considered in a legal point of view, and as a judicial act of the court. But as a political manual or text-book, an authorized registration of the political heresies of the dominant party of the day, it will be all it was intended to be. It will form a rallying-point and ear-mark for political partisans, till some other absurd dogma shall be called for, and created to stand in its place.

As to the practical influence of the decision, the case will

* Has not this been already attempted in Kanzas, under the authority of the United States?

† Mr. Chief Justice Taney, Mr. Justice McLean, Mr. Justice Wayne, Mr. Justice Daniel, and Mr. Justice Curtis.

probably disappoint both parties, those who approve and those who disapprove its principles. A Missouri Compromise restriction of slavery, under the authority of Congress, is little likely to be again enacted, or to be asked or desired by any portion of the people; and as little before as since this decision. Slaveholders will not be apt to trust their slaves, voluntarily, in the free States, where no law can restrain their departure for an hour, or reclaim them when they depart, from any expectation they may indulge of holding them again in slavery when they get them back. Such States as may choose to invest their free colored inhabitants with any or all of the rights of citizenship, will not be likely to desist therefrom, on account of any of the considerations presented by the court in this case. Thus, but for its effect on the character of the court, the world will probably move on very much as it did before. The country will feel the consequences of the decision more deeply and more permanently, in the loss of confidence in the sound judicial integrity and strictly legal character of their tribunals, than in anything beside; and this perhaps may well be accounted the greatest political calamity which this country, under our forms of government, could sustain.

ART. V. — 1. *Poems by* ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING. New York: C. S. Francis & Co. 1857. 3 vols. 32mo. (Blue and gold.) pp. 378, 385, 354.

2. *Poems by* ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING. New York: C. S. Francis & Co. 1857. 3 vols. 16mo. pp. 396, 434, 366.

MRS. BROWNING is sometimes spoken of as ranking among the first female poets. To many this would not seem great commendation. There is much in the education of women, in the present state of society, that unfits them for the highest success in literature, or in any of the creative arts. It is not impossible that there is something also in their very nature,

which would tend to produce the same result. There is perhaps no more general distinction between the mind of man and that of woman, than that, where the former requires something to mediate between itself and the object of its contemplation, the latter approaches this object directly, without any such mediation. Thus, while man requires that his religion rest upon a solid basis of argument and philosophy, that of woman is more often the immediate apprehension of a loving faith. In the same manner, in the ordinary concerns of life, her instinct leads her safely through intricacies where the cooler and more reflecting judgment of man would be at fault. The same tendency not unfrequently makes itself felt in her artistic creations. The work of the artist is to free himself from the direct influence of the objects about him. He is to represent them, not as they are, but as they seem. We go into the forest; the moss is soft beneath our feet; the cool stream and the shaded bank invite us to refreshing rest; we find it difficult to conceive of all these objects as existing for the eye alone; but the artist — the painter, for instance — must so regard them. Before they can be transferred to his canvas, they must be to him transmuted into color only. This effect is sometimes produced in the case of those of us who are not artists, after we have been contemplating a gallery of paintings. We go out into the world, and all things assume a picturesque aspect to us; the colors separate themselves from the material to which they are attached, and the world seems to exist for us in appearance merely. Goethe has remarked the same tendency. He tells us that, after he had been studying the works of Ostade in the gallery at Dresden, he used to go into the shop of the cobbler, with whom, from some freak of fancy, he was lodging, and he could hardly believe, sometimes, that he was not gazing upon another painting; all things exhibiting to him the effects of light and shade peculiar to that master.

But not only is it required by the highest art that outward objects shall not be exhibited in their direct connection with ourselves; the feelings also must be represented as something without the mind, which can be contemplated by it. The direct utterance of a feeling is not poetry, or at least not the

highest; just as a cry, whether of joy or of sorrow, is not music. Thus the artist must hold himself aloof, in some degree, from the objects by which he is surrounded. Like the mystic lady of Shalott, he weaves into his web scenes that he sees reflected in the magic mirror of his fancy; but when he becomes weary of this seclusion, and will take part in that which was before a varied play of forms and colors, the charm is broken. The artist must feel deeply; but he must not be under the dominion of his feelings.

The tendency in woman, of which we have spoken, as inclining her to approach without mediation the object of her thoughts, is not favorable to this artistic freedom. Her affections and emotions are more powerful than those of man, and can thus be less easily untwined from the objects to which they cling. Her poetry is therefore very often only the direct utterance, in a measured form, of those feelings which are so sweet or touching when breathed into the ear of one, but which lose their greatest charm when uttered to the world. Thus Mrs. Hemans and L. E. L. brood over their sorrows with plaintive song, as

> "Over his own sweet note the stock-dove broods."

We would not have the remarks that have been made taken in too general a sense. The very element in the female mind which renders it more difficult for woman to take a high rank as a creative artist, would, if overcome, become a help instead of a hinderance. The intellect which would analyze all things, which would mediate all things, is very hostile to the genius of poetry, or of art. The artist takes things as they are, or rather as they appear to be. So far as anything is beautiful, it exists for itself, and not merely through and for another. Thus, if this very directness, this independence of all mediation, which has been spoken of as one great peculiarity of the female mind, could be so far overcome as to render the mind free from outward objects, and even from the too powerful dominion of its own emotions, it would contribute much to produce that simple and *naïve* manner of representation, which is so charming in the earlier poets. This, of course, must be to a great degree the work of education.

One shut out from contact with the actual world, excepting when it is glittering in its festal garments, or as it is depicted in the romance, cannot represent it in its truth. The only true world such a one has known, is that of his own breast, and even that has not been laid open to him in its fullest depths. Schiller tells us, in regard to one of his earlier works, that the defect was, that he tried to paint men years before he had seen one. Such is the case with many of our female writers. For their material they have their own feelings, the deepest of which have perhaps never been aroused; they have the world of romance, and of polite society; and they have their own ideals of good and evil. These last they draw upon most gladly. The fault is, however, that, while they are depicting their ideal hero, they are too apt, like Miss Porter, to fall in love with him, and after that the reader and the other characters have little to hope for.

It is not our intention to multiply examples in which the reverse of all this is true. The novels of Mrs. Stowe, which are in the hands of all, and which, while they have no claims to anything like artistic unity, yet display a power of conceiving and representing characters which would do credit to our first novelists, at once suggest themselves. The poems of Mrs. Browning furnish an example of the same kind. Her place is not merely in the front rank of our female poets, but of our poets. When we think of the first living British poets, the names that occur to us are those of Tennyson and the Brownings, and we should not know where to seek a fourth to place beside them. In considering, then, the poems of Mrs. Browning, we shall not be content with the praise,

> "Which men give women when they judge of work
> Not as mere work, but as mere women's work,
> Expressing the comparative respect,
> Which means the absolute scorn."

Mrs. Browning's strength requires us to speak of her freely and sincerely.

When we transfer Mrs. Browning from the ranks of the female poets to those of the poets of England, we would not be understood to separate her from the first class. Mrs. Browning's poems are, in all respects, the utterances of a

woman, — of a woman of great learning, rich experience, and powerful genius, uniting to her woman's nature the strength which is sometimes thought peculiar to man. She is like the Amazon in the midst of battle, hiding not her sex, but demanding no favor for her beardless lip.

The fact that Mrs. Browning has attained to such a height of poetic excellence, not in spite of her woman's nature, but by means of it, shows that the difference which has been hitherto supposed to exist between poets and poetesses is not, so far as relates to the matter of power, founded upon the nature of things. It explains also, in some degree, the ardor of admiration with which she is regarded by many of the most cultivated of her sex. She speaks what is struggling for utterance in their own hearts, and they find in her poems the revelation of themselves.

In considering the poems of Mrs. Browning, we shall first examine their outward form and expression; afterward, their *content*, that which is expressed; and, finally, we shall study them as a whole, made up of these two elements.

There are few poets who have greater power of expression than Mrs. Browning. By the side, however, of much that is strong and beautiful, there is much that is harsh and forced. Her meaning is often obscure, and her verses unfinished. Her occasional lack of clearness has kept her works closed to many, who would otherwise have received much enjoyment from them. This harshness and lack of finish are most strongly marked in her earlier poems. As an example, we will take a verse from the poem of "The Lost Bower."

> "If it *were* a bird! — ah, sceptic,
> Give me 'Yea' or give me 'Nay,' —
> Though my soul were nympholeptic,
> As I heard that virēlay,
> You may stoop your pride to pardon, for my sin is far away."

This occurs directly by the side of the following perfect picture from Nature: —

> "Never blackbirds, never thrushes,
> Nor small finches sing as sweet,
> When the sun strikes through the bushes,
> To their crimson clinging feet,
> And their pretty eyes look sideways to the summer heavens complete."

Even in this last stanza, however, doubt might arise as to the force of the word "complete."

The following stanzas show much power; but the effect is injured by the manner in which they run together.

"Lucretius — nobler than his mood!
Who dropped his plummet down the broad
Deep universe, and said, 'No God,'

"Finding no bottom! he denied
Divinely the Divine, and died
Chief poet on the Tiber side,

"By grace of God! his face is stern,
As one compelled, in spite of scorn,
To teach a truth he could not learn."

Her verses are sometimes marred, also, by a harsh use of the adjective; as,

"Lo! in the depth of God's Divine,"

and,

"And the full sense of your mortal";

and also by forced rhymes of two syllables; as, for instance, the following stanza in a beautiful poem entitled "A Portrait":

"And if reader read the poem,
He would whisper — 'You have done a
Consecrated little Una.'"

Her learning also frequently obscures the sense of her poems; though the following example will show how gracefully this learning hangs about her when it is required:

"Soon ye read in solemn stories
Of the men of long ago —
Of the pale bewildering glories
Shining farther than we know, —
Of the heroes with the laurel,
Of the poets with the bay,
Of the two worlds' earnest quarrel
For their beauteous Helena, —
How Achilles at the portal
Of the tent, heard footsteps nigh,
And his strong heart, half immortal,
Met the *keitai* with a cry, —
How Ulysses left the sunlight
For the pale eidola race,

Blank and passive through the dun light,
Staring blindly on his face!
How that true wife said to Pœtus,
With calm smile and wounded heart, —
'Sweet, it hurts not!' — how Admetus
Saw his blessed one depart! —
How king Arthur proved his mission, —
And Sir Rowland wound his horn, —
And at Sangreal's moony vision
Swords did bristle round like corn."

The faults that have been spoken of are found mostly among Mrs. Browning's earlier poems, yet even among these are some of high perfectness; as, for instance, "The Lay of the Brown Rosary." Her later poems are in a great measure free from the same kind of blemishes. The versification of the "Casa Guidi Windows" is very clear and finished. Her last poem, "Aurora Leigh," contains some faults of a very different description; which appear to be caused, to a great degree, by carelessness. The style is at times diffuse; a fault, to which the freedom of blank verse can easily entice one of Mrs. Browning's ardent temperament. It is difficult to conjecture at what epoch of the story the book purports to have been written. It does not seem to have been written in the form of a journal, while the events were taking place; nor yet after the story was completed. It opens, indeed, as if this latter were the case. The heroine begins by saying,

"I . . . . . .
Will write my story for my better self";

and the reader supposes that she had it all in her mind at that moment. When she says, therefore, in regard to Romney Leigh,

"I attest
The conscious skies and all their daily suns,
I think I loved him not . . nor then, nor since . .
Nor ever,"

the reader believes it.

In the third book we find her sitting, a maiden lady and an authoress, reading letters and commenting upon them, in a manner that puts us very much in mind of Ruth Hall; and the reader thinks that that is where the story must have left

her; and though it looks very much as if she were in love with her cousin, yet he must be mistaken about it. Notwithstanding all this, she says in the last book:

> "I love you, loved you . . loved you first and last,
> And love you on for ever. Now I know
> I loved you always, Romney."

This contradiction confuses the reader, and he feels almost as if he were trifled with.

Besides this confusion in the point of view from which the heroine regards the story she is telling, we find the same figures repeated, in a manner scarcely to be accounted for, except on the ground of carelessness. It is related that, when the works of Jean Paul were revised, it was found that, notwithstanding the abundance, we might almost say the superabundance, of figures with which they are crowded, scarcely one had been repeated. A similar examination of the "Aurora Leigh" would furnish a very different result; thus we read:

> "Sweet heaven, she takes me up
> As if she had fingered me and *dog-cared* me
> And spelled me by the fireside, half a life!"

This Aurora says of Lady Waldemar. We afterwards find Romney saying to Aurora:

> "You thought to have shut a tedious book
> And farewell. Ah, you *dog-cared* such a page,
> And here you find me."

Other examples might be adduced of the same kind. So long as these are gathered from pleasing objects, or at least from objects that are not unpleasing, they simply mar the artistic beauty of the work; but when they are taken from objects which excite our repugnance, this repetition becomes almost offensive. Thus one of Mrs. Browning's favorite figures is taken from the "*chin band*." This expression suggests, not the repose of death, but its powerlessness and its ghastliness, and, if used at all, should be employed only when the strongest effects are to be produced.

Another peculiarity of the "Aurora Leigh" is suggested by the example just cited. Mrs. Browning seems, as some one has said, to have adopted some realistic theory in regard to art.

Thus she compares Romney, devoting his life to purposes of philanthropy, after his disappointment in love, to a man drowning a dog. Through the whole poem, truth of description is never yielded to taste, even though this truth may excite our loathing. Examples of this might be given, but it would be a thankless task to select from a work so full of beauty that which is fitted only to excite feelings of repulsion.

In the "Aurora Leigh," we find comparatively little of that obscurity which has prevented so many from enjoying the earlier poems of Mrs. Browning. The following lines, however, look as if she had studied Festus, to good or ill purpose, as the reader may decide.

> "Shall I hope
> To speak my poems in mysterious tune
> With man and nature, — with the lava-lymph
> That trickles from successive galaxies
> Still drop by drop adown the finger of God,
> In still new worlds?"

Directly after this occurs the following exquisite passage, made more beautiful by the contrast, like a flower on the edge of an Alpine glacier.

> "With spring's delicious trouble in the ground
> Tormented by the quickened blood of roots,
> And softly pricked by golden crocus-sheaves
> In token of the harvest-time of flowers."

While Mrs. Browning's poems, in spite, or in consequence, of her power of expression, are occasionally marred by harshness, obscurity, or carelessness, their internal structure is almost always perfect. The parts are so arranged, that the impression is deepened, and the interest increased, as we approach the close of each. Few, if any of them, close as if the writer stopped where she did out of mere caprice. We feel that the poem is finished, and that nothing can be added without marring it. The same peculiarity extends to the different stanzas of the same piece, when these are of any length. The whole thought bursts upon us in the last line, or else is re-stated in the last line, with a force and beauty which cannot be heightened. The following is a good example of this: —

"We pray together at the kirk
For mercy, mercy, solely —
Hands weary with the evil work,
We lift them to the Holy!
The corpse is calm below our knee —
Its spirit, bright before thee —
Between them, worse than either, we —
Without the rest or glory!"

As further examples of the same, we select the following:—

"We sit together, with the skies,
The steadfast skies, above us:
We look into each other's eyes, —
'And how long will you love us?'
The eyes grew dim with prophecy,
The voices, low and breathless —
'Till death us part!' — O words, to be
Our *best* for love the deathless!

"We tremble by the harmless bed
Of one loved and departed —
Our tears drop on the lips that said
Last night, 'Be stronger hearted!'
O God, — to clasp those fingers close,
And yet to feel so lonely! —
To see a light on dearest brows,
Which is the daylight only!"

"We sit on hills our childhood wist,
Woods, hamlets, streams, beholding!
The sun strikes, through the farthest mist,
The city's spire to golden.
The city's golden spire it was,
When hope and health were strongest,
But now it is the churchyard grass,
We look upon the longest."

We would not at all depreciate the value of verbal finish and perfectness in poetry. Compared, however, with perfection of internal structure, it must be admitted to be of far less importance. The latter shows the grasp and comprehension of the true artist, and is as much superior to the former, as a marred *torso* among the antiques in the Vatican is to the most polished piece of marble that ever left the chisel of Canova.

From the examples last given the transition to the sonnet

is easy; for these specimens, except in the measure, possess the peculiarity and the beauty of the sonnet. This last-named species of composition, in which so many suffering writers and readers have toiled, appears to us to be Mrs. Browning's appropriate element. The limits, which repress the genius of others, only make her strength the more apparent. The care needful to the production prevents the faults of style into which she is apt to fall, and the nature of the sonnet displays to the fullest advantage that constructive power which we have seen to be her great excellence, so far as the outward form of her poetry is concerned. Indeed, we call to mind very few sonnets, written since the time of Milton, that may be compared with hers. The beauty of the sonnet is found in precisely her gradual evolution of the thought, which bursts upon us in its completeness, or in the fulness of its beauty, only in the last line. We will give two of Mrs. Browning's sonnets as specimens.

"PATIENCE TAUGHT BY NATURE.

"'O dreary life!' we cry, 'O dreary life!'
And still the generations of the birds
Sing through our sighing, and the flocks and herds
Serenely live while we are keeping strife
With Heaven's true purpose in us, as a knife
Against which we may struggle. Ocean girds
Unslackened the dry land, savannah-swards
Unweary sweep, hills watch, unworn; and rife
Meek leaves drop yearly from the forest-trees,
To show above the unwasted stars that pass
In their old glory. O thou God of old!
Grant me some smaller grace than comes to *these*, —
But so much patience, as a blade of grass
Grows by contented through the heat and cold."

"CHEERFULNESS TAUGHT BY REASON.

"I think we are too ready with complaint
In this fair world of God's. Had we no hope
Indeed beyond the zenith and the slope
Of yon grey blank of sky, we might be faint
To muse upon eternity's constraint
Round our aspirant souls. But since the scope
Must widen early, is it well to droop,
For a few days consumed in loss and taint?

O pusillanimous Heart, be comforted, —
And, like a cheerful traveller, take the road,
Singing beside the hedge. What if the bread
Be bitter in thy inn, and thou unshod
To meet the flints? — at least it may be said,
'Because the way is *short*, I thank thee, God!' "

From these remarks upon the outward form of Mrs. Browning's poems, we turn to consider that which forms their substance, that which is expressed, their *content*. This we shall find to be essentially different at the different periods of her life. In her earlier poems, that which seems to pervade them most intimately is the feeling of sorrow. We need scarcely introduce any examples of this. Either of those which have been cited already would answer the purpose; indeed, it would be scarcely possible to select any passage which does not bear more or less distinctly this impress. There are smiles, but they have a sadness about them, and cannot dry away suddenly the marks of tears. There are calls to cheerfulness and joy, but they are like the words of comfort which one weeping mourner breathes into the ear of another. But this sorrow is without weakness. The thought and learning which are united with the feeling, and made the medium of its expression, together with the self-command which pervades all, give, as has been well remarked, a certain statuesque beauty to her grief. Her mind, however, does not rest in this sorrow. It looks beyond, and longs for rest and joy, and amid its longings it sometimes half forgets to weep. This longing for rest is beautifully expressed in the poem entitled " The Sleep."

" For me, my heart that erst did go
Most like a tired child at a show,
That sees through tears the jugglers leap, —
Would now its wearied vision close,
Would childlike on *His* love repose,
Who giveth *His* belovèd, sleep! "

Her longing for the joy which she feels the earth cannot afford, is strikingly expressed in the following words, which the mother seems to hear from the lips of her infant child, for whose life she has been ardently praying.

" O mother, mother! loose thy prayer!
Christ's name hath made it strong!
It bindeth me, it holdeth me
With its most loving cruelty,
From floating my new soul along
The blessèd heavenly air!
It bindeth me, it holdeth me
In all this dark, upon this dull
Low earth, by only weepers trod! —
It bindeth me, it holdeth me! —
Mine angel looketh sorrowful
Upon the face of God."

This longing has its source in a deep and living faith. The writer appears always so surrounded by visions from the spiritual world, that they seem more real to her than the objects of sense. Thus she sings:

" As the moths around a taper,
As the bees around a rose,
As at sunset, many a vapor, —
So the spirits group and close
Round about a holy childhood, as if drinking its repose."

Above all, the consciousness of the Divine presence seems continually with her; and, with earnest faith, she looks forward to the moment when this spiritual consciousness shall become actual vision, — to that moment of ecstasy called death. This feeling is nowhere more beautifully uttered than in the poem entitled " Cowper's Grave."

" Like a sick child that knoweth not his mother while she blesses,
And drops upon his burning brow the coolness of her kisses;
That turns his fevered eyes around — ' My mother! where 's my mother? '—
As if such tender words and looks could come from any other!

" The fever gone, with leaps of heart he sees her bending o'er him;
Her face all pale from watchful love, th' unweary love she bore him!
Thus 'woke the poet from the dream his life's long fever gave him,
Beneath those deep pathetic eyes which closed in death, to save him!

" Thus! Oh, not *thus!* No type of earth could image that awaking,
Wherein he scarcely heard the chant of seraphs 'round him breaking —
Or felt the new immortal throb of soul from body parted;
But felt *those eyes alone*, and knew ' *My* Saviour! *not* deserted! ' "

This faith not only gives a firm foundation for her longing, but also glorifies even her sorrows.

" Because my portion was assigned
Wholesome and bitter — Thou art kind,
And I am blessed to my mind.

" Gifted for giving, I receive
The maythorn, and its scent outgive!
I grieve not that I once did grieve.

" In my large joy of sight and touch
Beyond what others count for such,
I am content to suffer much.

" I *know* — is all the mourner saith, —
Knowledge by suffering entereth;
And life is perfected by Death!"

From this height of faith she utters oracles of consolation and good cheer.

" Pray, pray, *thou* who also weepest,
And the drops will slacken so; —
Weep, weep! — and the watch thou keepest,
With a quicker count will go.
Think! — the shadow on the dial
For the nature most undone,
Marks the passing of the trial,
Proves the presence of the sun!
Look, look up, in starry passion,
To the throne above the spheres, —
Learn! the spirit's gravitation
Still must differ from the tear's.
Hope! with all the strength thou usest
In embracing thy despair!
Love! the earthly love thou losest
Shall return to thee more fair.
Work! make clear the forest-tangles
Of the wildest stranger-land;
Trust! the blessed deathly angels
Whisper, 'Sabbath hours at hand!'"

Such is the substance of Mrs. Browning's earlier poems, — sorrow and longing, mediated by faith; her sorrows becoming, through faith, the stepping-stones to that joy for which she longs. In the series entitled "Casa Guidi Windows," we find ourselves at a very different stage of experience. In the leading poems of this series, we have no more the utterances of sorrow and longing, nor even the clear voice of faith giving assurance of future joy. The joy is no longer

future, but has become present; instead of struggle, there is attainment. This difference is especially marked in the sonnets "From the Portuguese." There are, indeed, in the same series other poems which belong to the earlier period. Such is the one entitled "Human Life's Misery." These, if not all written during the earlier period, yet are the results of it; as the ocean casts up fragments of wrecks for days after the storm has ended. From the "Aurora Leigh" we learn indirectly that much of the restlessness and sadness expressed in the earlier poems was the result of that loneliness, which a woman feels when she has to meet unaided the storms of life. Her spirit needs some stronger spirit upon which to lean. A prose version of this we have in the life of Margaret Fuller Ossoli. The greater her genius, the more does she feel this need; for her very genius separates her from the common relations of life, and the more intense, therefore, is the demand for some one to walk with her through her lonely path, and the less is the likelihood that it will be satisfied. She must have one loftier and stronger than herself. A companion without companionship only increases the feeling of loneliness. If she have to stoop to the level of him who should aid her upward flight, the craving remains unfilled. She must have a spirit strong-winged as her own, that shall soar with her towards the sun, and support her when she is ready to sink back again to the earth. Such a feeling, as we may gather from Mrs. Browning's self-revelations, was, perhaps unconsciously, coloring her earlier poems, and, from the characteristics of her genius, it might have been supposed that it would remain unsatisfied. With her strength of intellect, her soaring imagination, her delicate spiritual perceptions, where could she find one whose strength should be greater, whose imagination loftier, and whose spirituality, if less delicate, should yet be no less strongly marked, and sturdier than her own? We know of but one poet of the present age whose character would correspond to the ideal which we have sketched, and that poet it was her good fortune to meet and to become united with. The genius of Robert and that of Elizabeth Barrett Browning stand, we might almost say, in the contrast of

male and female to each other. His is the stronger, the sterner, the more comprehensive; hers the more delicate, the more tender. Thus did Mrs. Browning's life become rounded to its completion. The sorrows had given way to gladness; the future joys for which she longed had become present; earth no longer served merely as a sad and dark passage to heaven, but was itself radiant with heaven's glorious light, and penetrated with the sweetness of its love. Thus she sings:

> "I lived with visions for my company
> Instead of men and women, years ago,
> And found them gentle mates, nor thought to know
> A sweeter music than they played to me.
> But soon their trailing purple was not free
> Of this world's dust, — their lutes did silent grow,
> And I myself grew faint and blind below
> Their vanishing eyes. Then THOU didst come . . to *be*,
> Beloved, what they *seemed*. Their shining fronts,
> Their songs, their splendors . . (better, yet the same, . .
> As river-water hallowed into fonts . .)
> Met in thee, and from out thee overcame
> My soul with satisfaction of all wants, —
> Because God's gifts put man's best dreams to shame."

And again:

> "As brighter ladies do not count it strange
> For love to give up acres and degree,
> I yield the grave for thy sake, and exchange
> My near, sweet view of heaven for earth with thee."

Having thus escaped from the struggles and darkness by which she had been surrounded, she looks upon the world as it really is. She sings of Italy as it lies before her, and describes in clear, ringing rhymes her hopes for it, and their disappointment.

Mrs. Browning has, however, not yet attained in these poems to her complete artistic development. Thus far she has sung of sorrow when she was sad, and of joy in her hours of happiness. She has not yet acquired that command of her material, by which, these emotions already passed, the days of weeping over, and the flush of joy faded into the common daylight, they may still be represented by her as truthfully as ever; — no longer in their antagonism

to each other, but united in a single work of art. As yet she

> "Cannot teach
> Her hand to hold her spirit so far off
> From herself."

This is accomplished in the "Aurora Leigh." Here her whole past life, with its many griefs and disappointments, with its aspirations and its failures, and with its final crown of love and joy, is placed before us. In it we have the substance of the earlier and that of the later poems, each of which had been before incomplete without the other, made the elements of a new and more perfect work, their union mediated by deeper views of art and of life than she had before expressed. We do not mean that it is, in the common sense of the word, an autobiography, like the earlier and the later sonnets. That which before had gushed directly from her heart is now treated as something entirely outside of herself. Yet so far as the spiritual development is concerned, it may be called an autobiography. It appears to express the complete development of the life of a woman and of an artist. The child of English and Italian birth begins her life in Italy. The lonely father does the best he can for her, and cradles her among the mountains, that the gentle influences of nature may supply, as far as possible, the want of a mother's care. She says, he taught her what he had learned the best, "Grief and Love," and we see that he cared for her with more than a mother's tenderness, though without a mother's gladness. So the unconscious childhood passed, and the child awoke

> "To full life and its needs and agonies.
> . . . . . His last word was 'Love,'
> And none was left to love in all the world."

Now comes the transition from the poetry of childhood to the prose of life, from Italy to England. Torn from every influence which had lent its aid to her earlier years, she was committed to the care of her father's sister, who lived

> "A harmless life, she called a virtuous life,
> A quiet life, which was not life at all,
> (But that she had not lived enough to know)."

This well-meaning kinswoman made the utmost effort to en-

graft her own prosaic nature upon the child, and to fashion her according to her own notion of a woman; that is, she taught her to sit with her back to the window, that she might not see the trees, to read nice books upon womanhood, to brush "with extreme flounce the sciences," and if ever she caught her "soul agaze in her eyes," she knew how to bring it back to crochet, cross-stitch, or some other stupid task. Aurora seems to have been docile and compliant; yet she found a way to let the sunshine and the lime-tree in; she read the poets too when "the time was ripe," and while "the patient needle spilt the thread," she says she was not sad.

> "My soul was singing at a work apart
> Behind the wall of sense."

So her girlhood was fashioned, and the crisis came, on that June morning when she stood

> "Woman and artist, — either incomplete."

She laid the poet's crown from off her brow to receive from her cousin Romney that offering of love, which we find afterwards she did not take too coldly. There was a conflict for her then, a sacrifice to be made; she had the strength to choose the sterner part, and replaced the crown of ivy. So the two separated, and were left alone with their ideals. We follow their respective courses, and see how nobly they pursued them, how faithfully they always kept them pure above the dust, in all things striving for their fulfilment. We never have to tremble lest either will stoop too low; we trust them through all perplexities, sure that each carries a consecrated aim. But when all is done, when each has found the desired success, disappointment comes with it. The work has been accomplished, the ideal has been embodied; but the very success of their plans involves the most terrible failure of them. They do not gain satisfaction; they only have opened before them a larger vision.

With this self-depression comes the true mutual recognition, when each beholds the other's purpose pure and high, when each sees the imperfection of the aim which has been pursued; and though the June morning lost nothing of its nobleness, another morning rose to crown that day.

Let us now examine more closely the objects they sought, and the cause of their failure.

Romney was a mere reformer of the outward evils of society. He says of himself:

> "My soul is gray
> With poring over the long sum of ill;
> So much for vice, so much for discontent,
> So much for the necessities of power,
> So much for the connivances of fear, —
> Coherent in statistical despairs,
> With such a total of distracted life, . .
> To see it down in figures on a page,
> Plain, silent, clear . . as God sees through the earth
> The sense of all the graves! . . that 's terrible
> For one who is not God, and cannot right
> The wrong he looks on."

That there was hope in the future did not satisfy him.

> "Observe, — it had not much
> Consoled the race of mastodons to know
> Before they went to fossil, that anon
> Their place should quicken with the elephant;
> They were not elephants but mastodons."

He saw only the physical evils of life, and attempted to remedy them by physical means.

> "I beheld the world
> As one great famishing carnivorous mouth, —
> A huge, deserted, callow, black, bird Thing,
> With piteous open beak, that hurt my heart,
> Till down upon the filthy ground I dropped,
> And tore the violets up to get the worms.
> Worms, worms, was all my cry: an open mouth,
> A gross want, bread to fill it to the lips,
> No more!"

Romney established a phalanstery in his paternal hall on socialistic principles. Society tends more and more to become a mere machine; the reformers seek too often to complete the process. But the individual makes himself felt more strongly for the constraint. It is too often thought, that men have naturally only the principle of love within them; it is forgotten that the principle of hate is no less one of the original elements of the soul; or rather, that principle of opposition and negation which, when stimulated, grows to hate. Thus every atom contains the twofold ele-

ment of attraction and repulsion; let the power of attraction have undue force for one moment, that of repulsion will make itself felt more powerfully in the next. Love and hate thus sleep together in the human breast; hate has the quicker senses of the two, and he who would make love must be careful not to move too harshly, or the sterner brother will start up before the gentler. Attraction or love is the principle which binds society together; the principle of repulsion is that by which the individual preserves his identity. Neither of these principles is to be sacrificed to the other. The surrender of our will must be a *voluntary* surrender; thus does the individual preserve his rights by the very act of yielding them. In the words of Tennyson, in the hymn with which the "In Memoriam" opens,

> "Our wills are ours, we know not how;
> Our wills are ours, to make them thine."

This fact was overlooked by our reformer. He won the hate instead of the love of those he sought to save. With jeering shouts they burned his hall, and he himself was made blind among its ruins. Not only did he seek to distort the nature of others, but his own. Even his love he attempted to make merely a co-worker. He even endeavored to force it into still greater opposition to its true nature. He saw his error later, and exclaims:

> "Distort our nature never, for our work,
> Nor count our right hands stronger for being hoofs.
> The man most man, with tenderest human hands,
> Works best for men, — as God in Nazareth.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Fewer programmes; we who have no prescience.
> Fewer systems; we who are held and do not hold.
> Less mapping out of masses, to be saved,
> By nations or by sexes. Fourier 's void,
> And Compte is dwarfed, — and Cabet, puerile.
> Subsists no law of life outside of life;
> No perfect manners, without Christian souls.
> The Christ himself had been no Lawgiver,
> Unless He had given the life, too, with the law."

He had felt that the world was to be renewed by his own labors alone, and, failing in his plans, he doubts of all things.

"I was wrong,
I 've sorely failed; I 've slipped the ends of life,
I yield; you have conquered."

This he says sadly to Aurora; but she answers:

"Stay, ...
I 've something for your hearing also. I
Have failed too. . . . . .
I 've surely failed, I know; if failure means
To look back sadly on work gladly done."

She sees more clearly than he the great fault in all their plans. She says:

"We both were wrong that June-day, — both as wrong
As an east wind had been. I who talked of art,
And you who grieved for all men's griefs. . . what then?
We surely made too small a part for God
In these things."

In alternating speech they paint the true life. It is Aurora who speaks first:

"'The man, most man,
Works best for men: and, if most man indeed,
He gets his manhood plainest from his soul:
While, obviously, this stringent soul itself
Obeys our old rules of development;
The Spirit ever witnessing in ours,
And Love, the soul of soul, within the soul,
Evolving it sublimely. First, God's love.'

"'And next,' he smiled, 'the love of wedded souls,
Which still presents that mystery's counterpart.
Sweet shadow-rose, upon the water of life,
Of such a mystic substance, Sharon gave
A name to! human, vital, fructuous rose,
Whose calyx holds the multitude of leaves. —
Loves filial, loves fraternal, neighbor-loves,
And civic, . . all fair petals, all good scents,
All reddened, sweetened from one central Heart!'"

We cannot follow further this closing scene, which glows with love and promise. They sit talking of the past and of the future, looking forward with a joyous faith, until the night has passed and the redness of the dawn gleams upon them. In the flaming jasper clouds is imaged the glory of which they speak. They stand together, hand in hand, their faces

turned towards the brightness of the morning; she, the singer, the representative of the spiritual life, gazing with her clear vision into the heavens, yet no longer spurning the worker by her side; he blinded in his struggle with vice and suffering, and wearied with his labors upon the earth, yet his face catching something of the glory of the coming day: the two, in their loving union, imaging the time when the singer and the worker, the spiritual and the blind material, having accomplished their separate missions, shall be blended into one. Thus they stand, and see the new heaven descending amid the clouds.

> "My Romney! — Lifting up my hand in his,
> As wheeled by Seeing spirits towards the east,
> He turned instinctively, — where, faint and fair,
> Along the tingling desert of the sky,
> Beyond the circle of the conscious hills,
> Were laid in jasper-stone as clear as glass
> The first foundations of that new, near Day
> Which should be builded out of heaven, to God.
> He stood a moment with erected brows,
> In silence, as a creature might, who gazed:
> Stood calm, and fed his blind, majestic eyes
> Upon the thought of perfect noon. And when
> I saw his soul saw, — 'Jasper first,' I said,
> 'And second, sapphire; third, chalcedony;
> The rest in order, . . last, an amethyst.'"

Besides the relation in which the "Aurora Leigh" stands to the great question of life in general, it has a particular application to the questions which have been started in regard to the nature and position of woman. It is often thought that a large mental culture tends to unfit her for the more tender and domestic relations of life. Here is illustrated the reverse of this. Aurora and Romney could not meet in the highest union of love until they had each attained to the highest development of which they were separately capable. When this was accomplished, they became united in a love as much more noble than that of common lovers, as their individual development was more perfect than that of ordinary individuals. This view is entitled to great consideration, as coming from one who has herself passed through both stages, that of the lonely struggle and of the reward.

We perhaps owe some apology for having made reference occasionally in this article to matters entirely personal. They have had, however, too great an influence upon the poems themselves to be left out of the account. They are also alluded to freely in the works of both Mr. and Mrs. Browning, and all that has been said has been gathered from the works themselves.

We have thus considered Mrs. Browning's poems as consisting of Form and of Substance or *Content;* of Expression, and of that which is expressed. It remains very briefly to consider them as a whole, in which the opposition between these two elements is lost, and neither exists except in and through the other.

It is interesting to see the processes of history repeated in the individual, as to a certain extent they must be. The embryonic man passes through all the forms of lower life to attain to the higher. To our childhood the sun rose and sank, and the stars revolved about the seeming plane of the world, as they did to the ancients. Thus the development of the individual artist exhibits very often the three periods by which art attained to its present position. At first, when he awakes to spiritual truths, they loom about him, vast and shadowy. His mind cannot completely grasp them. It has itself no fixed stand-point from which to survey them. All is vague and unsettled. His life and the structure of his works will partake of this same character. They will be to a degree formless, and, so far as they seek to represent the higher spiritual truths, *symbolical.* This is the wild ferment that is seen, for instance, in the Robbers of Schiller, where we meet gigantic shadows instead of men. We find the same in the view of life exhibited in the Sorrows of Werther. This period, however, passes; the poet obtains a clearer view of truth, and consequently a more perfect command over the expression of it. The rudeness of the material yields to his labor, and answers to the beauty of his thought. The era thus reached is that corresponding to the one in which the classic art of the Greeks flourished. It would be easy to show, for instance, how the Iphigenia of Goethe differs from the Grecian drama; it would be no less easy to show that it resembles it

more nearly than most of his other writings. When the artist has acquired this perfect command of the material with which he has to work, if his intellectual and spiritual development continue, this latter begins to influence his productions more and more. The difficulties that he had met in the matter of outward form being subdued, this retires more and more into the background. He demands simply a medium for the communication of his thought, and no longer requires that this should reflect its beauty. The Faust of Goethe furnishes a fine example of the last-named class of works, in which the principle of modern or romantic art is first fully exhibited.

It is not our intention at present to examine the limits within which the foregoing remarks may be considered as applicable to the case in hand. They furnish at least the best point of view from which the works of Mrs. Browning can be regarded. Thus far we have studied the development of the external and internal elements of these poems, as if they were entirely distinct from each other. By uniting them, it will be seen how perfectly the three stages just described are exhibited in them. In the first period we found that the subject-matter was for the most part made up of sorrow, longing, and faith. The highest truths of religion and of the spiritual consciousness gathered about her, and these she strove to express. A yearning filled her soul to penetrate into those shadowy regions, which she felt were stretching around her. This very yearning implied that she had not yet reached the true centre of things, — the height from which one

> "Sees the world as one vast plain,
> And one boundless reach of sky."

These undefined longings, this restless yearning for something as yet unrealized, and consequently not yet understood, and this striving to image forth the spiritual phantasms which loom up dimly and loftily about her, mould the outward form of her poems. She has power enough over language to exhibit her thought clearly and gracefully; but so far as this thought is vague and shadowy, so far do her expressions become harsh and obscure. As the Egyptians reared the mighty

Pyramids, or hewed in rude proportions the gigantic Sphinx, with its twofold nature, so she piles together Greek and Hebrew, Grecisms, Hebraisms, and Germanisms, and the lore of all ages, to utter that which she feels the common modes of speech would fail to express. As the Hindoo twisted the ordinary forms of things into strange and uncouth shapes, to make them body forth that for which he and they had no adequate utterance, so she twists the forms of speech into unwonted expressions, and new relations, to satisfy a similar need. But in addition to this she adopts sometimes, for the same purpose, a wild and lofty symbolism, in whose mazes we are almost lost. Examples of this may be found in the "Drama of Exile" and in the "Vision of Poets." Even in her sonnets, which we have classed among her most nearly perfect works, she is careful to state how imperfectly that which she would say is uttered: —

> "With stammering lips and insufficient sound,
> I strive and struggle to deliver right
> That music of my nature, day and night,
> With dream and thought and feeling, interwound
> And inly answering all the senses round
> With octaves of a mystic depth and height,
> Which step out grandly to the infinite
> From the dark edges of the sensual ground!
> This song of soul I struggle to outbear
> Through portals of the sense, sublime and whole,
> And utter all myself into the air:
> But if I did it, — as the thunder-roll
> Breaks its own cloud, — my flesh would perish there,
> Before that dread apocalypse of soul."

And again: —

> "O, the world is weak —
> The effluence of each is false to all;
> And what we best conceive, we fail to speak.
> Wait, soul, until thine ashen garments fall!
> And then resume thy broken strains, and seek
> Fit peroration, without let or thrall."

At last the "ashen garments" do fall; these vague yearnings become satisfied; the sorrow that had striven for utterance passes away; the realities of earth replace the "visions" in which she has thus far lived; the inward conflict has be-

come changed to a joyous peace. Her poems exhibit this change in their outward form. What she has to say is distinctly before her, and is clearly and gracefully spoken. She has learned

> "The whole of life
> In a new rhythm,"

as she herself informs us. She sings her song of love. She gazes from the Windows of Casa Guidi, and describes the world as it is. At this period she seems herself to feel that she is nearer the Grecian stand-point than she has been before or is to be afterward; and she gives us a translation of the Prometheus of Æschylus full of strength and beauty.

Her spiritual growth, however, is not yet completed. Under genial influences it advances rapidly and healthfully. She has acquired a command of her own resources; her thought arises before her, grand and clear. She demands only a medium for its representation. She does not wander, as before, among symbols and types. She does not seek, on the other hand, that beauty of expression which marks her later sonnets and her Casa Guidi. It is enough for her that her thought is understood. If a figure suits her turn, no matter how often she may have used it before, it will serve just as well again. If an expression means just what she wants to say, no matter how revolting it may be. She cares as little about mere outward beauty, as did the early Christian painters. We thus understand the carelessness and the realism which we found to mark the "Aurora Leigh."

We have considered the poems of Mrs. Browning as forming a connected whole. In our citations we have confined ourselves to those passages which have a bearing upon this general result. Had we stopped to gather flowers, we know not when our journey would have been ended. We have therefore hurried past much that is beautiful. Above all, the large eyes of Marian Earle, at once Madonna and Magdalene, look back sadly and half reproachfully upon us.

It remains to inquire what we have still to expect from a writer whose development has been hitherto so regular. Mrs. Browning's genius is lyric rather than dramatic. Her material is gathered principally from within. She tells us, in the

Preface to "Aurora Leigh," that the work contains her "highest convictions upon Life and Art." She has passed through the three periods which represent those of the development of Art. She has embodied the results of this process in a noble work which we think will continue to be her finest. That she will still refresh and inspire us with her song, we cannot doubt. As the art of the present age can at will make use of all the forms which originally answered to a particular epoch of history; so Mrs. Browning can reproduce for us, to a certain degree, the various stages through which she has thus far passed. These results will, however, probably stand in the same relation to the "Aurora Leigh," which Tennyson's "Maud" bears to his "In Memoriam."

Although, as we have said, Mrs. Browning's "Aurora Leigh" is her finest work, there are many among her admirers whom her earlier poems will still move the most deeply. Comparatively few can follow, with full sympathy, her entire course. Perhaps most of those whose spiritual life has actually begun, stand yet upon the stage of sorrow and longing. While such gaze with admiration on the shining path of their poet, they will yet feel the deepest sympathy with her, as she is still walking among the shadows, and cheering them with her songs. It appears to us, also, that the "Aurora Leigh" is not to be reckoned among the works destined for immortality. The universal element in it is too much mingled with the peculiarities of our time, to admit of its becoming naturalized in another age. This need not, however, lessen our enjoyment of it; as we should not find the blossom of the century-plant less beautiful for the thought that the entire age had been needed for its production, and that it yet would wither, very shortly, before our eyes.

ART. VI. — 1. *Memoirs of* SIR ROBERT PEEL. By M. GUIZOT. London: Richard Bentley. 1857. 8vo. pp. 398.

2. *Memoirs of the* RIGHT HONORABLE SIR ROBERT PEEL, BART., M. P., &c. Published by the Trustees of his Papers, LORD MAHON (now EARL STANHOPE) and the RIGHT HON. EDWARD CARDWELL, M. P. Part I. *The Roman Catholic Question.* 1828 – 9. Part II. *The New Government.* 1834 – 5. Part III. *Repeal of the Corn Laws.* 1845 – 6. London: John Murray. 1856 – 7. 12mo. pp. xii. and 366, 357.

3. *The Speeches of the late* RIGHT HONORABLE SIR ROBERT PEEL, BART., *delivered in the House of Commons. With a General Explanatory Index, and a Brief Chronological Summary of the various Subjects on which the Speeches were delivered.* London: George Routledge & Co. 1853. 8vo. 4 vols. pp. xxxi. and 768, 864, 887, 856.

THE life of the late Sir Robert Peel is identified with the history of party in England for the last forty years. From his first entrance into Parliament, he was one of the most prominent of the rising men among the Tories, then at the zenith of their power. At the close of his career, he witnessed the waning fortunes and final disruption of that party. He came into notice as a disciple and follower of the younger Pitt. He lived to be the acknowledged leader of a party with entirely different views of public policy. He held office under the crown for a greater length of time than any of his contemporaries, except Lord Palmerston; and in the discussion of every question which was agitated during his Parliamentary life he took an active part. He was alternately the idol of his party, and the object of their most bitter invective. Though he originated no great measure, he left a deeper mark upon the legislation of England than any other statesman of modern times, with the single exception of Earl Grey. In considering his life, therefore, we have to deal with almost every question of any importance in the foreign and domestic policy of England since the commencement of the Liverpool Administration. Some of these questions have now lost

their interest. The secret history of others still remains to be unfolded. But enough light is thrown upon some of the most important of them by the two works first named at the commencement of this article, to dispel whatever obscurity may have attached to Sir Robert Peel's connection with those measures.

M. Guizot approaches the discussion of several of these topics under peculiarly advantageous circumstances. During the whole of Sir Robert Peel's second ministry he was at the head of the French government. He was therefore in a position to observe all Sir Robert's measures from an entirely independent point of view. To this duty he brought a singularly calm and impartial temper of mind, an intimate acquaintance with English history and politics, and liberal and comprehensive views in regard to all questions of international policy. His remarks upon the question of the right of search, the Tahiti question, the repeal of the Corn Laws, and the Spanish marriages, are especially full, candid, and judicious. In other respects his volume presents a calm and manly estimate of Sir Robert Peel's character and public services, — in its whole tone and structure worthy of the author's reputation as a statesman and an historian. It is a striking illustration of the temper of our times and of the *entente cordiale* which these great men upheld, that the life of a prime minister of England should thus be written by a contemporary prime minister of France, with such remarkable candor and impartiality.

The two volumes of Memoirs, published in accordance with a codicil to Sir Robert Peel's will, comprise a series of letters, with explanatory narratives, designed to elucidate his course at three of the most important periods in his life, — in regard to the removal of the Catholic Disabilities, the formation and overthrow of his first ministry, and the repeal of the Corn Laws. Doubtless, thinking that the course which he adopted on these occasions would continue to be discussed after his death, he selected from his private papers such of the confidential letters relating to these subjects as he thought necessary for his vindication, and arranged them for posthumous publication, with a commentary designed to pre-

serve the continuity of events and to illustrate the obscure points. These narratives and letters have been published by his literary executors with only a few omissions, — those chiefly in the last of the three memoirs, — and with a few additional documents which had been preserved by him to be published at their discretion. The whole collection is a valuable contribution to recent history, and we shall have occasion to refer to it repeatedly.

The four large and closely printed volumes of Sir Robert's Speeches furnish a remarkable proof of the extent and variety of his Parliamentary services. They cover a period of more than forty years, from January, 1810, to June, 1850, and relate to nearly every important question which was discussed in the House of Commons during that time. He was always a skilful debater, a prudent and well-informed leader, a close reasoner, and an impressive speaker; and in many of his speeches we recall passages of lofty eloquence. Yet it is rather for their remarkable adaptation to the time and circumstances in which they were delivered, than for their brilliancy or their luminous exposition of general principles, that these speeches will be read. In other words, Sir Robert Peel was a practical, rather than a theoretical, statesman. Content with persuading or overruling his audience, he always spent his strength on the matter actually in hand.

The elder Sir Robert Peel was a respectable Tory in Lancashire, where he rose to wealth and influence by his successful prosecution of the business of cotton-spinning. At the age of forty he entered Parliament as member for the borough of Tamworth, and in 1801 he was knighted. In Parliament he was a sturdy supporter of the ministerial measures; and in the country he upheld the same cause by his money, and in all the various ways in which a wealthy country gentleman could then support the cause which he had espoused. He was a man of strong, clear sense, and much energy, but with the limited views and thoroughly aristocratic opinions which were generally held by the Tories fifty years ago. Entering Parliament when the French Revolution was just beginning to alarm the higher classes in England, he naturally adopted the political dogmas current among those with whom he

associated, and he held them with great tenacity through life. He died at Drayton Manor, in 1830, at the advanced age of eighty years.

His more famous son was born at Bury, on the 5th of February, 1788. The boy was early instructed in the principles of his father, with a view to fitting him for public life; and we are told, that, when he was a mere child, his father was in the habit of placing him upon a table to repeat the sermon which he had just heard from some High-Churchman fresh from the banks of the Isis. To his father's early influence we are disposed to ascribe that narrowness of mind from which he never wholly recovered, and which Sydney Smith once pleasantly referred to travelling in dangerous company. "Mr Peel and his chaplain," said the great wit, in 1826, "have been travelling together, and some of the parson's notions have been put up in Mr. Peel's head by mistake." When he was old enough to leave the paternal roof, he was sent to the great public school at Harrow, where he distinguished himself by his progress in solid learning, and his faithful use of all the advantages which such a school offers to an ambitious and pains-taking youth. Lord Byron, who sat in the same form with him, bore testimony to his youthful integrity and his devotion to his studies, and declared that there were always great hopes of him among both masters and scholars. At the age of sixteen he entered Christ Church College, Oxford, as a gentleman commoner; and in 1808 he took his degree of Bachelor of Arts with the highest honors, being first in the classics and in mathematics, — a double distinction which no one had ever before achieved.

In 1809, when he was only twenty-one years of age, he entered Parliament as member for Cashel, in the county of Tipperary, Ireland. Like the elder and the younger Pitt, Burke, Fox, Canning, and Brougham, he owed his entrance into public life to that close-borough system which was happily overthrown by the Reform Bill of 1832; and his first constituency numbered only twelve persons. Though Fox, Burke, and Pitt were dead, and Grey had been called to the Upper House two years before, young Peel found on the future theatre of his fame many eminent men to kindle his

ambition, and to set before him models of Parliamentary eloquence. Grattan was there, as were Canning, Brougham, Palmerston, and Castlereagh. Nor must we forget such men as Windham, Tierney, Sir Samuel Romilly, Wilberforce, and Spencer Perceval, the head of the government and leader of the House of Commons. If the future statesman was fortunate in finding such men in public life to excite him to the use of all his powers, he was scarcely less so in regard to the time of entering Parliament. His party was in power, and with the prospect of a long continuance in office. Yet the position of the Tories was by no means such as to leave the supporters of the government idle. They were waging war upon the Continent with a powerful enemy; the Walcheren expedition had miserably failed, and was to be defended in Parliament; and the relations of Great Britain with this country were in an embittered and dangerous state. At home there was a strong opposition, particularly in the city of London, which was soon after greatly exasperated by the imprisonment of Sir Francis Burdett; and already the king was again showing indications of the approach of that malady from which he never afterwards recovered. In Ireland, O'Connell was agitating for Catholic Emancipation, and talking about a repeal of the Union. Everywhere the fruits of that great struggle which had drawn so much vitality from the French Revolution were manifest in the restless state of the public mind, kept from frequent outbreaks only by the strong arm of government.

Upon entering Parliament, Peel did not push himself forward by frequent and elaborate orations. His first remarks were merely brief statements, or explanations of questions about which he could furnish the House some information. His first set speech was delivered at the opening of Parliament in January, 1810, on seconding the address. This was followed, the next year, by a defence of the Duke of Wellington as to the policy pursued by him in the Peninsular war. Though these speeches are in no way remarkable, they found favor in the eyes of Tories like Lord Eldon and Mr. Perceval, to whose principles the new aspirant for political fame was then entirely committed. He was appointed Under Secretary

for the Colonies, and was regarded as likely to succeed to the leadership of the High Church and Tory party, whose cause he had unmistakably espoused. Nor were his prospects of speedy and rapid advancement diminished by the reconstruction of the ministry after the assassination of Mr. Perceval, in 1812. Lord Liverpool, the new prime minister, was always anxious to strengthen his party by attaching to it the rising young men in the House of Commons, and soon after his accession he appointed Peel Chief Secretary for Ireland. This office he held for six years, during a period when Irish affairs engaged much of the attention of Parliament, and afforded frequent opportunities for attacks upon the ministry. Every speech which Peel delivered during this period, with only two or three unimportant exceptions, relates to some Irish question, or is in opposition to the claims of the Roman Catholics. Thus early and constantly were his opposition to Catholic Emancipation, and his attention to the details of his official duties, exhibited. The principles avowed in these debates were greatly modified in subsequent years; but his business habits he retained through life.

Whilst he held the Irish Secretaryship, and in consequence of the stringency of the measures he advocated, he was constantly pursued with all that bitterness of invective, vituperation, and ridicule, of which Irish patriots are such consummate masters. Stung by the sarcasms levelled at him by O'Connell, he lost that calm and imperturbable temper which a statesman ought to preserve when assailed by personal obloquy, and challenged the Agitator. The circumstances became known, and O'Connell was arrested and bound over to keep the peace towards all his Majesty's subjects in Ireland. The affair, however, did not end here. Peel and his second went over to England, and then proceeded to the Continent to arrange a hostile meeting beyond the British dominions. O'Connell followed them to London, where he was again arrested, and was brought before Lord Chief Justice Ellenborough, who placed him under new bonds. The duel was thus happily prevented. But from this period dates that bitter personal enmity, far more rancorous than mere party animosity, with which O'Connell regarded Peel

through the rest of his life. From that time he was a thorn in the side of the English statesman; and under his influence Ireland was always the chief difficulty with which Peel had to contend as a minister. "I believe," said Mr. Macaulay, in the great debate in 1840, upon a motion of want of confidence in the Melbourne ministry, "that if, with the best and purest intentions, the right honorable baronet were to undertake the government of this country, he would find that it was very easy to lose the confidence of the party which raised him to power, but very difficult to gain that which the present government happily possesses, — the confidence of the people of Ireland." The remark was as true as it was severe. Peel never possessed the confidence of Ireland.

In 1818 he resigned the Irish Secretaryship; but he did not withdraw his attention from public affairs because he was relieved from official duties. He was still busy and energetic; and he was soon appointed to the important post of Chairman of the Bullion Committee, which had been raised on motion of the government to inquire into the state of the Bank of England. Great care had been taken in the formation of the committee to secure a preponderance of ministerial members. Of the twenty-one selected from the House of Commons, it was declared in debate that fourteen were supporters of the existing government. Probably as large a proportion entered upon the inquiry with opinions upon the general subject similar to those which Mr. Peel admitted that he then held, and opposed to those which he afterwards embodied in his famous Report. The result of his thorough investigation of the subject was an entire and radical change of his views in regard to it. Upon the general question of the resumption of specie payments there was great unanimity in Parliament and throughout the country. But in reference to the time and manner in which this object should be effected, there was a great divergence of opinion. By many persons, particularly the merchants of Bristol and London and the Bank Directors, an immediate resumption was strongly deprecated. On the other hand, the political economists generally favored such a course. Early in April a preliminary Report was presented,

authorizing a continuance of the Bank Restriction Act for a limited period. In the mean time Mr. Peel became convinced of the importance of an early resumption. Though he did not originate the government plan, it was understood that he arranged its details and drew up the Report recommending it.

This Report was finally adopted in committee, and was presented to Parliament on the 24th of May. On the evening of that day the elder Peel rose in his place to present a remonstrance against the proposed measure from the London merchants. "To-night," he said, "I shall have to oppose a very near and dear relation." And he went on to speak of his regard for the memory of Mr. Pitt, adding: "I well remember, when the near and dear relation to whom I have alluded was a child, I observed to some friends, that the man who discharged his duty to his country in the manner in which Mr. Pitt had was most to be admired, and most to be imitated; and I thought at that moment, if my own life and that of my dear relation were spared, I would one day present him to his country, to follow in the same path." It must, indeed, have been a grievous disappointment to the old man, when the son, upon whose political orthodoxy he had set his fondest hopes, thus fell away from the financial policy of the guide, philosopher, and friend, whose praises, as "the heaven-born Chancellor of the Exchequer," the Tories had so often shouted forth at the Carlton Club. But Mr. Peel was always ready to forsake the traditional policy of his party, whenever in his judgment the exigencies of the country demanded such a course. The time he thought had now come for a change, and he met the issue with a modest firmness which challenges our respect and admiration.

"Many difficulties," he said, "have presented themselves to me in discussing this question. Among them is one which it pains me to observe; and that is the necessity I feel of opposing myself to an authority to which I have always bowed, and I hope always shall bow with deference. But here I have a great public duty imposed on me, and from that duty I may not shrink, whatever may be my private feelings."

This speech, by far the ablest that Peel had yet delivered,

exerted a great influence, and at the close of the debate the resolutions introduced by him were carried without a division. The wisdom of the course adopted in the settlement of this question has often been impugned; and Peel was repeatedly assailed for the part which he took in it. But without entering upon a discussion that would carry us far beyond the proper limits of this article, it is sufficient for our present purpose to say, that every candid person who carefully examines the subject must acquit Peel from the charge of acting from interested motives.

For the next two or three years he took a much less active part in public affairs than at any other period of his life. In 1820 he did not speak once in Parliament. In June of that year he was married. His wife was a daughter of General Floyd, a distinguished officer in the English army. During a great part of this period of comparative inactivity in Peel's life, the public mind was kept in a disturbed and harassed state by a series of memorable events, showing the temper of the men who then ruled England. In the summer of 1819 occurred the great reform meeting at Manchester, and the dispersion of the reformers by the magistrates under circumstances of cruelty and bloodshed which gave to it the name of the Battle of Peterloo, or the Manchester Massacre. Then came the death of George III. in January, 1820, followed in a few months by the ridiculous farce of the Cato Street Conspiracy, and all the disgusting details of the queen's trial. From any immediate connection with the measures adopted by the ministers as these various questions came up, Peel was relieved, happily, indeed, for his own reputation. But in February, 1821, he spoke in the House of Commons in opposition to the Marquis of Tavistock's motion in censure of the course pursued by the ministers in the proceedings against the queen. That Mr. Peel approved of the ministerial policy upon this and the other questions of the day, was likewise shown by his being selected to succeed Lord Sidmouth as Secretary of the Home Department, upon the retirement of that venerable nobleman in 1822, and by his adoption of a similar policy in his own early measures as Secretary.

This office he held for five years, until the disruption of the Liverpool Cabinet in 1827. No measure of much historical importance marked the course of his administration. As a member of the government, he constantly opposed the Catholic claims, and was regarded as one of the leaders of the ultra-Protestant party. He was also thought to look with but little favor upon the more liberal diplomatic and commercial policy of Canning and Huskisson. Indeed, when Lord Sidmouth resigned, there had been a strong feeling in favor of the appointment of Canning as his successor, from a widely diffused belief that the opinions of that great statesman were more liberal than those of his rival. But Canning lay under the king's displeasure on account of his former relations with the queen; and it was not until the suicide of the Marquis of Londonderry, some months later, that the ministry was reinforced by the accession of his splendid talents. A few months afterward Mr. Huskisson was appointed to the Presidency of the Board of Trade; and it soon became apparent that a new order of things had begun, extending even to the Home Department. Mr. Canning's foreign policy was based on entirely different principles from that of his predecessor, and marked the commencement of a new era in English politics. Thus matters went on until the illness of Lord Liverpool rendered a reconstruction of the Cabinet imperatively necessary. Then all the secret jealousies which had weakened the ministry appeared; and it became necessary to settle definitely questions which had long remained open. Canning and Peel had acted together under Lord Liverpool; but neither was willing to see the other raised to the premiership, and the choice virtually lay between them. This circumstance rendered it necessary to form a cabinet which should be either favorable to Catholic emancipation or strongly opposed to it. Placed in this position, the king, after much hesitation, yielded to the necessity of the case, and appointed Canning First Lord of the Treasury. Eldon, Peel, Wellington, Melville, and the other anti-Catholic members, at once resigned. These resignations were communicated under circumstances which gave to them all the appearance of a factious combination to harass the new

minister, though it was afterwards denied that there had been any concerted action among the members who retired.

The new ministry was composed chiefly of the political friends of Mr. Canning; but it was cordially supported by the great body of the Whigs. Mr. Canning united in his own person the offices of First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer, in order that the financial measures of the government might be more efficiently carried out in conjunction with his friend, Mr. Huskisson, who retained the Presidency of the Board of Trade. Sir John Copley, created Lord Lyndhurst, succeeded Lord Eldon as Lord High Chancellor. Mr. Robinson, who had been Chancellor of the Exchequer under Lord Liverpool, was also raised to the Upper House under the title of Viscount Goderich, and was intrusted with the seals of the Colonial Department. Lord Dudley succeeded Mr. Canning as Secretary for Foreign Affairs; and Mr. Sturges Bourne took Peel's old place as Home Secretary. Lord Palmerston was Secretary at War. The ministry thus embodied within itself much available talent. But it was subjected to fiercer assaults than any ministry which had held office for many years. In Parliament it was attacked by the retiring ministers and their immediate supporters, — particularly by Mr. George Dawson, a relative of Mr. Peel. Peel also spoke in explanation of his resignation, and placed his withdrawal from office distinctly upon the ground that he could not act under any minister who was favorable to the Catholic claims, and to these Canning was strongly committed.

"For a space of eighteen years," he said, on the 1st of May, 1827, "I have pursued one undeviating course of conduct, offering during the whole of that time an uncompromising, but a temperate, a fair, and, as I believe, a constitutional resistance to the making of any further concessions to the Roman Catholics. During fourteen out of those eighteen years I have held office; and during eleven of those fourteen years I have been closely connected in office with that country most interested in the decision of those claims. The opinions which I held during that time I still retain."

Two days later he made a more direct attack upon the ministry, in reply to a brilliant and sarcastic speech by Mr.

Brougham in its defence. Out of Parliament the ministry was assailed with the most vindictive fury by all the hack writers in the interest of the new opposition. But the stoutest blow was struck in the House of Lords by Earl Grey, the most eminent of the friends and followers of Mr. Fox, and an orator who recalled the memory of those days when Parliament was adorned by the matchless eloquence of Pitt, Fox, and Sheridan. Having opposed Canning through his whole life, and still retaining a bitter recollection of the obloquy which he had heaped upon Fox, the noble Lord was not ready to give his confidence to the new ministry, and he attacked the premier in a speech not less remarkable for its brilliancy and power, than for its extreme bitterness. Worn out by these incessant attacks, Canning withdrew at the close of the session to the villa of the Duke of Devonshire at Chiswick, to seek the needed rest and relaxation. But his battle was over; and he rapidly sank under the weight of disease. He died on the morning of the 8th of August, 1827, in the very room which Fox had occupied when he too sought rest for his weary body in the same beautiful spot, twenty-one years before.

In calmly surveying the history of Mr. Canning's ministry, and of the events immediately preceding his death, the conviction must be forced upon every unprejudiced mind, that all the rules of honorable party warfare were violated in the attacks made upon him. We may not indeed be quite willing to agree with Lady Canning's opinion, when she wrote to Huskisson, reproaching him for "joining her husband's murderers," because he had accepted office in the Wellington ministry with Mr. Peel, nor with Lord George Bentinck, when he exclaimed, in one of his fierce diatribes against Peel, twenty years later, "They hounded my illustrious relative to death." Still it must be admitted that Canning's administration was not allowed a fair trial, that he was assailed with a malignity which nothing could justify, and that his death was hastened by the anxiety and hard and constant toil occasioned by these attacks. And to this censure it is impossible not to consider Peel as in some degree amenable. It is true that his own language was dignified

and decorous; but certainly it was incumbent on him as a party leader to repress the asperity of his followers. Though he did not himself indulge in the low personalities which were levelled at Canning, he suffered his kinsman, Mr. Dawson, to lead on the attack.

Upon the death of Canning it became necessary to reconstruct the ministry, and Lord Goderich, a feeble and inefficient statesman, was raised to the premiership. But he was utterly incompetent to the task which he had undertaken; and alarmed by the threatening aspect of public affairs, he eagerly availed himself of the plea of ill health to resign before the close of the year. The Cabinet at once fell to pieces from its own weakness. The Duke of Wellington, who had declared in the House of Lords, a few months earlier, that he should be mad to think of assuming the duties of head of the Treasury Department, was intrusted with the charge of forming a new administration. This trust he readily accepted; and five of the Canningites consented to take office under him, — Lords Lyndhurst, Dudley, and Palmerston, Mr. Huskisson, and Mr. Charles Grant. The first three retained the offices which they had held under Mr. Canning; Mr. Huskisson was appointed Colonial Secretary; and Mr. Grant, President of the Board of Trade. Mr. Peel was once more placed at the head of the Home Department, with the leadership of the House of Commons. Mr. Goulburn was made Chancellor of the Exchequer; Lord Bathurst returned to office again as President of the Council, — a position which it is said that Lord Eldon was not unwilling to accept if offered; Lord Ellenborough, one of the most brilliant orators in his party, was Lord Privy Seal, an office which he subsequently exchanged for the Presidency of the Board of Control. The ministry thus embodied nearly the same elements that had composed the Liverpool administration at the time of its downfall; and its accession to power was hailed with delight by the Tories. But, alas for the vanity of human wishes and human expectations! the Tories were soon to find that their own leaders were more dangerous persons than even their political enemies.

In the communication which the king made to the Duke

of Wellington relative to the formation of a new administration, his Majesty had said, that "he thought the government must be composed of persons of both opinions with respect to the Roman Catholic question; that he approved of all his late and former servants; and that he had no objection to anybody excepting to Lord Grey." With this view Mr. Peel entirely concurred; for it was clear to his prudent and sagacious mind, that upon no other basis could a strong government be constituted.

"What," he wrote to his friend, Mr. Gregory, in a letter marked *most private*, "must have been the inevitable fate of a government composed of Goulburn, Sir John Beckett, Wetherell, and myself? Supported by very warm friends, no doubt, but those warm friends being prosperous country gentlemen, fox-hunters, &c., &c., most excellent men, who will attend one night, but who will not leave their favorite pursuits to sit up till two or three o'clock fighting questions of detail, on which, however, a government must have a majority, we could not have stood creditably a fortnight."

The administration which was thus formed was strong in itself, and strong in the confidence of the nation. But it also possessed elements of weakness which became apparent even before the final test was applied. An administration which allows a difference of opinion among its members upon important questions, however powerful it may be at first, is sure to become feeble. Men of fixed opinions and rooted principles upon the one side, and upon the other men of no opinions and no principles, cannot long act together in harmony. This was the difficulty in the present case. The ministers were men of liberal tendencies, watchful of the signs of the future. The men who supported them by their votes in Parliament and by their votes at the hustings were bigots and fanatics, swayed only by hereditary feelings and prejudices. Consequently the government, which was universally admitted to be very strong when it took office, found itself at the end of two years so weak as to be contemptible; and such must always be the issue of similar endeavors to construct an administration or a party. There must be harmony of opinion upon every important subject, or the attempt will inevitably fail.

The ministry had been in office but a few weeks when it sustained its first defeat upon a motion of Lord John Russell for a repeal of the Corporation and Test Acts, which was carried by a majority of forty-four, "although," as Peel admits, "it was opposed with all the influence and authority of the government." Perceiving all the embarrassments which must ensue from this defeat, and yet unwilling to resign, the ministers, at the suggestion of Mr. Peel, and after consultation with some of the most influential prelates of the Church of England, determined to make a virtue of necessity, and to take up the repeal as a government measure. With this new support, and with some amendments proposed by Mr. Sturges Bourne, in accordance with the arrangements between the government and the Bishops, the bill was carried triumphantly through the Lower House, and also passed the House of Lords, in spite of the unwearied opposition of Lord Eldon. Though the bill, as it finally passed, is open to criticism in some of its parts, its passage was an important point gained for the friends of liberal principles, and smoothed the way for the removal of the Catholic disabilities.

Following soon upon this defeat came Sir Francis Burdett's celebrated motion, "that it is expedient to consider the state of the laws affecting his Majesty's Roman Catholic subjects in Great Britain and Ireland," with a view to their final and conciliatory adjustment. The debate lasted for three evenings, and engaged nearly all the principal speakers upon both sides. Among those who spoke in favor of the motion were Sir F. Burdett, Sir James Mackintosh, Mr. Lamb, Mr. Grant, Mr. Huskisson, and Mr. Brougham. Among the opponents were Sir Charles Wetherell, Sir R. H. Inglis, and Mr. Peel, the last of whom delivered an elaborate speech upon the subject, closing with the declaration, that "he had always been the steady and consistent opponent of the measure, but not without deeply considering it. Retaining his opinions, he should sit down as he had begun, with stating, notwithstanding the high authorities which were cited in opposition to him, that, in the present balanced state of the government and of the Parliament, it was not just nor expedient that the Roman Catholics and the Protestants of Ireland should stand, in

respect of civil offices, on precisely the same footing." Upon a division, there was a majority of six in favor of the motion. In the Upper House the consideration of the subject was postponed until the 9th of June, when the motion was negatived.

In the mean time two circumstances occurred, which largely contributed to determine the subsequent course of the ministry upon this question. A week after the debate in the House of Commons Mr. Huskisson resigned, or was dismissed; and his withdrawal was followed by the resignation of all the Canningites. The circumstances of the case were peculiar, and deserve a passing notice. Upon a motion to disfranchise the corrupt borough of East Retford, and to transfer its franchise to Birmingham, which was opposed by Mr. Peel, Mr. Huskisson had taken ground against his colleagues and voted with the advocates of Parliamentary reform. Alarmed at the probable consequences of his vote, and sick in body and mind, he went home from the House at two in the morning, and wrote a private and confidential letter to the Duke of Wellington. The language of this letter is ambiguous; though it is certain that Mr. Huskisson only intended to make the tender of a resignation, and not to present a formal resignation. But the premier, who was glad of the opportunity to get rid of Mr. Huskisson, chose to put the least favorable interpretation upon the letter, and no explanations or intercessions would satisfy him that it was incorrect. Accordingly Mr. Huskisson went out of office, with all his liberal colleagues. Their resignations rendered some changes in the ministry necessary; and among the new members introduced was Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald, member for the county of Clare, and one of the most popular Tories in the Irish representation. But when he sought a re-election he was opposed by Mr. O'Connell, and was defeated after a bitter and protracted contest. The election of Mr. O'Connell caused an immense excitement throughout the country, and filled the ultra Tories with the most serious alarm. From that moment Catholic emancipation became a necessity.

Even before these occurrences had increased the difficulties of his position, Mr. Peel had begun to receive the most

alarming intelligence from Ireland, showing how widely diffused was the discontent of the lower classes of the community, and suggesting a doubt whether the troops could be relied on in the event of an outbreak. Acting upon this information, and convinced that some concessions must be made, he advised the Duke of Wellington and his colleagues in the Upper House not to commit themselves too strongly against the Catholic claims. This advice they very wisely followed; and though they spoke and voted against the Marquis of Lansdowne's motion that the Lords should concur in the resolution passed by the Commons, their language was so guarded, that it was at once inferred they did not intend to close the door to the further discussion of the subject. "I have collected encouragement," said Lord Lansdowne, in his closing speech, "from that most important admission from the noble Lord on the Woolsack, that he was aware of a great difficulty existing, and out of which he at present saw no outlet. This admission has been confirmed by the noble Duke, so that it will not now be denied that the Catholic question has reduced this country to a state of great difficulty." And he added: "This statement having been made by two noblemen so high in the confidence of the sovereign, it almost necessarily follows that it is accompanied with their intention of looking at this question with a view to its final arrangement." As the summer advanced, the threatening aspect of affairs continued to increase. Frequent communications passed between the Lord Lieutenant and the Chief Secretary for Ireland and Mr. Peel, and between the Duke of Wellington and Mr. Peel; and on the 11th of August the latter wrote to the prime minister, expressing the opinion that it would not conduce to the satisfactory adjustment of the question, if any measure for that purpose should be brought forward by him, and tendering his resignation. At the same time he declared: —

"I am ready, at the hazard of any sacrifice, to maintain the opinion which I now deliberately give, — that there is upon the whole less of evil in making a decided effort to settle the Catholic question, than in leaving it, as it has been left, an open question, — the government being undecided in respect to it, and paralyzed in consequence of that

indecision upon many occasions peculiarly requiring promptitude of action."

But the year closed without any decision in regard to the course to be pursued upon the opening of Parliament; and on the 12th of January, 1829, Mr. Peel wrote to the Duke of Wellington, reiterating the opinion, that he could lend a more efficient aid in the settlement of the question by resigning than by continuing in office. Accompanying this letter was a memorandum covering his views upon the subject, which he desired should be shown to the king. Five days afterwards the premier replied, entreating him not to press his resignation, but to endeavor to obtain the king's consent to a revision of the laws bearing upon the situation of Ireland. This determination was immediately announced in a Cabinet meeting; and on the day after Mr. Peel's paper was submitted to the king, each of the six members of the government who had uniformly opposed Catholic emancipation had a separate interview with his Majesty, and expressed similar views with those embodied in the memorandum already submitted. In the end, the king's consent to the consideration of the subject was obtained; and a paragraph was inserted in the speech at the opening of the session of 1829, recommending that Parliament should take into "deliberate consideration the whole condition of Ireland," and that they "should review the laws which impose civil disabilities on his Majesty's Roman Catholic subjects." The first difficulty in the way of an adjustment of the question was thus removed. But there were other and unforeseen obstacles to be encountered before the measure could be carried to a triumphant issue.

Upon the day before the king's speech was delivered, Mr. Peel intimated his intention to vacate his seat as one of the members for the University of Oxford, from a belief that the course which he was about to take was not in accordance with the views of his constituents. By the request of his friends in the University, however, he consented to stand for a re-election. But he was defeated by a large majority, and the candidate of the anti-Catholics, Sir R. H. Inglis, was chosen after an angry struggle. He narrowly escaped a simi-

lar defeat at Westbury, where a few hours' delay would have given the election to his opponent.

In the mean time a new and formidable difficulty arose, from an unexpected quarter, threatening to put an end to all attempts at concession. Two days before the time appointed for the introduction of the ministerial measure into the House of Commons, the king summoned the Duke of Wellington, Lord Lyndhurst, and Mr. Peel, to wait on him at an early hour the next morning. In this interview his Majesty asked for a complete and detailed explanation of the manner in which they proposed to effect the object they had in view. To a part of the plan as unfolded to him he strongly objected, declaring that "he could not possibly consent to any alteration of the ancient oath of supremacy," and that, as his sanction to their proceedings had been given under a misapprehension in regard to an important particular, he had no alternative but to retract his consent. After a short interval he added: "But after this explanation of my feelings, what course do you propose to take as my ministers?" Each of them respectfully tendered his resignation, which was accepted; and after five hours of unintermitted conversation the interview ended. At a late hour in the evening of the same day, however, the king wrote to the Duke of Wellington, informing him that he anticipated so much difficulty in the formation of a new ministry, that he desired the ministers to withdraw their resignations, at the same time giving them liberty to proceed with their proposed measures. It was in view of this remarkable episode, as Sir Robert Peel tells us in the Posthumous Memoirs, that he employed the peculiar phraseology with which he opened his speech in Parliament the next evening.

"I rise as a minister of the king," he said, "and sustained by the just authority which belongs to that character, to vindicate the advice given to his Majesty by a united Cabinet, to insert in his gracious speech the recommendation which has just been read respecting the propriety of taking into consideration the condition of Ireland, and the removal of the civil disabilities affecting our Roman Catholic fellow-subjects." *

* In the above account of the interview between the king and his three principal ministers, we have followed Sir R. Peel's own narrative in the Posthumous Memoirs.

His speech upon this occasion occupied four hours in the delivery, and was an able and lucid exposition of his views upon the whole subject of the Catholic Disabilities. After stating that he had for years attempted to maintain the exclusion of the Catholics from Parliament and from all high offices in the government; that he did not think it was an unnatural or unreasonable struggle; that he resigned it from a conviction that it could be no longer advantageously maintained; and that he yielded to a moral necessity which he could not control, — he went on to show the evils which had resulted from allowing this subject to be an open question in the ministry, maintaining that this principle of a neutral government must be abandoned; and that, in the existing state of parties and of public opinion, it would be impossible to form a united government on the basis of permanent and unqualified resistance to concession, with any prospect that such a government could hold its ground and administer the affairs of Ireland with satisfaction and success. He then explained at great length the details of the proposed measure of relief, answered some of the objections which might be brought against it, and concluded by moving that the House should resolve itself into a committee to consider the laws imposing civil disabilities on his Majesty's Roman Catholic subjects. The motion was strenuously opposed, but was finally adopted by a majority of one hundred and eighty-eight. Every step in the progress of the bill was resisted with the utmost strenuousness by the High-Church party, headed by Sir R. H. Inglis, Sir Charles Wetherell, and others; the most violent abuse was heaped upon the head of Peel, and, as if the English language were not rich enough in vituperative epi-

which differs in some important particulars from the account given by Lord Eldon on the authority of the king, and printed in Mr. Twiss's Life of Lord Eldon, and in Lord Campbell's Lives of the Chancellors. But it is much more probable that the venerable ex-Chancellor misunderstood the king, than that Sir Robert should have misrepresented the facts, — especially as he wrote with Lord Eldon's memoranda before him. Lord Eldon says there were two interviews. Mr. Peel says there was but one. Lord Eldon says, that after the ministers "threatened to resign," the king told them to "go on." Mr. Peel says, that their resignations were accepted, and announced at a meeting of the Cabinet, and that it was late in the evening when they were requested to resume office.

thets, the classics were ransacked to furnish additional insults; petitions and remonstrances poured into Parliament from all parts of the country; and the waters of party strife were stirred to their lowest depths. But it was all to no purpose. The third reading was carried on the 30th of March by a majority of one hundred and seventy-eight. In the Upper House there was also an active but unsuccessful opposition; and on the 10th of April the bill finally passed by a majority of one hundred and four. Three days afterwards it was signed by the king; and thus this long and bitter struggle was at length terminated.

For no part of his public career was Mr. Peel ever more bitterly assailed than he was for his course upon this great question. Nor need we feel surprised that such should have been the case. The change in his policy had been so sudden and thorough, that men could not easily explain it, and were ready therefore to ascribe it to the most disreputable motives, — to declare that without justifiable cause he had betrayed the party which had supported him thus far through life, — that he had sacrificed his principles to his fears or his ambition. From all such charges Sir Robert Peel must stand acquitted. The course which he now took involved too great a sacrifice of his consistency to have been adopted without much hesitation, and a thorough conviction that it was the only course which he could take. In truth, under the circumstances in which he was placed, no other course could be justified or defended on any tenable ground. The country was in a position of extreme peril. The government of Ireland by coercion had been thoroughly tried, and had miserably failed. There was no other resource left, but to try concession; and this alternative Mr. Peel boldly met. For this decision he must be held in honor. But there is another part of his conduct which is justly open to animadversion. That he finally relinquished his narrow principles and bigoted notions is creditable to him; it is not creditable to him that he should so long have resisted the force of argument and of public sentiment. He had clung to the policy of the disabling laws till he was compelled to give it up by a stern necessity. His was a compulsory, and not a voluntary con-

cession. And that his course was open to this objection he seems to have been aware; for at the close of his Memoir on the Roman Catholic Question, in speaking of the charges brought against him, he says: —

"If it had been alleged against me that the sudden adoption of a different policy had proved the want of early sagacity and foresight on my part, — if the charge had been, that I had adhered with too much pertinacity to a hopeless cause, — that I had permitted for too long a period the engagements of party or undue deference to the wishes of constituents to outweigh the accumulating evidence of an approaching necessity, — if this had been the accusation against me, I might find it more difficult to give it a complete and decisive refutation."

The passage of the Catholic Relief Bill had opened a dangerous schism in the ranks of the Tory party, and had greatly weakened the ministry. But they were to encounter other difficulties scarcely less formidable. Ireland still continued to be agitated; throughout England commercial distress everywhere prevailed; and no sooner had Catholic emancipation been carried, than new life was infused into the demand for Parliamentary reform. Added to all these causes of weakness, the death of George IV., in June, 1830, was another blow upon the Wellington ministry. But a declaration of the new king, William IV., that he did not intend to make an immediate change in the government, relieved them from any present feeling of insecurity. A month later, however, all England was thrown into a new excitement by the overthrow of the government of Charles X. of France, and the elevation of the Duke of Orleans to the throne. In a few days the general election took place for the first Parliament of the new reign, and resulted disastrously for the ministry. No cabinet minister, it was said, obtained a seat in any open and popular election; and many of the Tory members who were chosen were hostile to the existing government. Another, and not the least significant, indication of the popular feeling, was the election of Mr. Brougham as one of the members for the great county of Yorkshire, after an explicit declaration of his intention to bring forward a motion for a reform of Parliament. Every man in public life saw that agitation for Parliamentary reform would succeed that for Catholic emancipation.

It was while the country was in this feverish and excited state that the new Parliament met, and the Duke of Wellington made that memorable declaration in the House of Lords which sealed the fate of his ministry, and inaugurated a new era in the history of English politics. "I am fully convinced," he said in the debate upon the address, "that the country possesses a legislature which answers all the good purposes of legislation, and this to a greater degree than any legislature ever has done in any country whatever. I will go further, and say that the legislature and the system of representation possess, and deservedly possess, the full and entire confidence of the country." And, as if this language was not sufficiently explicit, the old warrior added, in reply to Earl Grey: "Under these circumstances, I am not prepared to bring forward any measures of the description alluded to by the noble Lord. And I am not only not prepared to bring forward any measure of this nature, but I will at once declare that, as far as I am concerned, as long as I hold any station in the government of the country, I shall always feel it my duty to resist such measures when proposed by others." Nothing could have been more untimely than this uncompromising language, at a moment when the French and Belgian Revolutions were perceptibly weakening the power of the ministers, and the advocates of reform felt strong enough to attempt to free the representative system from some of the anomalies by which it was disfigured. It aroused a feeling of indignation throughout the country, which was still further exasperated by another indiscreet step of the ministry a few days later. The king, the queen, and the ministers had accepted an invitation to dine with the Lord Mayor at Guildhall on the 9th of November, a week after the opening of Parliament. Suddenly it was announced that his Majesty would not visit the city, and that the banquet was postponed; and it was stated, in explanation of this change of purpose, that the ministry had received information that the king would be insulted, and the prime minister's life would be endangered, if they attended the proposed dinner. Doubtless the fears were wholly unfounded; but the Duke had been hooted through Piccadilly, and he thought it prudent to pro-

tect his residence by iron window-shutters. Consols fell rapidly as the panic increased; and for a time the public seemed as much alarmed as if the cry of an invasion by the French had sounded in their ears. They had scarcely recovered from their alarm, when the ministry was defeated in the House of Commons by a majority of twenty-nine votes, on a motion for a committee to examine the accounts connected with the civil list. The next evening, just a fortnight from the commencement of the session, the Duke of Wellington and Mr. Peel, now become Sir Robert Peel by the death of his father, announced in the two Houses that their resignations had been accepted, and that they held office only until their successors were appointed.

Earl Grey was immediately invited to form an administration, which he agreed to do upon condition that Parliamentary reform should be made a Cabinet measure. The condition was accepted; and this eminent statesman, who had been excluded from office through so many years on account of his unalterable devotion to liberal principles, at length became the head of an administration formed to carry forward the work which he had so much at heart. He had stood by the side of Burke, Fox, and Sheridan, at the impeachment of Warren Hastings; he had kept his integrity unblemished through forty years of Parliamentary life; he had been found faithful among the faithless; and now he was in a position to do what even the great men at whose feet he had learned his first lessons in statesmanship had failed to accomplish. The men whom he called to his ministry were scarcely less distinguished for their talents and their zeal in the cause which they had espoused. Lord Althorp, a man of pure and lofty character, and possessing in large measure the confidence of his party and the country, was Chancellor of the Exchequer, and leader of the House of Commons. Mr. Brougham was raised to the Woolsack, and brought to the support of the ministry indefatigable energy, great oratorical powers, and an unrivalled versatility of talent. The Marquis of Lansdowne was made President of the Council, and Lord Durham, the son-in-law of the premier, was Lord Privy Seal. Four of the Canningites also held office, Lord Palmerston as

Foreign Secretary, Lord Melbourne (Mr. Lamb) as Home Secretary, Lord Goderich as Colonial Secretary, and Mr. Charles Grant as President of the Board of Control. Sir James Graham, afterwards one of Peel's most intimate friends and chief supporters, was at the head of the Admiralty. In subordinate stations were Mr. Stanley, better known as the Earl of Derby, and Lord John Russell, to the latter of whom was intrusted the care of the government measure, — a duty which it must be admitted that he discharged with consummate ability.

On the 1st of March, 1831, he brought forward the proposed plan, in a speech of remarkable clearness and force. The measure was at once violently opposed by the members of the late government and their adherents. The debate lasted seven nights, and between seventy and eighty members spoke. On the third night Sir Robert Peel delivered an able and ingenious speech against the contemplated reform, basing his objections, however, on the details of the measure, rather than on the principle on which it was founded. The first reading was carried without a division, notwithstanding the violent opposition which had been made to the bill. But on the second reading the battle was renewed with even greater ardor, and it was carried only by a majority of one, in the largest House which was ever known to have divided upon any question. After so narrow an escape from defeat, it was universally expected that the ministers would resign. This they decided not to do, and went on with the bill. On the 19th of April they were left in a minority of eight upon a motion of General Gascoyne, ably supported by Sir Robert Peel, that the number of representatives for England and Wales ought not to be reduced. Two days later they sustained a second and still more disastrous defeat upon a motion of Lord Althorp, that the House should go into a consideration of the supplies. After this defeat, there was no alternative but for the ministers to resign, or to take the sense of the country. They resolved to adopt the latter course, although it was less than a year since the last general election. The dissolution took place immediately, and amidst the greatest confusion and excitement in both Houses.

In truth, the scenes which occurred on that day, especially in the Upper House, have never been exceeded in disgraceful extravagance by any similar exhibitions of which we have ever read.

The result of the elections was a complete ministerial triumph; and on the 24th of June the second Reform Bill was introduced. The debate upon the second reading commenced on the 4th of July, and lasted for three nights. On the last evening Sir Robert Peel, in answer to repeated calls, spoke at length against the bill, in a cautious and moderate speech, quite in contrast with the general tone of most of the opponents of reform. Yet he indulged in some personalities in reply to the attacks of Mr. Macaulay, who had spoken with great effect on the preceding night; and it must be acknowledged that he argued in the spirit of an advocate seeking to gain his cause, rather than as a statesman desirous to promote the welfare of the country. Upon a division, the second reading was carried by a majority of one hundred and thirty-six, in a very full House. A few days later, the House went into committee, and so persistent was the opposition, that the bill did not pass its third reading until the 21st of September. During this long interval the subject was under discussion nearly every night, and every expedient which the most adroit Parliamentary tacticians could devise was tried, in order to protract the debate and defeat the measure. Every borough was contested, even though it was apparent that nothing could be gained by so factious a course. Sir Robert Peel spoke more than forty times upon these petty details, and two or three times at considerable length upon the general principles of the measure. The third reading, however, was carried by a majority of one hundred and nine.

The debate in the House of Lords commenced on the 3d of October, and lasted for five nights. It was scarcely less animated and ably conducted than was that in the Lower House; and the opening speech of Earl Grey was one of the most vigorous and splendid arguments in favor of Parliamentary reform ever delivered. But the Lords were not yet ready to yield, and the bill was thrown out by a majority of forty-one, including every one of the Bishops excepting the

Bishop of Norwich. Undismayed by this result, the ministers recommended an early prorogation, with a view of renewing the struggle in the next session. In order to facilitate this course and give some countenance to it, a vote of confidence in the ministry was passed in the House of Commons; and on the 20th of October Parliament was prorogued, to meet again in December. In the mean time occurred the Bristol riot, upon occasion of the public entry into that city of the Recorder, Sir Charles Wetherell, one of the most violent and bigoted opponents of Catholic emancipation and of the Reform Bill. Elsewhere also there were riots and disturbances, which justified the fears of those who thought that nothing but the passage of the bill could save the country from civil war.

On the 12th of December, Lord John Russell asked and obtained leave to bring in a third Reform Bill, differing but little from its immediate predecessor. Four days later, the debate on the second reading began, and lasted two nights, on the second of which Sir Robert Peel spoke briefly in opposition to the bill, and in defence of his course upon the Catholic question, in answer to a spirited and able attack by Mr. Macaulay. At the close of the debate, the second reading was carried by a majority of one hundred and sixty-two; and the further consideration of the subject was postponed until the termination of the recess for the Christmas holidays. On the 20th of January, 1832, the House went into committee on the bill, where the opposition again managed to protract the discussion for nearly two months; but in this factious course they were no longer countenanced by Sir Robert Peel, who yielded the doubtful honor to Mr. Croker, a man of great industry, of much experience, of no liberality in his political opinions, except upon the Catholic question, and of an implacable temper. On the last night he spoke once more in opposition to the bill, but less ably than before, and evidently with the feeling of one who knows that he is in a hopeless minority. The third reading was carried by a majority of one hundred and sixteen; and the battle was once more transferred to the Upper House.

There the debate commenced on the 9th of April, and

was continued for five nights. Indeed, it was after seven o'clock on the morning of the 14th when the House adjourned. The second reading had been carried by a majority of nine; but still the bill had to pass the ordeal of a discussion in committee. Before that struggle began, Parliament adjourned for the Easter recess, and did not meet again until the 7th of May. The Lords went immediately into committee; and on the first division the ministers were left in a minority of thirty-five. For a moment they hesitated in regard to the step they should next take. But the hesitation was only momentary. They determined to ask the king to create such a number of peers as would secure the passage of the bill. The request was made by Earl Grey and Lord Brougham after a Cabinet meeting, and was refused. Nothing was left for the ministers to do, but to give up the bill or to resign. They resigned. Their resignations were at once accepted; and the Duke of Wellington was empowered to form a ministry. But all his negotiations for that purpose failed; and he was compelled to return his commission to the king. The result was the recall of the Whigs, in connection with some agreement the nature of which has never been divulged. It seems probable, however, that his Majesty undertook to secure the absence of a sufficient number of peers to render the passage of the bill certain, and that, if this endeavor should fail, he agreed to create new peers as requested. The plan was tried, and had the desired effect. A circular letter was addressed to the opponents of the bill, and, in acquiescence with its suggestions, the Duke of Wellington and about one hundred other peers absented themselves from Parliament during the remaining discussions. The bill then passed by a large majority, and on the 7th of June received the royal sanction and became a law.

Sir Robert Peel's opposition to this important measure was characterized by great acuteness of intellect, and adroitness in detecting minor defects and inconsistencies in the bill, rather than by enlarged views and liberal principles. He brought to the discussion a far less candid temper than he exhibited in dealing with the Catholic claims, and though he often spoke with moderation and calmness, it was too

evident that he sought rather to place obstacles in the way of the ministers than to aid in perfecting a necessary reform. In general his language was dignified; but occasionally he stooped to acrimonious remarks, particularly in repelling the frequent attacks of Mr. Macaulay, whose brilliant arguments contributed so much to the final success of the bill. It must be admitted that his opposition in committee to the second bill was factious and unworthy of a statesman; but it is due to his memory to add, that, when he perceived that nothing could be gained by such proceedings, he withdrew from the contest, and, yielding to the unmistakable will of the people, honestly accepted the new order of things. The change which was effected by the passage of the bill was, indeed, very great; but it was a necessary change, and no reform less thorough and sweeping would have satisfied the just demands of the great manufacturing towns and of the people at large. Nor can we doubt that much of the security which England has since enjoyed is owing to the passage of the Reform Bill of 1832.

In the first election under the new system, the Whigs carried a large majority of the House of Commons; and Sir Robert Peel found himself at the head of a party numbering little more than a hundred members. For the next two years he was the acknowledged leader of the Opposition. The duties which devolved upon him in this capacity he discharged for the most part in a temperate and judicious manner, aiming especially to consolidate a party that should become strong enough in Parliament and in the country to take advantage of any mistake which the Whigs might make. Among the more important measures which engaged the attention of Parliament during this period, and in the discussion of which he took part, were the renewal of the Bank Charter, with a clause making the notes of the Bank and its branches a legal tender; the renewal and essential modification of the East India Company's Charter; the abolition of slavery in the British West Indies; the enactment of a new Poor Law, introducing important changes in the previous laws; the passage of a Factory Bill limiting the number of hours during which children could

be employed in manufacturing establishments; and several bills designed for the pacification of Ireland. Differences of opinion upon this last-named subject existed in the Cabinet, and contributed to the early overthrow of a ministry which seemed to be so strong, and had accomplished so much to perpetuate its memory. First came the secession of Mr. Stanley and Sir James Graham, in consequence of their objections to a measure affecting the Irish Church. A few weeks later Lord Althorp resigned, on account of his unwillingness to take charge in Parliament of a stringent Coercion Bill which he had condemned in the Cabinet. Feeling that it would be impracticable to carry on the government without the efficient support of which he was thus deprived, Earl Grey also resigned, full of years and full of honors, and retired from public life, with an imperishable renown as the reward of his long and faithful services.

In this emergency, the king, desirous of forming a coalition ministry, requested Lord Melbourne to "communicate with the Duke of Wellington, with Sir Robert Peel, with Mr. Stanley, and with others of their respective parties, as well as with those who have hitherto acted with himself and have otherwise supported the administration," and "endeavor to bring them together, and to establish a community of purpose." But it was obviously impossible to carry such a scheme into successful execution. Differences of opinion had broken up the Whig ministry. Even greater differences of opinion separated the statesmen whom it was now proposed to unite. Every one of the new members who were to be introduced into the ministry from the old Tory party had "recently expressed, not only general want of confidence" in the government, "but the strongest objection, founded upon principle, to measures of great importance," which Lord Melbourne professed to consider "vital and essential." His Lordship therefore declined to unite in the formation of such a ministry; and the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel, who acted in concert, were equally unwilling to take office with their political opponents, though they "were resolved, if invited, not to decline the responsibility" of attempting to form a ministry of their own partisans. The

endeavor to form a coalition ministry was therefore given up as impracticable.

In consequence of the failure of this notable scheme, Lord Althorp was induced to return to office, and Lord Melbourne became head of the government. But the ministry was not permitted to last long. By the death of his father, which occurred soon after the ministerial crisis, Lord Althorp was called to the Upper House; and when Lord Melbourne waited upon the king to confer with him in regard to the new arrangements rendered necessary by this event, his Majesty very politely informed him that he had no further occasion for his services. The secret history of this transaction has never been published, and will probably always remain obscure. But it was universally believed at the time that the dismissal of the ministers was owing to the queen's influence. After reading Sir Robert Peel's Memoir upon the subject we see no reason to doubt the correctness of the opinion. One thing, however, is certain,— that the retiring ministers were very badly treated.

Upon applying to the Duke of Wellington to form a new ministry, the king was advised to offer the first place in the government to Sir Robert Peel, who was then travelling in Italy. In the mean time his Grace consented to take the offices of First Lord of the Treasury and Home Secretary, in order to carry on the government until an answer could be received to the message sent to Peel.* Immediately upon the receipt of this message Peel set out upon his return. He arrived in London on the 9th of December; and on the same day he wrote to Lord Stanley, who had been raised to

* By virtue of his appointment as Home Secretary the Duke of Wellington could also exercise the functions of the Foreign and Colonial Secretaries. This monopolizing of the government was stigmatized by the Whigs as unconstitutional, and furnished a subject for much angry comment and many humorous allusions. "The Irish," said Albany Fonblanque in the Examiner, "hold it impossible for a man to be in two places at once, 'like a bird.' The Duke has proved this no joke, — he is in five places at once. At last, then, we have a united government. The Cabinet Council sits in the Duke's head, and the ministers are all of one mind." To the Countess Grey, Sydney Smith wrote: "It is supposed that the messenger who is gone to fetch Sir Robert Peel will not catch him before he is at Paestum; in the mean time the Duke of Wellington holds all offices, civil, military, and ecclesiastical, and is to be Bishop of Ely (if Ely dies) till Peel arrives."

the peerage by the death of his grandfather, and to Sir James Graham, inviting them to take office in the new ministry. The former declined, in a very admirable letter, in which he set forth with much clearness and force the insuperable objections to taking office with those who had so recently been his strenuous political opponents, and whose views upon many points were irreconcilable with his own. "If any beneficial moral effect," he justly observed, "were produced by my separation from Lord Grey and my former colleagues, and my abandonment of office for the sake of conscience and principle, that effect would be wholly destroyed by my speedy return to office with their political opponents; the motives of my former conduct would be suspected, whereas now they cannot be impugned; and any reasons which might be urged in vindication of the present junction would be powerless as opposed to the public sentiment, which revolts against all political coalitions, especially when they are made the immediate stepping-stone to power." Sir James Graham, in a private interview, also declined to join the new ministry; and Sir Robert Peel was thus thrown back entirely upon his old political adherents. He became First Lord of the Treasury; the Duke of Wellington was made Foreign Secretary; and Lord Lyndhurst was restored to the Woolsack. Among the most important of their associates were Lord Rosslyn, President of the Council; Lord Wharncliffe, Lord Privy Seal; Mr. Goulburn, Home Secretary; Lord Aberdeen, Colonial Secretary; Lord Ellenborough, President of the Board of Control; and Sir Henry Hardinge, Chief Secretary for Ireland. As soon as the ministry was arranged, a dissolution of Parliament took place.

The elections resulted unfavorably to the new ministry. They elected only a minority of the House of Commons; and even one of the members of the Cabinet, Sir George Murray, failed to obtain a seat. Nor were the Whigs, who felt justly indignant at the treatment they had received, disposed to show their successors any unnecessary favors. Upon the very first vote in the House, that upon the choice of a Speaker, the Opposition obtained a majority of ten; and this was only the first in a series of defeats, which in six weeks

from the opening of Parliament drove the ministers from office. In the Upper House they were able to carry the Address without amendment. But in the Commons the amendment proposed by Lord Morpeth was adopted by a majority of seven. Upon the 26th of March they sustained another defeat upon a motion that the king be requested to grant a royal charter of incorporation to the University of London. Still the ministers did not resign; and the contest between the two parties was renewed and kept up with spirit. On the 2d of April they were left in a minority of thirty-three upon a motion of Lord John Russell that the House resolve itself into a committee to consider the Temporalities of the Irish Church. This defeat was followed by another on the 7th of April, when the House by a majority of twenty-seven adopted a motion, likewise offered by Lord John Russell, that no measure upon the subject of tithes in Ireland could lead to a final and satisfactory adjustment of the question, which did not embody the application of the surplus revenues of the Irish Church to the general education of all classes of Christians. After this defeat it was clear that the ministers could no longer hold office with credit to themselves or advantage to the country; and the next evening their resignation was announced in Parliament. The ministry had failed; but it had failed through no fault of the premier. The struggle had been short, but it had been severe; and it was only when further resistance was impossible, — when the last blow had been struck, — that he retired from the contest. The battle had been waged with great tact and judgment upon both sides; but the majority against the ministers was far too great to admit of any other result than that which was actually witnessed.

After a short delay the Whigs were recalled to power under the premiership of Lord Melbourne, and with some modifications in the arrangement of the principal offices. Lord John Russell was made Home Secretary in place of Lord Duncannon, to whom the Privy Seal was intrusted. Charles Grant (now become Lord Glenelg) was placed at the head of the Colonial Department, and was succeeded in the Presidency of the Board of Control by Sir John Cam Hobhouse. Mr.

Spring Rice was made Chancellor of the Exchequer, in place of Lord Althorp. The Great Seal was put into commission, and the next year it was given to Sir Charles Pepys, who was raised to the peerage with the title of Lord Cottenham. The Marquis of Lansdowne, and Lords Palmerston and Holland, resumed their old offices. This ministry, with some alterations by the introduction of new members and the exchange of places, continued in office for more than six years. During the whole of this period, Sir Robert Peel was at the head of the Opposition, which he conducted with great ability and upon the same general principles that he had adopted after the passage of the Reform Bill. But it is aside from our present purpose to trace in detail the history of the stormy debates in which he was engaged as leader of the Opposition. For the first two years after their return to power, the Whigs possessed a sufficient majority to enable them to carry most of their measures, to effect some needed reforms, and in general to conduct the government in a useful and creditable manner. Yet it was evident that their tenure of office was gradually growing weaker, when the death of William IV. in June, 1837, and the accession of Queen Victoria with all the *éclat* attending the commencement of a reign, gave them new vigor and popularity. This, however, did not last long; and in the elections they gained nothing. The Tories at once set about driving them from office. In this attempt they were ultimately successful, though only at the close of a bitter and protracted struggle. The troubles in Canada, the spread of Chartism, the financial difficulties of 1837 and 1838, the failure of the crops in 1838, the discontent in the West Indies, — all tended to weaken the ministry; and their defeat on a motion to go into committee upon the Jamaica Bill was immediately followed by their resignation. Upon the resignation of the ministry, the queen sent for the Duke of Wellington, who advised her to place Sir Robert Peel at the head of the new government, as the chief difficulties of her administration would have to be encountered in the House of Commons. But here an insuperable obstacle arose. Sir Robert demanded, as essential to the success of his arrangements, that the principal places in the queen's household should be

put at his disposal. This her Majesty declined to grant, alleging that the demand was "contrary to usage," and "repugnant to her feelings"; and in the refusal she was sustained by her late ministers. In consequence of this difficulty, Sir Robert Peel declined to undertake the formation of a new government, and the Whigs returned to office, reinforced soon afterwards by the accession to places in the Cabinet, of the Marquis of Normanby, Lord Morpeth, Mr. Macaulay, Mr. Labouchere, and Mr. F. T. Baring. In reviewing the history of this ministerial crisis, it must be observed that neither the Whigs nor the Tories were entirely free from blame. The demand of Sir Robert Peel was strictly constitutional and legitimate, but under the circumstances it was harsh and impolitic, and such as he would scarcely have made if he had felt greater confidence in his own strength. On the other hand, the Whigs, in advising the queen not to yield to this demand, certainly recommended a dangerous stretch of her prerogative. The excitement and ill-feeling which were engendered by it, however, gradually died away, and left few, if any, permanent traces.*

With the return of the Whigs began one of the most severely contested Parliamentary struggles in the recent history of England. Every opportunity of embarrassing and weakening the ministry was eagerly seized upon and turned to the best advantage by Sir Robert Peel and his party; and as often as a new attack was made upon them, the ministers, while they skilfully and vigorously defended themselves, took care to damage their opponents by sarcastic references to Sir Robert's previous inconsistencies, and by darkly colored pictures of the difficulties which he was sure to encounter in the government of Ireland. Upon no occasion, however, was the struggle conducted with more ability or with more determined energy, upon both sides, than in the two debates in January, 1840, and May, 1841, upon motions that the ministers did not possess the confidence of the House. In both of these

* For some reason Sir Robert Peel's explanations in the House of Commons, in regard to this ministerial crisis, are omitted in the collection of his Speeches mentioned at the commencement of this article. His remarks, however, are given in Hansard's Parliamentary Debates, third series, Vol. XLVII.

debates, Sir Robert spoke at great length, and with even more than his accustomed caution and ability. The ministers, however, on the first occasion obtained a majority of twenty-one. But on the second occasion they were left in a minority of one; and, after consultation, they determined, in view of the defeats which they had already experienced, to dissolve Parliament, and take the sense of the country. The result of the elections was far more disastrous for them than could have been anticipated by any one; and when Parliament met, they were in a decided minority in both Houses. In the division on the amendments to the Address, the Opposition prevailed by a majority of ninety-one. Satisfied by this result that it would be impossible for them to continue the unequal struggle any longer, the ministers resigned, having retained office through many harassing difficulties, and for a greater length of time than any ministry since the death of Lord Liverpool.

Sir Robert Peel was once more invited to form an administration, and again resumed office. The circumstances in which he was now placed promised well for his continuance in the ministry, and for his success in carrying the measures which he might bring forward. The Whigs had been completely overthrown, and were in no condition for a speedy resumption of office; he was at the head of a strong party flushed with recent success; and the country was disposed to give his administration a fair trial. But he had many difficulties to contend with; and the retiring ministers took care that he should be fully aware of the nature and extent of those difficulties, and of the strict responsibility to which they meant to hold him. In the mean time his ministry was wisely constituted, and gave general satisfaction. Lord Aberdeen, an honest and skilful diplomatist, was made Foreign Secretary, and soon proved the wisdom of the choice by the success with which he settled the difficult and delicate questions then open with France and the United States. Mr. Goulburn was made Chancellor of the Exchequer; but his selection was certainly less fortunate than that of Mr. Gladstone as Vice-President of the Board of Trade, from which place he was subsequently raised to a seat in the

Cabinet. Lord Stanley and Sir James Graham consented to take office as chiefs of the Colonial and Home Departments, and added much strength to the ministry. Lord Lyndhurst was again made Lord Chancellor; and the Duke of Wellington was once more in the Cabinet, but without office.

The new ministers wisely determined to gain time for arranging their measures, and after passing a few necessary bills, they prorogued Parliament until February, 1842. One step of great importance, however, was taken at the close of the year, from which the best results flowed. This was the appointment of Lord Ashburton as Ambassador Extraordinary to the United States, for the purpose of negotiating a settlement of the boundary line between the State of Maine and the Province of New Brunswick. Early in the next session, Sir Robert brought forward the ministerial plans. His first measure embraced a revision of the Corn Laws, with the adoption of a moderate sliding scale, and was opposed by the Whigs, who strenuously advocated a fixed duty, and by the Free-Trade party, who demanded a total repeal of the Corn Laws. To both of these plans, the minister avowed his entire opposition; and, after a prolonged discussion, his plan was adopted and became law. He next took into consideration the deficit in the revenue, which had been increasing for several years, and it was estimated would amount to between two and three millions of pounds sterling in 1842. To remedy this growing evil, he proposed the adoption of an Income Tax, limited in its operation to three years, which was also carried, but not without a strong resistance. His third financial measure provided for a reduction of the import duties upon many important articles, and their entire repeal in regard to others. This measure was likewise adopted with some amendments; and the commercial policy of the new ministry might now be considered as fairly before the country for trial, though there were still some of its details to be arranged. A remark of Mr. Huskisson, in 1825, in proposing a modification of the then existing commercial and colonial policy, which was referred to by Sir Robert Peel in his speech upon bringing forward this third measure, may be cited here, as it furnishes a key to the policy of the latter upon this

whole class of subjects, and also in regard to many other questions. "I am not anxious," said Mr. Huskisson, "to give effect to new principles where circumstances do not call for their application; feeling as I do, from no small experience in public business, — and every day confirms that feeling, — how much, in the vast and complex interests of the country, all general theories, however incontrovertible in the abstract, require to be weighed with a calm circumspection, to be directed by a temperate discretion, and to be adapted to all the existing relations of society with a careful hand, and a due regard to the establishments and institutions which have grown up under those relations." Applying this doctrine of a wise and far-sighted expediency to the measures which Sir Robert Peel brought forward as a minister, we shall readily understand the changes through which he passed in the course of his political career.

No other legislative measure, of much importance, was introduced or carried in the remainder of 1842, or in the following year. But much progress was made in adjusting the numerous disputes with other nations in which the country was involved. The Opium War was brought to a close, and in August a treaty of peace and commerce was signed by the British and Chinese Commissioners. In the same month the negotiations between Mr. Webster and Lord Ashburton were brought to a happy termination by the signature of the Treaty of Washington. It is a curious and striking illustration of the blindness of party animosity, that in both countries the negotiators of this treaty should have been assailed with equal virulence. In England, Lord Palmerston called it "the Ashburton Capitulation." Our party hacks called it "the Webster Capitulation." Mr. Macaulay thought that the correspondence on the part of Lord Ashburton "had been conducted in such a manner as to lower the character of England," and that it was pervaded "with a certain humble, caressing, wheedling tone utterly inconsistent with the dignity of the office which Lord Ashburton occupied," while "the whole tone of the correspondence on the part of the United States was firm, resolute, vigilant, and unyielding." On the other hand, Mr. Benton was satisfied that "the concessions

from Great Britain to the United States were few in number, small in value, nothing for her to yield, injurious to her to retain, and already as effectually ours without the treaty as with it," and that "our grants to her were large and valuable, material for her to receive, dangerous and injurious for us to yield, and involving not only territory, but natural boundaries." But time has silenced all this invidious clamor; and it is now the universal sentiment of both countries, that this memorable treaty effected a fair and just settlement of the disputed points, that it was honorable to both parties, and a noble monument to the ability and integrity of its negotiators. Some progress was also made during this period towards a restoration of friendly relations with France, which had been interrupted by the expedition against St. Jean d'Acre in 1840, and by a divergence of interests in regard to some other subjects of international polity.

It was in the government of Ireland, however, as had been foreseen, that the chief difficulty of the ministers existed. No sooner had Sir Robert returned to power, than O'Connell, rankling with the recollections of personal grievances and distrustful of Tory rule, renewed his agitation for the Repeal of the Union. He at once organized the Repeal Association, which soon spread its branches over the greater part of the island, and attained immense power, and he set on foot a series of monster meetings, which were frequently attended by more than a hundred thousand persons, and were addressed with the most inflammatory appeals. Perhaps the most remarkable of these assemblages was that in August, 1843, upon the hill of Tara, a spot famous in Irish history and song. There the ancient kings of Ireland had been elected; there a battle had been fought in the rebellion of 1798; and there, if anywhere, the foundations of a new kingdom might be laid. Amidst these historical associations, so well suited to kindle their excitable imaginations, the multitude, variously estimated at from five hundred thousand to two million persons, was addressed with more than his wonted boldness by O'Connell. Among other flaming exhortations, he besought them to "die freemen rather than live as slaves," prophesied that, "before twelve months were over, an Irish Parliament

would sit in College Green," and announced that within that period "he would himself be free or in his grave." Worthless as was all this fustian oratory, it yet alarmed and endangered the government, and they determined to put a stop to the monster meetings. An opportunity for doing so soon occurred. Another monster meeting had been appointed to be held on the 8th of October, on the battle-field of Clontarf, where Brian Borouch had crushed the Danes more than eight centuries before, and only three miles from Dublin. Great preparations, much resembling those for a military campaign, had been made, when the Lord Lieutenant, the day before the appointed time, issued a proclamation forbidding the meeting, warning all well-disposed persons to abstain from attending it, and commanding all persons who were in any way connected with the government to aid in suppressing it. On the 14th, O'Connell, his son, and eight of their principal associates, were arrested on a charge of conspiracy, sedition, and unlawful assembling. From various causes, the trial was postponed until the 15th of January, 1844, when it began and lasted for twenty-four days, terminating in a verdict of Guilty upon all the counts in the indictment against O'Connell, and upon most of the counts in the indictments against his fellow-prisoners. Though a majority of the counts in the indictments were subsequently pronounced to be bad and informal by the twelve judges, and the verdict was reversed by the House of Lords sitting as a Court of Appeal, the power of O'Connell was finally broken. Tranquillity was once more restored to Ireland; and within three years, the great Agitator died, broken in body and mind, whilst on his way to Rome that his last hours might be soothed by the papal benediction.

Among the subjects which engaged the attention of Sir Robert in the next two years were the passage of the Dissenters' Chapels Bill, a just and generous measure, to which he gave an able and cordial support;* the renewal and revision

* His speeches on this question are not comprised in the collected edition of his Speeches. But they may be found in Hansard, and in the "Debates on the Dissenters' Chapels Bill."

of the Bank Charter; the renewal of the Income Tax for a further period of three years; the grant of an additional allowance to the Roman Catholic College at Maynooth; and the establishment of three new academical institutions in Ireland, under the title of the Queen's Colleges. The relations with France also occupied much of the attention of the government, — particularly the two exciting subjects of the Tahiti question and the Spanish marriages. But by the wisdom and moderation of Lord Aberdeen and M. Guizot these questions were adjusted, and war between the two countries was averted. A little later, the dispute with the United States about the Oregon boundary rose into importance, and threatened to involve the two governments in hostility; and this too was averted. Thus did the government of Sir Robert Peel suppress sedition and restore tranquillity in Ireland, encourage education, protect the rights of conscience, and maintain peace with other countries, overcoming the various difficulties which it had been thought could not be surmounted by them.

But a still more formidable and a fatal difficulty was now to be encountered. The season of 1845 had been unusually cold, wet, and stormy, and it became certain that the harvest would be a very small one, and that consequently the prices of grain would rule high. Men were anxiously looking for the result, when a new and unknown disease appeared, spread with fearful rapidity among the unharvested potatoes, and soon extended to those which were gathered. In Ireland, especially, the potato rot prevailed to an alarming extent. All through the autumn, tidings adapted to awaken the most gloomy apprehensions reached the ministry. A scientific commission, which was sent to Ireland to examine into the nature and extent of the evil, failed to effect anything, and reported that not more than three eighths of the crop could be relied upon as fit for the food of man, and it was even feared that not enough would be saved for seed in the following year. Famine was imminent. As early as the 13th of October, Sir James Graham, the Home Secretary, had begun to consider what the remedy should be. "Could we with propriety," he wrote to the premier on that day, "remit duties in November by Order in Council, when Parliament might so easily be called to-

gether? Can these duties, once remitted by act of Parliament, be ever again re-imposed? Ought they to be maintained with their present stringency, if the people of Ireland be reduced to the last extremity for want of food?" Sir Robert saw the dilemma, and perceived that "there was little prospect of a common accord as to the measures to be adopted." On the 6th of November, he proposed to the Cabinet to reduce the duty on grain in bond to one shilling, to open the ports by an Order in Council, to summon Parliament immediately for the passage of an act of indemnity, and early in the following year to propose a modification of the Corn Laws. Only three of the members of the Cabinet, however, Lord Aberdeen, Sir James Graham, and Mr. Sidney Herbert, supported these proposals, and they were rejected. The Cabinet met again on the 25th of November, and continued in session until the 5th of December, engaged in the discussion of this subject. Sir Robert brought forward a new plan for the revision of the Corn Laws, which was finally acquiesced in by all his colleagues with the exception of the Duke of Buccleuch and Lord Stanley, who announced their inability to support any measure involving an ultimate repeal of the Corn Laws, and their intention to resign if such a measure should be brought forward. In view of these resignations and of the reluctant consent which others had given, Sir Robert tendered his own resignation to the queen on the 5th of December.

While the ministry was discussing the subject, a letter appeared from Lord John Russell to his constituents, the electors of the city of London, which undoubtedly had some influence in determining Sir Robert's course. In this letter the Whig leader accused the ministers of inactivity, declared his own opinion to be in favor of the repeal of the Corn Laws, intimated that the ministers were merely waiting for an excuse to give up the obnoxious laws, and advised the people "by petition, by address, by remonstrance, to afford them the excuse they seek." Nor did he neglect the opportunity to smooth his own way to office. "I have for several years," he said, "endeavored to obtain a compromise on this subject. In 1839 I voted for a committee of the whole House, with the view of supporting the substitution of a moderate fixed duty

for the sliding scale. In 1841 I announced the intention of the then government of proposing a fixed duty of 8*s.* a quarter. In the past session I proposed the imposition of some lower duty. These propositions were successively rejected. The present First Lord of the Treasury met them in 1839, 1840, and 1841 by eloquent panegyrics of the existing system, — the plenty it had caused, the moral happiness it had diffused. He met the propositions for diminished protection in the same way in which he had met the offer of securities for Protestant interests in 1817 and 1825, — in the same way in which he had met the proposal to allow Manchester, Leeds, and Birmingham to send members to Parliament in 1830." Lord John was accordingly sent for to form a new ministry. But after a long negotiation with Sir Robert Peel with a view to ascertain how far the latter would support the government in an attempt to modify the Corn Laws, his Lordship was obliged to relinquish the endeavor to form a government, in consequence of the refusal of one of his political friends, Earl Grey, son of the former prime minister, to concur in the proposed arrangements. Sir Robert Peel at once resumed office, with all his late colleagues excepting Lord Stanley, and with the promise on the part of Lord John Russell that he would not obstruct the government measure.

Parliament met on the 19th of January, and on the 27th, Sir Robert brought forward his proposed measure of relief. His plan involved the entire repeal of the Corn Laws at the expiration of three years. In the mean time, Indian corn, buckwheat, and other grains used principally as food for cattle, were to be admitted free of duty, and upon wheat there was to be a reduction of duty, though the sliding scale was to be retained. The measure was violently opposed by the landed interest, under the leadership of Lord George Bentinck, who gave proof of an ability which it had not been supposed that he possessed; and it was not until the 16th of May that the bill finally passed the House by a majority of ninety-eight, composed of Whigs, Free-Traders, and personal adherents of the ministers. In the Upper House the bill also encountered strong opposition, and did not pass until the 26th of June. The passage of this bill was the last and dearly bought triumph of the Peel

ministry. The Protectionists, angry at what they called treachery and duplicity on the part of Sir Robert, were eager for the first opportunity to punish the minister. Such an opportunity they soon found. Early in the session the ministers had introduced a bill for the Protection of Life in Ireland, which had passed the Lords with but little resistance, and was now under discussion in the Lower House. Taking advantage of the Whig opposition to this measure, the Protectionists joined their old enemies, and by a majority of seventy-three threw out the bill on the same day on which the Corn-Law Bill passed the Lords. That day witnessed a double triumph for Sir Robert Peel, in the repeal of the Corn Laws and in the announcement that the dispute about Oregon was settled. But it witnessed the final overthrow of his ministry. On the 29th, he announced that he had ceased to hold office.

Lord John Russell was once more summoned by the queen to place himself at the head of the government. His attempt to form an administration was successful; and by persuading some of those statesmen who had been his colleagues under Lord Melbourne to return to office, and by calling in also such new talent as was available, he formed an able and efficient ministry. Lords Cottenham, Lansdowne, and Palmerston resumed their old offices. Earl Grey consented to take the seals of the Colonial Department; and his cousin, Sir George Grey, was placed in the Home Department. Mr. Wood, soon afterwards raised to a baronetcy, as Sir Charles Wood, was made Chancellor of the Exchequer. Mr. Labouchere was transferred to the Chief Secretaryship for Ireland. Mr. Macaulay was appointed Paymaster of the Forces; but having been rejected by the Presbyterians of Edinburgh on account of his speech and vote in favor of the increased grant to Maynooth College, he soon after resigned his office and retired to private life. This ministry, with a few internal changes, continued to carry on the government during the remainder of Sir Robert Peel's life.

By the accession of the Whigs, Sir Robert found himself in the position of an independent member of Parliament, and at the head of a small body of devoted adherents. Though he was no longer responsible for the measures of government, the

closing years of his life constituted not the least honorable and praiseworthy part of his long and checkered career. Unseduced by the solicitings of an eager ambition, he seemed anxious to forget the animosities of his earlier years, and gave to many of the measures of Lord John Russell's administration an honest and manly support. He continued to be assailed with bitter sarcasms and stinging invective by Lord George Bentinck, Mr. D'Israeli, and the other leaders of the Protectionist party in Parliament, and by partisan writers in the Quarterly Review and other Tory journals. But he steadily rose in the estimation of those who had no recent grievances to avenge. "After his fall from power," says Mr. Macaulay, one of the most active, as he was certainly the most brilliant of his antagonists, "a cordial reconciliation took place between us: I admired the wisdom, the moderation, the disinterested patriotism, which he invariably showed during the last and best years of his life; I lamented his untimely death, as both a public and a private calamity; and I earnestly wished that the sharp words which had been exchanged between us might be forgotten." His last speech in Parliament was delivered on the 28th of June, 1850, in opposition to Mr. Roebuck's famous motion approving of the foreign policy of Lord Palmerston. It is certain that Sir Robert did not desire the overthrow of the government; but thinking that Lord Aberdeen had been unjustly assailed, he felt bound to defend him and to oppose the motion.

The debate lasted all night; and it was once more by the light of the rising sun that Sir Robert Peel walked home from the scene of his earlier and his later triumphs for the last time. He took a few hours of needed rest, and then went forth to the discharge of new duties, as one of the commissioners intrusted with making the preliminary arrangements for the Great Exhibition of 1851. In the latter part of the day, he rode out on horseback for his accustomed exercise, and whilst proceeding slowly up Constitution Hill, his horse suddenly shied, and threw him violently over his head. He fell with his face downward, and when raised from the ground, he fainted before a carriage could be procured. When he reached his residence, he walked into the house

alone, but fainted again in the hall. He was carried into the nearest apartment; and it was only with the greatest difficulty that he was removed from the sofa where he was first placed to an hydraulic bed in the same room, — the dining-room where he had so often welcomed his friends. There he breathed his last, after three days of intense suffering, but little alleviated by the watchful care of the attending physicians and surgeons. For it must be observed that this great statesman, who had stood undismayed in the midst of the fiercest political strife, when friends and followers were forsaking him, charging him with treachery and duplicity, and ascribing to him the vilest of motives, was keenly sensitive to physical pain. He would not permit his attendants to make a thorough examination of his injuries; an attempt to reduce a fracture of the collar-bone had to be given up, in consequence of the suffering which it occasioned; and it was only after his death that it was ascertained that one of his ribs was broken, causing a congestion of the lungs.

During his sufferings he was frequently delirious, and the presence of his wife and children increased his excitement so much, that they were not allowed to remain in the room. On Tuesday, the 2d of July, it became apparent that his sufferings must soon terminate. His old friend, the Bishop of Gibraltar, was sent for, and his family were again admitted to the bedside of the dying man. A faintly breathed "God bless you!" showed that he recognized them, as he sank into unconsciousness. Shortly after, two other friends, Lord Hardinge and Sir James Graham, whose names had often been on his lips in his moments of delirium, arrived, and remained with him until his death. At nine minutes after eleven at night, he breathed his last, in presence of these two friends, his son-in-law, three of his brothers, three of his sons, and his physicians. Lady Peel's emotion was so great that she had been led from the room some time before his last hour came.

His death caused a deep sense of loss in Parliament and throughout the country. In the House of Commons, Lord John Russell offered, on behalf of the government, a public funeral, such as had been given to the younger Pitt. The offer was declined, in accordance with the often repeated

wishes of the deceased statesman; and on the 9th of July, in a drenching rain and a thick fog, his mortal remains were borne across the fields from Drayton Manor to the parish church, followed by his family, his principal political friends, his servants, and his tenants. The funeral service was read by the Bishop of Gibraltar, in the presence of a numerous multitude, who had gathered from Tamworth and the neighboring towns to pay the last tribute of respect to one of the greatest statesmen of the nineteenth century. Three days later, Lord John Russell proposed that a monument should be erected to his memory in Westminster Abbey, and the motion was immediately adopted. One other mark of respect the government were desirous of showing for his memory by raising Lady Peel to the peerage, as had been done in the case of Mr. Canning's widow. But the honor was declined, in consequence of a special request of Sir Robert Peel, that no member of his family should accept any title or public reward for the services which he might have rendered to the state. Other testimonies of respect were shown elsewhere. In London, Edinburgh, and the great manufacturing towns, public meetings were held, and measures were taken for the erection of monuments and statues. The most remarkable demonstration of gratitude and respect, however, was a penny subscription for the erection of a Poor Man's National Monument, which it was proposed should bear these words from his speech on retiring from office in June, 1846: —

"It may be, that I shall leave a name sometimes remembered with expressions of good-will in the abodes of those whose lot it is to labor and to earn their daily bread by the sweat of their brow, when they shall recruit their exhausted strength with abundant and untaxed food, the sweeter because it is no longer leavened by a sense of injustice."

The character of Sir Robert Peel has been drawn by various writers and speakers, and from entirely different points of view. But by no one has it been more justly appreciated than it has been by M. Guizot. Brought into frequent intercourse and contact with him, both in public and in private relations, and unbiassed on the one hand by party fellowship, or on the other hand by party hostility, he has sketched the great outlines of his character with a few masterly touches.

"He was a great and honest servant of the state," the French historian remarks, "proud with a sort of humility, and desiring to shine with no brilliancy extrinsic to his natural sphere; devoted to his country without any craving for reward, heedless of fixed principles or long-standing political combinations, anxious at all times to ascertain what was demanded by the public interest, and ready to carry it into effect without caring either for parties and their rules of conduct, or for his own acts and words; severing himself from the past without cynical indifference, braving the future without adventurous boldness, solely swayed by the desire to meet the necessities of the present, and to do himself honor by delivering his country from peril or embarrassment. He was thus in turn a Conservative and Reformer, a Tory, a Whig, and almost a Radical; popular and unpopular; using his strength with equal ardor, sometimes in making an obstinate resistance, sometimes in yielding concessions which were perhaps excessive; more wise than provident, more courageous than firm, but always sincere, patriotic, and marvellously adapted, in a period of transition like ours, to conduct the government of modern society as it has become."

There is, indeed, much that is strangely inconsistent in the character of this remarkable man, and that demands a large charity in judging of his life. He had opposed Mr. Horner's resolutions for the resumption of specie payments by the Bank of England; yet, in 1819, he introduced and carried a similar measure. He had steadfastly opposed Catholic emancipation, and so violent had been his opposition to this measure as to merit for him the designation of "spokesman to the intolerant faction," which Sir James Mackintosh once gave him. Yet, in 1829, he brought forward and advocated the Roman Catholic Relief Bill as a government measure. He had been the constant and ardent supporter of the Corn Laws; yet, in 1846, he headed a successful movement for their entire abolition. He had been a Tory of the strictest sect; yet his last votes in Parliament were given in support of Whig measures. Such and so marvellous were the changes in his political career. But, through the whole of it, we recognize an honest purpose and a resolute will, gradually overcoming the pernicious influences of his education and his early associations.

Though he had attained the highest honors at the University, he afterwards aspired to no literary distinction. Conscious

that the true bent of his mind was towards a political life, he gave to the prompt and efficient discharge of its various duties all his intellectual strength and ability. Still he was not unmindful of the claims of literature upon a statesman and a politician. As a minister, he was a liberal patron of men of letters, both among his political friends and his opponents. When he took office in 1834, one of his first acts was to propose the elevation of Southey to a baronetcy, and to proffer his services in promoting the ecclesiastical preferment of the poet's son-in-law. And the same wise and liberal policy in the encouragement of literary men guided him in his second administration. He possessed a large and well-selected library; and his acquaintance with general literature was extensive, though it was overshadowed by his marvellous familiarity with political history and social economy. He was a lover of painting and sculpture; but he had little knowledge of music, and apparently little pleasure in listening to it. In a word, he had the cultivated tastes of a well-educated English gentleman, without ostentation and without pedantry. His habits were temperate and regular; and his private character was stained by no vices. Cold and reserved in his manners, he did not make many personal friends; but the few with whom he was intimate were devotedly attached to him, and allowed no change in his opinions to weaken their regard for him.

ART. VII. — 1. *Shakespeare.* Von G. G. GERVINUS. 4 Bde. Zweite Auflage. Leipzig: Verlag von Wilhelm Engelman. 1850.

2. *Shakespeare als Protestant, Politiker, Psycholg, und Dichter.* Von Dr. EDWARD VEHSE. 2 Bde. Hamburg. 1851.

3. *Shakespeare. Sein Geist und seine Werke. Ein Führer für die Leser und Freunde des Dichters.* Von EDWARD HÜLSEMANN. Zweite Auflage. Leipzig. 1856.

4. *Hamlet. Zwei Vorträge, gehalten im Verein für Kunst und Literatur zu Mainz.* Von Dr. LOUIS NOIRÉ. Mainz. 1856.

5. *The Philosophy of the Plays of Shakespeare unfolded.* By DELIA BACON. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1857.

THE appreciation of Shakespeare seems to be a test of the genius of an age or a people. Each, according to its state, uncovers, in time, some particular stratum of thought and life. He is first an amusing playwright, then a dramatic poet, then a universal moralist, psychologist, philosopher, and then the scientific unfolder of social laws, the great statesman of to-day. At length, so magnified has been his office, that his works have been pronounced the secret production of an Elizabethan school of philosophers, scholars, and statesmen, who made the popular theatre the mask for their deepest lessons of political and social wisdom. For once the start has been gained upon Germany, and she has been *out-Germaned* by one who speaks Shakespeare's native tongue.

The progress in Shakespearian criticism is worthy of consideration. From Gottsched, who affirmed that "a certain Mrs. Lennox had annihilated Shakespeare by exposing the errors of his most celebrated pieces," to the present attempt to annihilate him while pressing his claims to be studied as a poet, an artist, and a philosophic statesman, what a stride! Since that period about a hundred years have elapsed, and each year almost has given birth to some attempt to interpret his intellect, unfold his meaning, describe his characters, and state his relation to the old and the new, to the present and the past, to the whole realm of literature and life. Each has, as it passed along, contributed its stone, pebble, or grain of sand, as it might be, to that monumental cairn. In Germany, perhaps, there have been the most significant statements, the deepest insight, and the most reverential study. There the greatest names in literature have been arrested by this problem of Shakespeare's genius, and have written upon it, endeavoring to penetrate the mystery of his poetic power and artistic worth, and so to offer some adequate exposition of the universality of his thought and mode of representation; or, at least, to give due weight and fitting interpretation to his subtile and pregnant individualities of character and expression.

There has been, heretofore, a marked difference between the

German and the Anglo-Saxon mode of viewing Shakespeare. We have read, while they have studied him; we have been content to receive him as canonically and authoritatively the greatest, while they have sought for the basis of his reputation, inquired into the reality of his claims, investigated the relation he sustains to literature, and to national history and development, and especially his position as a dramatic artist, the representative and portrayer of the universal laws of humanity and life. The Germans have criticised him; the English have described his superficial characteristics. The former have studied him as a classic, with laborious diligence and enthusiastic zeal, and have thus appreciated him; while the latter have panegyrized him indeed, yet read him in a desultory and fragmentary way, as the occupation of a leisure hour. The necessity of studying Shakespeare in a foreign language, in addition to the quality of the German mind, has contributed to the German method of viewing Shakespeare. He has been regarded as a whole, and in his comprehensive relations as an artist, rather than analyzed as to independent beauties of expression, and separate excellences in descriptive detail, and particular scenes.

In the books which we have now under consideration there seems to be indicated another and a different phase of criticism. The German has become popular, while the English or Anglo-American has become recondite and exceedingly learned. The latter seeks to unfold an esoteric sense, to build up a wholly novel theory, and to sink the personality of Shakespeare in some mysterious school of consociated philosophers; while the former treats him in an earnest, natural, common-sense way, striving to bring home his instructions to the needs and condition of the great mass of his countrymen. In the German expositions named at the head of this article, the peculiar German element of extravagant theory and exclusive statement of some moral, psychological, or æsthetic principle, to which all particulars are made subservient, seems almost wholly wanting. Except for the thoroughness of the method of treatment, and the patient fidelity with which everything adapted to throw light upon the author is considered, we might pronounce the work of Gervinus to be the product of the English

mind, while the other more cursory and superficial lectures and introductions might have been delivered before our own lyceums, or been published as the result of our own popular views.

There is, on the other hand, in Miss Bacon's work, a spirit of subtile analysis, a deep moral insight, and a penetrating research, which, separated from the monomania of her particular theory, enlists our admiration, is adapted to throw much light upon Shakespeare's genius, and makes us feel that there are in him vast depths of thought and presentations of great human and social laws of development, of which as yet we have scarcely dreamed. Over every page, nay, over almost every paragraph, we are forced to exclaim, "O matter and impertinency, mixed reason in madness!" The significant contents of the political and philosophical *status* of that age are minutely exhibited. The particular theory of the book, and the special pleading through inferences, hints, and analogies in thought and expression, to prove that the philosophy and the plays of the age proceeded literally from the same brain and the same hand, we may put aside as impertinent and a merely fine-spun, fanciful speculation, and there will be left a valuable contribution to the real criticism of Shakespeare, as embodying the whole spirit of the Baconian philosophy, and as the ripe flower and consummated product of the tendencies and outstreaming influences of that wonderful period of development for the English genius. The author of this so-called "Philosophy of Shakespeare's Plays" has given a thorough and almost exhausting exposition of Hudson's statement, that "the Elizabethan era is the mould in which all modern science and literature and philosophy, able or worthy to live, have shaped, and the mirror in which they have dressed themselves." Nothing could have been so potent, it may be, as this needle-pointed and exclusive theory, to attract the proofs and illustrations of parallelisms and almost identical statements of political wisdom and social philosophy to be found in Shakespeare and Bacon. The theory is a nullity, and will not bear the least serious handling; but the illustrated wisdom remains as so much added to our conception of Shakespeare's wonderful insight into man's moral and social

state. The work of elimination is not indeed very easily accomplished; for the annunciation of the specific theory operates like a sudden *douche* to cool our enthusiasm, and try to the utmost our powers of patient endurance.

A better *résumé* than Miss Bacon's, of Shakespeare's capacity and compass of thought, has never been given, and the impotent *non sequitur* that some person or persons more learned and scientific than Shakespeare must have penned these works, should not hide from us the significant power and beauty of the analysis. Take the following: —

"Man, as he is, booked, surveyed, — surveyed from the continent of nature, put down as he is in her book of kinds, not as he is from his own interior isolated conceptions only, — the universal powers and causes as they are developed in him, in his untaught affections, in his utmost sensuous darkness, — the universal principle instanced where it is most buried, the cause in nature found; — man as he is in his heights and in his depths, 'from his lowest note to the top of his key,' — man in his possibilities, in his actualities, in his thought, in his speech, in his book language, and in his every-day words, in his loftiest lyric tongue, in his lowest pit of play-house degradation, searched out, explained, interpreted..... It is man's life and the culture of it, *erected into an art or science*, that these books contain."

As well might we say that the cathedral of Strasburg, embodying as it does the science, theology, and art of the time, must have been the work of some renowned theologian, a *conscious erection* in order to teach the mysteries of the Christian faith and worship. A theological doctor, skilled in all the subtilties of the creed, and capable of analyzing all the points of doctrine, may be as successfully demonstrated to be an *a priori* necessity for the building of the cathedral, as Lord Bacon or Sir Walter Raleigh for the construction of Shakespeare's plays, because there is in them "the criticism of the Novum Organum, of the Advancement of Learning, and of Raleigh's History of the World." Again, it is said with truth: —

"It is the movement of the new time that makes these plays: it is the spirit of the newly beginning ages of human advancement which makes the inspiration of them; the beginning ages of a rational, instructed — and not blind, or instinctive, or demoniacal — human con-

duct..... It is the beginning of these yet beginning modern ages, the ages of a practical learning, and scientific relief to the human estate, which this Pastime marks with its blazoned, human initial. It is the opening of the era in which a common human sense is developed, and directed to the common weal..... It was the spirit of the modern ages that inspired it."

All true; but it is limiting this spirit to a very narrow outlet, to insist literally upon the necessity of one mind's being its exponent both in philosophy and poetry, "the more aspiring Titan, who would bring down in his New Organum a new and more radiant gift." Shakespeare's plays are

"The new development of the national genius,.... the old Northern genius, under the influence, not of the revival of the learning of antiquity only, but of that accumulated influence which its previous revival on the Continent brought with it here; under the influence, too, of that insular nurture, which began so soon to color and insulate English history.... It was the true indigenous product of the English nationality under that great stimulus, which made that age; and the practical determination of the English mind, and the spirit of the ancient English liberties, the recognition of the common dignity of that form of human nature which each man carries entire with him — the sentiment of a common human family and brotherhood, which this race had brought with it from the forests of the North, and which it had conserved through ages of oppression, went at once into the new speculation, and determined its practical bent, and shaped this enterprise."

These indications of the spirit of the age, which breathes through Shakespeare and makes the informing soul of his poetry, are needed to a thorough mastery of its contents; but the supposition of some "Educational Association" banded together, employing a mysterious cipher, and with malice prepense making use of good-natured Will Shakespeare for its instrument, is the straining of the strong and elastic bow of speculation until it cracks with the pressure, and furnishes a striking example of that "too much learning" which spoils the best fruits of its own producing.

The rich and manifold life of this age of Elizabeth has been also graphically and minutely dwelt upon by Gervinus, and as an eloquent and panoramic view leaves little to be added thereto. He notices the peculiar circumstances in the position, history, and national character of England, which

favored a concentration of the outstreaming energies of that teeming age in dramatic poetry and art, and in conclusion makes the following comparison between Shakespeare and Bacon, which, on account of the manner in which their names have already been brought together, is not unworthy of being quoted at length.

"How little Shakespeare's appearance on a soil so richly prepared," he says, "was either a miracle or an accident, is proved by the contemporary appearance of a man like Bacon. Hardly anything can be said of Shakespeare's relation to the Middle-Age poetry, which may not also be said of the Instaurator Bacon in his relation to the Middle-Age philosophy. Neither knew or made mention of the other, although it was a subject lying very near to Bacon when he spoke of the theatre of his time. As Shakespeare was the interpreter of human nature and history so full of arcana, so was Bacon the interpreter of dead nature. As Shakespeare balanced the one-sided, erring imagination by reason, reality, and nature, so Bacon called philosophy back to experience from the one-sided misleading of the understanding. While they thus recalled to nature, Bacon was as little of an empiric, in the sense generally attached to that term, as was Shakespeare a nature-poet. Bacon felt himself to stand wholly alone in regard to that which constituted his peculiar merit, and so also might Shakespeare; the former in his established method of science and of unfolding its announcements, the latter in the production of his poetry and the revelation of its new law. Both are alike in their entire freedom from all one-sidedness; hence both entertain the same hate against sects and parties, Bacon against sophists and scholastics, Shakespeare against Puritans and religious zealots. As Bacon's religion was drawn from science, so was Shakespeare's from art; and as the former complained that the doctors of religion were a party against the science of nature, so were they opposed to the theatre. Bacon and Shakespeare left undisturbed the things of religion, on precisely the same ground, and took the secular path in all matters of morality; and this has been cast as a reproach equally upon each, De Maistre accusing Bacon of atheism, as Birch, Shakespeare. In both was the same combination of various powers; for as Shakespeare in his profoundness of thought was unconsciously a philosopher, so Bacon is often carried away by the imagination of the poet. They were alike moved by the picture of the potent Nemesis which they saw striding onward through history and life. In their systems of morality both adopted the ethics of Aristotle, that virtue lies between the extremes of too much and too little, occupying

the golden mean. And here Shakespeare would agree with Bacon, that the former is the vice of youth, and the latter that of age; that the latter is the worse, because the too-much, like the winged bird, has wherewith it can soar into the air, and so is related to the upper sky, while the too-little is the worm crawling upon the earth. Here is perhaps the whole key to the Shakespearian drama and its theory of morals."

Such statements suffice to show what a commanding position that embodiment of thought which we call Shakespeare holds in the view of these expositors. So deeply impressed is Miss Bacon with its philosophical significance, that nothing will adequately explain it to her but the literal identification of Shakespeare with the acknowledged expounder of the new science. And it must be confessed, that, in following out this artificial lead, she has disclosed a vast open sea of analogies, comparisons, and illustrations, which will serve as well some broader system of generalization, and aid in sounding the yet unfathomed depths, and measuring the yet undetermined compass, of the great poet-seer of human destiny and life. And these writers are not alone in their estimate. Bunsen characterizes Shakespeare as "the great prophet of human destinies in the awakening new world; much more so and in a higher sense than Bacon, his histories being the only real modern Epos." This is the position assigned to him, also, in the work of Dr. Edward Vehse. He distinguishes three different art-epochs; marked respectively by the Greek classic ideal whose representative is Phidias's Jupiter, the perfection of outward form; the romantic ideal of the Middle Age, whose most beautiful and expressive embodiment is Raffaelle's Madonna; the modern ideal, combining in itself the realism of the Greek objective nature, with the spiritualism of the subjective view of life and nature embodied in the Christianity of the Middle Age, whose best exponent and representative is Shakespeare. Here the ideal is no mere outward form of nature alone, no external power of destiny, on the one hand, and no mere inward state of sentimental feeling or spiritual possession, on the other, but a humanity freely developing itself into life under the direction and influence of a higher power. Here nature is a reality and

life is a reality in a higher sense than the classic ideal could embrace; here too nature is spiritualized and life is spiritualized, but in a far deeper sense than the Middle-Age subjective piety could expound. And this point of view commands not only the representation of individual man in his own isolated state, but of associated man in the organized life of society, — communities receptive of one form of life, and, thus constituted, truly human.

This appreciation of Shakespeare as a portrayer not merely of individual characteristics, but of organic human society, whose fundamental laws of development he has seized and pictured, is the leading tendency of present criticism. It is brought out with singular power and subtilty of insight in "The Philosophy of Shakespeare's Plays," though always vitiated there by the attempt to make it subsidiary to a narrow and baseless theory of authorship. It is sufficient for us now to note it as indicative of the fact that Shakespeare holds on his course abreast with the foremost wave of our time. As philosophy takes a deeper tone; as the great bond of humanity is felt more keenly to be an all-encompassing zone, holding together spirits as well as bodies; as the need of a more scientific exposition of political and social laws is discerned, new light is thrown upon the writings of Shakespeare, fresh symbols of the universality of his utterances are offered, and suggestive hints, not dreamed of before, are found scattered in profusion throughout all his later and maturer works. We can readily believe that there was a deeper meaning in the historical and political plays than is patent to a mere casual glance; we can understand somewhat how the great features of his age — its needs in the social and political sphere — should hang over and around a receptive, poetical, and impressible soul, and give tone and color to the subjects chosen, even direction itself to the choice of material and the mode of treatment. This is a rich vein of illustration, which remains yet to be fittingly opened. It is indicated as existent by Dr. Vehse, and exceedingly copious details of it are given in "The Philosophy." Of King Lear, Miss Bacon says: —

"It cannot be denied that the state of things which this play repre-

sents, is that with which the author's own experience was conversant; and that all the terrible tragic satire of it points, not to that age in the history of Britain in which the Druids were still responsible for the national culture, ... but to the *Elizabethan*. That instinctive groping and stumbling in all human affairs, ... those eyes of moonshine speculation, those glass eyes with which the scurvy politician affects to see the things he does not, ... all the wild misery of that unlearned, fortuitous, human living that waits to be scourged with the sequent effect, and knows not how to ascend to the cause, colossally exaggerated as it seems here, ... is, after all, but a copy, an historical sketch. The ignorance, the stupidity, 'the *blindness*,' that this author paints, was his own 'Time's plague'; 'the madness' that 'led it,' was the madness of which he was himself a mute and manacled spectator."

In the same strain Dr. Vehse says: —

"The Shakespearian dramas are the most exact likenesses, the truest mirror of the civilization of the times. In Coriolanus is represented the whole political ferment which under James I. existed between the aristocracy of the Cavaliers and the puritanic democracy of the people, between Royalist and Roundhead. And Hamlet is the prototype of a character like Charles I., in whom self-conscious weakness, hypercritical refinements of moral reasoning, melancholy, and inaction are the characteristic features. In him there was the same brooding over projects of vengeance never to be realized in action. Shakespeare is not only thoroughly a poet, but also thoroughly a politician. He is not only a master in the art of unfolding the pyschological state of political characters, but also in the art of presenting the whole dramatic action as proceeding out of fundamental principles of statesmanship. There is hardly a modern political problem to be named, upon which he has not uttered his word of fine, world-wide wisdom, and wonderful knowledge of those nice, hidden threads upon which state interests depend. He withdrew himself from the dry, barren heath of polemics, and pressed upon the attention of his contemporaries the fresh green field of state life. True magazines of political wisdom are the three dramas, Coriolanus, Cæsar, and Antony, and the first three acts of Troilus and Cressida. It is not to be wondered at, that, in a nation to which Shakespeare's thoughts have been apportioned for daily spiritual food, the great end of life should be attained."

There is one utterance of Shakespeare which would lead us to believe that he possessed a more comprehensive idea of the essential principles of state polity, and intended to convey far

deeper lessons in great social truths, than has hitherto been supposed by his commentators. He says, in Troilus and Cressida:

> "There is a mystery in the soul of state;
> Which hath an operation more divine,
> Than breath or pen can give expressure to."

It is this recognition which gives the distinguishing feature to the recent criticism of his works. Heretofore the oversight has been so great, that even Ulrici says of him: "He has nowhere made use in his poetry of the actual or incipient political contrasts furnished by the events of his time." If a direct mention of particular names and parties is here intended, it is very true; but that they were an encompassing element, and that they lived in him, and formed the atmosphere through which he looked, and by means of which he drew in the very breath of his existence, so that all the background and coloring of his pictures were modified by them, is more and more vividly impressed upon us as we study his representations.

It is in this light that he is held up to the people of Germany, as the teacher especially needed in their present condition. There is discerned in him the living spirit of freedom, and the spirit of orderly development; the ideal of self-government without anarchy, and of political organization for communities and corporations without absolutism; the recognition of all human rights, without the abolition of those "degrees" founded in nature and the inwoven customs of the people's very life; the destruction of mere artificial distinctions, without the introduction of an all-confusing, absolute equality. The sound, wholesome realism of Shakespeare is presented as the antidote to the idealizing tendencies of the German mind. Dr. Vehse speaks plain words, and aptly, too, he administers his castigation.

"In our sleep we have dreamed out a mere imaginary world, and now we are fast bound in our ART. This art has been our Eldorado. We have deified it, set it up as the highest in life, even above life itself. And yet each art is only the reflection of life; ours has been only the reflection of our imaginary life. Our poetic art, tone-art, dramatic art, fine arts, were and are only pleasing dreams in our deep political slumber. But with all our arts, we have lost the true political understanding, which, since Bacon's 'Knowledge is power,' has been the device on England's

shield, and by which she has organized her state life in all parts of the world. Since 1848 it has been proved to our sorrow and shame that we have been only poets after our fashion. When strong but moderate action and strong but prudent conduct alone would have availed, we wearied out all neighbor states and legislative bodies with sovereign, pathetic, poetic phrases, with philosophical and poetical flummery about world-citizenship. Never shall we become politicians until we abandon the illusions of our poetry, which in its highest artistic product, Faust, proposes as its end the isolated life of the individual soul. In the political organization of the Americans is more real, living strength, more true understanding of the world, than in all the highly poetic, but thoroughly diseased, fiction and faction of our political endeavor undeserving of the name of life. Here may Shakespeare answer as the true panacea for us, us Germans, who are, as Madame de Staël truly says, sovereigns in the kingdom of the air."

There is frequent recurrence to this train of thought in these German authors; more especially is it the burden of the reflections of Gervinus. He allows no opportunity for this kind of admonition to pass unimproved. He writes as a statesman and historian, as well as a critical scholar. Weighing their claims with Shakespeare's, he sets aside the greatest names among his own countrymen as holding an inferior place, acknowledging, "He has made us doubt even in regard to our own Goethe and Schiller." He sees in Shakespeare a higher combination of the distinctive and peculiar merits of each of these countrymen of his, — a greater poet of the real than Goethe, and of the ideal than Schiller, — and holds him up to the nation as the needed teacher in practical wisdom, true state polity, and the right method of social action. It would be well for us, indeed, to change our customary and superficial way of studying Shakespeare, and for us also to look to him for a fresh revelation of wise guidance, and some new insight into the great laws of associated life and the public weal.

It is not surprising, that, having once taken this direction, the view of Shakespeare's German critics should be turned to Hamlet as the central figure of their exposition. In him they see the embodied representative of their own moral and spiritual state. They, too, in contemplation, have lost the very name of action. They have turned inward upon them-

selves those faculties of observation, and those active powers, which should have been strenuously exerted in real deeds and immediate performances; they have nicely speculated where they should have plunged into life, and, weighed down by the burden of a task which they were not fitted to execute, they have expatiated in vain regrets over the past and idle dreams of the future, have nursed their own musings of doubt and brooded over their own melancholy fancies, until one drear waste of the present is spread all around them. It moves our deepest sympathy to see how they bring home to themselves the terrible lessons of this most universal and most individual of Shakespeare's creations.

"He is the king and representative of the idealists," says Dr. Noiré, "and as such has Shakespeare, in a sort of prophetic spirit, held up a terrific mirror to our time and to our people. The extraordinary truth to nature which lies in this character has also stamped this play as pre-eminently historical. Consider the histories of Greece and Rome. So long as these nations were advancing in the fulness of their development and their aspiration, were they active, energetic, and vitally sound; but so soon as their gaze was turned inward, and they dwelt upon the accumulated treasures of their fancy and meditation, then, indeed, art and science freely unfolded themselves, — the brightest blossoms of feeling and of thought; the national character, however, the nobleness of sentiment, the proud activity, began already to decline; and the eye of the practised observer may perceive in this over-refinement of manners the incipient germ of decay. This progress the poet has depicted in the inner life of one man."

Thus does Shakespeare draw to himself the most earnest and patriotic spirits. He is no longer a mere amusing playwright, or a dry problem in literary history, or an exponent of one peculiar phase of mental development in a particular age; he is no longer a mere dramatic poet, or singer of beautiful words and musical rhymes, or delineator of fair scenes and imaginary characters, whose wit, sprightliness, humor, and various fortunes, whether successful or unsuccessful, please the fancy and enlist the interest of the reader as a time-beguiling recreation; but he is pre-eminently the central figure of the modern life and thought.

There is no better illustration of this than is to be found, where we should least expect it, in France. In 1821, in his

first essay upon Shakespeare, Guizot wrote: "The glory and genius of Shakespeare are no longer discussed. A greater question has arisen, namely, whether his dramatic system is not better than that of Voltaire." This seems to us now but a meagre degree of appreciation, yet even this marks a great advance upon the time when Voltaire was regarded as very bold and charitable to admit that Shakespeare had any genius at all, albeit he characterized it as barbarous and lawless, and the most cultivated French minds regarded his plays as *monstreuses farces*. Since 1829, when De Vigny, fighting the battle of the so-called romantic against the classic drama, brought Shakespeare upon the stage, the great poet of humanity has been steadily gaining in the popular estimation. And each step in this progress is an index of the triumph of the human over the national, of truth over prejudice, of the universal over the partial and conventional, of real culture over mere polished decorum, of cosmopolitan humanity over narrow antipathy of race. The affinities of the one Scandinavian origin, existing between the German and English nations, have no place in France; the national idolatries are not easily superseded; the French language can but poorly embody Shakespeare's finer expressions of humor, pathos, and loftiness of sentiment; the French taste, its decorous mediocrity of phrase, its excessive refinement and euphuistic delicacy, revolt against all rugged earnestness and massive Teutonic plainness of speech; while heretofore — most formidable obstacle of all — Shakespeare was an Englishman, and Corneille was a Frenchman. Yet from a French writer of the present day has proceeded one of the most notable utterances of recognition that has ever been given of the relation which the character of Hamlet sustains to modern development. E. Quinet, in one of his rapid and eloquent generalizations of the different representatives of Scepticism, thus gives his version of that mysterious personage in whom we all find so much that is the counterpart of ourselves, so much that still remains an unanswered enigma, and of whom we all speak as a real existence.

"At the close of the Middle Age, among Gothic ruins is found a personage of the family of the Prometheus of Æschylus. It is Shake-

speare's Hamlet. Yet again, on one side a potent religion, on the other a man who doubts, who denies, who suffers; again, the wicked triumphant, iniquity crowned upon the throne of Denmark. After the revelation of the secret from the dead, all belief has left the soul of the young prince. To what man, to what woman, to what sentiment, shall he trust? To love? Does he not ask Ophelia, '*Are you beautiful?*' for he can no longer confide in the testimony of his own eyes. A phantom wandering over the scattered fragments of human intelligence, — such is Hamlet. He has undergone the same tortures as Job and Prometheus; but he does not, like them, encounter his suffering; he has nothing of the ancient violence; he feels the serpent in his bosom, and is chilled. He does not cover over his despair with the gorgeous symbols of the East, nor with the tasteful images of Greece; his suffering is too deep; he jests. Cold as the modern world, why should he reason, when already he has passed beyond hope itself? Bitter irony is in his soul. Instead of struggling with Sovereign Justice, he counterfeits madness; and he feigns it so well, that he becomes half mad in reality. Prophet of impiety in the bosom of the Middle Age, he already has a glimpse of all the scepticism of the time to come. He unites Voltaire to Dante, and, as the completion of all opposites, it is his own mother who plays before him the ancient part of Satan. These antagonisms are too great for his intellect; if he is in some respects perfectly sane, in others he begins to be disordered. His reason wavers; it loses itself, recovers itself, is lost anew; you see a great soul shared between sanity and rising insanity, without being able to decide which shall finally prevail. Terrible tragedy, of which each man may in turn become the hero. Hamlet leaned over abysses unknown to sacred and profane antiquity; he saw beyond the present life the actual kingdom of the dead. If his life had not ended by a chance hit from the foil, no other result could be discerned for him than his irreparable fall, that is, the death itself of his intellect. Herein is this drama more tragical than those of Job and Prometheus; for in these the mind at least survives the ruin of everything else. Nature, still so living to Job, is dead to Hamlet. The firmament, the azure tent of Jehovah, is to him 'a foul and pestilent congregation of vapors'; the human race is, for this Prometheus of the Middle Age, only the 'quintessence of dust.' 'Man does not please me,' he says, 'or woman either.' What makes his fall so terrible is, that his point of departure is from the most prevalent beliefs of the Christian Church. He believes in ghosts, and no longer believes in immortality. From the summit of the Catholic faith he is thrown headlong, as from a lofty tower, into the gulf beneath. In all these traits, he represents, at the

commencement of the modern world, the mediæval society, yet young in appearance, although old at heart. It lived upon the ancestral faith, and already clasped only a phantom of the past; the ideal was shattered with a bitter jest, which each people utters in its way, through the mouth of Rabelais, Ariosto, Michael Cervantes; but in Hamlet, this jest is icy as a burst of laughter from a spectre in a tomb."

Here is a different estimate from that of Voltaire, who saw in Hamlet "a fool in the second act," a fool with the grave-diggers, "a murderer" in the final scene. In truth, a judgment upon Shakespeare is a self-judgment. The most earnest, truthful human tendencies gravitate towards him, and those who are freest from conventional maxims of conduct and self-willed absolutism of mind and heart, find in him more and more that responds to their deepest experience. Frederick the Great was true to himself when he called Shakespeare's greatest works abominable, and Napoleon could see in him only the embodied expression of England, "that world by itself," that organized exponent of nationality and public spirit.

The appreciation of Shakespeare is not limited to this larger view, but extends also to the minor particulars of his life, his environments, and his works. The prattle about "deer-stalking" and "holding horses at the theatre" has disappeared. Out of the long series of poems and plays an inner history is constructed, which shows us the man himself more truly than any mere external record. The aimless, spontaneous, unconscious mouth-piece of an overpowering afflatus is no longer heard of. There is no need to build up, as an alternative to this foolish and superficial view, any "new school" of affiliated reformers, any "educational association," any "secret league of statesmen." Given the one genius from the great inspiring life, the age, the men, the surrounding sphere of thought, the energizing influences of that moral, intellectual, and social world, and it is enough. We marvel how a mind that could conceive the following glowing truth, and utter it with such beauty and power, could be drawn after any such dancing phantom as the author of the "Philosophy" has pursued.

"The freemasonry of learning is old indeed. It runs its mountain

chain of signals through all the ages, and men whom times and kindreds have separated ascend from their week-day toil, and hold their sabbaths and synods on those heights. They whisper, and listen, and smile, and shake the head at one another; they laugh, and weep, and complain together; they sing their songs of victory in one key. That machinery is so fine, that the scholar can catch across the ages the smile, or the whisper, which the contemporary tyranny had no instrument firm enough to suppress, or fine enough to detect."

This spiritual machinery we are unwilling to exchange for any gross, mechanical ropes and wires. As well might this world be created by a synod of Olympian gods, as the masterpieces of Shakespeare proceed from a school or an academy. As well might some Bacon or Raleigh paint a Madonna of Rafaelle, or sculpture a Phidian Jove, as write Shakespeare's Hamlet. It is a singular obtuseness to what constitutes the artist, to suppose that what he truly creates is wrought "for artistic effect," an hour's entertainment, or the luxury of "a harmonized impression." This is to caricature the artist and the artist's work. The modern estimate is not very far amiss, which regards Shakespeare as pre-eminently THE ARTIST. It is evidence of progress in a true criticism, when indefinite eulogy, separate delineations of excellences, and long-drawn catalogues of striking points, give place to the characteristic combination of all the details and all the parts as entering into a real product of art, where there is nothing for effect, nothing for a mere dogmatic purpose, no random stroke, no capricious event, and nothing set down for any by-end or any temporary purpose, but where there is an organic whole, to which each smallest member, vein, muscle, rounding of the flesh, shading of the hair, nay, each line of the hand and wrinkle of the face, is essential. Where Hudson, even in his enthusiastic appreciation, sees "in the affair of the caskets only a dramatic device to save Portia from her princely suitors," we must demur; for a deeper insight into the drama as an artistic unity shows this to be no artificial device, but a true invention of the creative imagination that presided over the whole, — a striking illustration in a manifold way of the leading theme, — a repetition, on another key and with a different accompaniment, of the one strain of melody, —

a necessity in order to develop the thought in all its heights and depths of meaning.

The events and characters of a drama may be very amusing and interesting, may be morally and spiritually edifying; but unless they proceed from some common point of view, some pervading, centralizing principle, and so are related essentially to one another, having a common life, they do not belong to the domain of art. There is, undoubtedly, such a universal "central idea" for each living man. The dramatic poet, like a presiding deity, surveys all the details, and holds in his hands the threads of connection and relation, so that his representation is no patchwork of circumstances and capricious succession of words and deeds, but a regular and pre-planned figure, woven out of many different and variously colored threads, each of which has its place in the finished product, and is essential to a complete embodiment of the ideal pattern. Life exists as an idea before it is concrete in act. Thus, looking at nature and humanity as a whole, we mean, when we speak of the one Divine Artist, something different from a mechanician, a builder, a powerful worker. So the dramatic artist is a creator, and, as far as he is so in truth, will his work have life, permanence, and real effect. No one has, like Shakespeare, attained to the perfect dramatic form; in other words, no one has so truly lived in his representations of life.

The very idea of this perfection of form, this unity of life, presupposes one creative mind, one inspiring, because inspired, genius, alone. There is no dualism or polytheism in creation of any sort. And Shakespeare's plays are most truly organic wholes; they are growths according to an essential law of development, seed, leaf, blossom, fruit, and this including an infinity of new seeds for a more abundant harvest. He obeyed a law of creation within him, instead of holding before himself any specific moral, social, or religious dogma to be inculcated from without, and therefore it must be possible for minds and hearts sufficiently cultivated to deduce the central principle, and trace the minutest threads of development. So far as one is a true artist, he will have no mere pleasing incidents or dramatic devices, no unexpected turns

or well-contrived tricks to bring about particular catastrophes, but the whole will grow out of the characters, the mental and moral states, the sensuous or ideal tendencies. There will be variety, but no irregularity; progression, but no unsteady leaps.

Thus all true poets embody each some necessary phase of the great life of humanity. Life is re-born in their souls; they are the fathers, while the all-surrounding nature and circumstances are the matrix or mould, the maternal soil into which the divine seed falls, and from which are supplied the materials for sustenance and growth. Each artist unfolds himself under specific conditions, but works in freedom under the great law of omnipresent life. The age and time furnish the instrument, while the power to express finer or louder strains depends upon the essential force and skill of the player. The instrument may be now a flute, now a harp, now an organ, and no one can be furnished before its time. Let two thousand years pass away, and the dramatic poet no longer represents humanity as the victim of a relentless, objective destiny impelling from without, but he exhibits the inner workings of man's soul, unfolds his central thought and deep springs of action, shows how tendencies become deeds, how seeds grow into fruits, how character modifies events, becoming a real fate, and how events react upon and form the character. To Æschylus, his time, with its religion, its social state, its theories of God and the world, of man and nature, gave one instrument upon which to body forth this inspired song; to Shakespeare, his time gave a different one. And as the strains from an instrument of a single string differ from those of some weighty organ, with its deep bass and its hundred stops, so does Æschylus differ from Shakespeare.

Yet the creation of each has its own peculiar life, and a life separate from the individual, component parts. As life in the human body is not located in any one organ or member, but is a pervading, vivifying principle throughout the whole, so the life of a work of art is not in any one expression, or feature, or peculiar beauty, but is a totality of the influence flowing into each. Hence the difference between a manufactured product and a true work of art. A multiplicity of persons, a school, an association, may manufacture any-

thing, a drama as well as a picture or a house, but a single spirit must create. The one will be human and dead; the other, living and divine. The one is put together or made up; the other is born a whole, and is so complete that no part can be removed without real mutilation of the form. Hence a work of art, especially of dramatic art, — the loftiest type, — is an expression of the noblest prerogative of humanity, that of being in the lower sphere what God is in the highest, a creative power. How sublime is that representation in the Bible of God as the Creator always and rightly regarded, — Creator of worlds and systems of worlds, of every living thing, the reptiles that creep, the birds that fly, the man that embodies and unites in himself all the separate outbirths of thought in the natural sphere, the woman that crowns humanity with grace and beauty, the united man and woman comprising in their dual-oneness the love and wisdom of the great Source of being! Let no one profane this idea of art, under whatever specious plea, or speak of it "as a mere instrumentality, without any independent tribunal, law, ethic, ritual, of its own." Only as such an embodiment of a creative life can any work endure through all generations; only as to such a life can humanity pay its devoutest homage to the poet, and not to the philosopher, — to the fathers of beautiful sons and daughters in the world of spirit, rather than to the compilers of mechanical products, however useful and practical they may be.

There is no statement more false or superficial than that which assigns to art as an end "mere artistic effect," that is, to please. It is to give life. It is by imparting its own life to awaken the slumbering germs of the soul, and to change even the marble statue into a breathing, human form. To dramatic art must hence be assigned the highest place, for that seeks to embody the whole varied life of humanity. If it deals with one age, and individuals of a particular period, it merges all the special and particular in forms of universal statement, so that while each has an intense individual existence, each is also, at the same time, a representative of the great human life. It is you and I, as well as Hamlet the Dane; his blood flows also in our veins, his life in the mi-

nutest point in our life too. Pretty pieces of machinery may please, but a living production of art causes the soul to thrill with the perception of truth, beauty, and comprehensive power,

Art cannot have for its end even to instruct. It does better; it informs, animates, quickens, makes divine; its warm, living breath inspires. It shows man, through the awakening within himself of dormant or repressed perceptions, the end of his existence, and of that of all his fellows, the internal and external helps and hinderances, the various joys, hopes, fears, and loves, which rise and fall, contend together and cooperate in making man what he is, under every clime and in every place. This, at least, is the dramatic art of Shakespeare. And therefore no one could borrow his pen, to make it the instrument to work out any moral, metaphysical, social, or philanthropic theory. In him life is infinitely varied and complex. It vexes us, always, to be able to see over, see round, or see through a character at one view, and we cannot do it in real life. Nothing is there in straight lines, but all in curves with different centres and different shapes, mingling with one another, to the carnal view an inextricable involvement of cycles and epicycles, curves and orbits, not to be determined by any known mathematical rules. But there is an order, as surely as there is a God.

Thus varied, thus infinitely complicated, is the drama of human life in Shakespeare, and hence it is that fresh interpretations are continually given, according to our insight and our state. New lights rise where all seemed darkness before; heavenly stars from far distant spaces gleam across the sky; meteors fall, and auroral beams shoot up to brighten the firmament. The unfolding experience and the widening vision reveal to the progressive spirit new combinations, nicer grades of likeness and unlikeness, harmony and discord, good and evil. A deeper insight into character and event exhibits more and more their complex relations, and their infinite variety of light and shade; specks of light enlarge into luminous borders, and dark spots merge into the brightness reflected from some other centre. The childish state knows nothing of this, but calls one thing hateful and another lovely, one form all

an angel and another all a devil. And this state belongs to many children of a larger growth. Hence is Shakespeare's view of life so useful as a study. With him life is a play, a tragedy, a diversified scene of sorrow and joy, of vice and virtue, of doubt and aspiration. He represents the whole of life.

On account of this wholeness, Shakespeare is healthful, sound, truly human, — not many-sided, but spherical. Goethe is the many-sided man, writing from his own subjective states, much as he strove after a real power of objective representation. Hence he is more truly the mirror of his own lawless, striving, aspiring, subjective age, than he is of universal humanity. In Shakespeare, there is no such predominating tendency. He is not angular, as would result from sides, however numerous. Angularity is not beautiful in the human form, and does not belong to a true work of art. It is the predominance of that which should be subordinate and moulded into harmonious subjection by a living texture of pliant, blood-filled flesh. The disease which Shakespeare portrays in his representation of life is never contagious. There is no danger of transferring through sympathy the morbid condition of any part to ourselves; for we are not brought into the subjective siren-sphere of an over-wrought tendency. In his maturer years, Goethe recognized this lawless and morbid state in his earlier works, and he sought to counteract it; not, however, by changing his real point of view, but by curbing and restraining certain predominant influences. Thus he became more decorous and conventional, but not more universal and complete. The fault was in his position and in his state. There was too much of Goethe, and not enough of man. We wonder at the vast range of his individual powers; we are not inspired with a new life. He represents states and temperaments, now one and now another, and now several in combination; yet it is not essential man in these conditions, but what is very different, — Goethe himself with all his limitations.

By what magic of creative power, by what path of self-annihilation or self-postponement, Shakespeare advanced, we cannot tell; but we feel nothing of this selfish personality in

his works; we feel, on the other hand, that the finite and earth-bound is subordinated, and that the man himself has become a vehicle for the universal life, a consciously co-operating agent in embodying that life which flows from the great fountain of life into each human soul. He is no passive instrument, or mechanical conduit, but a voluntary co-worker in a creative and joyous ecstasy of being, the reporter of life as it was purely mirrored in his own being. Life and the mirror in which it was reflected, this is the Shakespeare with whom we have to do. No theory or partial one-sidedness distorted his view in his best representations. He reported that which it was given him to see. Life there shows itself, accordingly, as the reconciliation of law and freedom, of Divine power and human free-will, of ever-present justice and never-intermitted responsibility in each man and in each society of men, in the individual soul and the soul of each nation of mankind.

The finale of Shakespeare's life, so often sneered at as unworthy of so much magnificence of genius, — with his insignificant achievements in any other sphere than that of the really despised, though loudly applauded dramatic one, and his ignoble ending as a petty householder and proprietor of a few acres in the far-removed county of Warwick, — seems to us the close most befitting the real greatness of the man, and the sound, wholesome English nature which is the core of all his representations of human life and human history. It is in perfect keeping with his freedom from subjective bias, and his ability to enter into each sphere of activity and human interest. It is in harmony with the ideal tendency of his pre-eminently childlike and nature-loving, however comprehensive and manlike, intellect. There was to him, we must believe, something which touched the deepest chord of sentiment in that Warwickshire air, the banks of that sedgy stream, and the "sweet shade of the hawthorn bush." Would it have been proof of the inward soul of greatness to toil for the acknowledgment of what he must have consciously felt to be his, — to watch zealously over the printing and publishing of that which he knew the world could not let fall from the seat in which it was enshrined?

It was fitting, that, when the stirring life had imparted its

secrets, or rather had furnished the adequate medium through which the secret powers of the imagination could unfold and exercise themselves, the heart should be drawn towards the heaven of the childhood's home. At a superficial glance, there is something of melancholy in the thought, that such a genius of all-comprehensive sway, in which all earth's glory and earth's greatness could find themselves more than mastered, and where they could be appropriated, and made to abide patiently until each feature was sketched and each lineament portrayed, the whole again represented in vital forms, — that such a one should bury himself in his secluded village, and, occupying himself with house and land, become a thrifty, prosaic, well-to-do man of every-day, household life. But what should we expect of him who has so thoroughly weighed, measured, gauged, and sounded the outside splendors of life, — all the pageants of an hour, and the no less mere pageants of an age? Is not this new place as great as any new palace? Is not life as great in the humble as in the lordly condition? Is not the country justice as real and great a thing as the king? Did he not really deem the one equally human with the other? "The cloud-capt towers, the solemn temples," could not impose upon him as towering in any real sense over that pleasant house and garden of his, that village church surrounded with its graves. This soul, saturated with common sense as well as trembling with a poetic sensitiveness to the surrounding sphere of nature's loveliness, — this soul was so truly human, as to feel an interest in the commonplace round of humble duties, amidst natural scenes and homely pursuits. The vital power within him could fill out these with the fresh-flowing streams of life. His was a sound, manly heart, free from foolish illusions, and those petty subjectivities of passion and energizing desire by which Nature secures her ends in ordinary men. Would it have been greater for him, like Scott at Abbotsford, to be haunted by some dream of the aristocratic past, to build up some mimic pile of Gothic castle, and seek to found a baronial estate? He was too great for playthings like this, or for what it symbolizes. There was to him a reality, and so an infinite, in the humblest human sphere. He did not need,

like Scott, the sad changes in his own subjective state to lead him to ask, in plaintive strain,

> "The hill, the stream, the tower, the tree,
> Are they still such as once they were,
> Or is the dreary change in me?"

As they once were, so they remained to him always; for he built no mere castles in the air or castles in stone. He planted himself upon the homely, every-day realities of life. He believed in the concrete; abstract sentimentalities find no defence from his common-sense page. Had he loved honor, loved fame, loved any of the gauds and gewgaws of so-called great, but in reality ordinary minds, he could not have been the true artist, the true poet, that he was. Let him be judged by this highest standard, and not by applying to him the commonplace dicta of a vulgar arithmetic of worldly honors, titles, and emoluments.

ART. VIII. — 1. *Mémoires du* DUC DE RAGUSE. Vols. VIII. and IX.

2. *Choix d'Etudes sur la Literature Contemporaine.* Par M. VILLEMAIN. 1 vol. 8vo.

3. *Une Conversation sous l'Empire.* Par M. VILLEMAIN.

4. *Des Appels comme d'Abus.* Par M. DE MONTALEMBERT.

5. *Madame Bovary.* Par GUSTAVE FLAUBERT. 2 vols.

THERE can be no exaggeration in saying that the *Mémoires* of Marshal Marmont are the literary, and in some respects the political, event of the current year in France. Never did any book provoke such a tumult of reproach and recrimination, and the replies to it will be nearly as voluminous as the *Mémoires* themselves. From the Bonaparte family and that of Eugene Beauharnais downward, there is scarcely an individual mentioned by the Duc de Raguse, who does not protest against the manner of the mentioning, or declare the

alleged facts absolutely false. Still, if the character of Marmont, which is the coloring medium of all his narrative, be taken into consideration, and those parts of his recital be set aside which are the result of false perception, not of voluntary mendaciousness, there remains in the nine heavy volumes before us more than sufficient material to constitute one of the most important historical documents of modern times. The reader's interest attaches itself almost equally to two objects, — to the writer and to the hero of his book.

Before proceeding further, let us make one observation, the justice of which strikes the French public daily more and more. Naturally, the establishment of the second Empire, in the person of the nephew, has caused the national attention to flow backward in a spontaneous current towards the uncle. Books without end are written upon all the events, and all the glories, of the reign of Napoleon I. The "Empire" of 1804, the "old Empire" as it is styled, is a popular theme, a "selling subject," — one on which publishers are willing to treat with authors on handsome terms, and one on which the vast army of *employés*, high and low, are ready to pinch themselves in order to buy information. Yet it is nevertheless certain, that, in spite of all this, — in spite of the desire of the whole world of officials, and hungry aspirants for office, to court present imperial favor by adulation of the imperialism of the past, in spite of the strong hope of those who rule France that every fresh record of the first Empire should turn to the glorification of the existing Empire, its likeness and its result, — in spite of all this, the effect has been undeniably the precise reverse. The impetus once given, there were no means of checking it; enemies wrote as well as flatterers, judges as well as friends, and (as always happens when any subject is handled on all sides) the real truth — or, at all events, something very, very near it — has emerged from this sea of manuscript; the phantom of Napoleon-Cæsar has been called up, has really "come when it was called," and has not faded from view till it has left printed upon the visual sense of the mass the outlines of what the original form really was. From the admiring, conquest-loving Bonapartist, (for such he has been in reality all his life,) Thiers; from the sagacious, liberal Villemain; from the neu-

tral-minded imperialist officer, Duc de Fezensac;* from the bitter, yet in early life fascinated Marmont; and from the family archives, from the letters of the Emperor himself to his own brother Joseph, in Spain; — from all these various sources flows the one same metal, which forms the one same type, and on the brow of the figure which all combine equally to reconstruct, is written by friend, by foe, and by self too, the word TYRANT.

This is not a fact which Bonapartists attempt strenuously to deny. They rather elude it, for they feel that it is not to be overthrown. But the mass of thinkers are indubitably surprised at finding how much inferior to what they had been used to imagine was the terrible idol which France had first worshipped, then broken. Perhaps it might be just to say, that the littlenesses and weaknesses of the first Napoleon have been more strongly brought out than even his fiercer qualities and more magnificent crimes. The mind of the reflecting reader is appalled, not at the fearful sacrifices required to attain great ends, but at the wretched smallness of the cause whence, nine times out of ten, the unlimited sacrifice of human existence is made to flow. The absolute absorption of *every* other sentiment in that of self, is the first clear impression left by the character of Napoleon the so-called "Great," after you have attentively studied his numerous contemporary historians. The next impression uniformly given by all, is the positive perturbation of his mental faculties after the first fifteen years of his career (from 1795 to 1810). His intelligence is either obscured or dazzled, his judgment is unsteady. His vanity grows more and more inflated every day, and gradually smothers what in early years had been the really noble ambition to rise; and for the love of elevation, of power, of glory in the abstract, is substituted solely the appetite for personal predominance everywhere, just or unjust.

It is not our purpose to examine in detail all the various histories of the first Empire published within the last two years in France, but we would force upon the eyes of our readers on this side of the Atlantic what is now staring in the

* In a short, but very remarkable, narrative of the campaign of 1812.

face of Frenchmen, namely, the incontestable *depoetization* of the modern Attila which has been effected by the minute research into his most trifling deeds and words, into his most hidden thoughts.

This premised, we will revert to the *Mémoires* of the Duc de Raguse. As we have said, Marmont himself commands our interest to the full, equally with Bonaparte. There is something tragical, *fatal* (in the sense of the word according to the ancients), about the character and the deeds of the unlucky Duc de Raguse. He is constantly active and constantly unsuccessful, and, spite of his ill-luck, he is over and over again chosen to bear the weight of difficult enterprises, and, spite of his undeniable capacity, he never contrives to elude the companionship of evil fortune. He is courage itself, yet always destined to yield or to retreat; he is no sooner for a moment in a position to justify the universal opinion which people imperturbably preserve of his talents, than some extraordinary event forces him out of it, and gives him over a prey to that spirit of envy and discontent which constitutes, in fact, the ruling trait of his moral composition during the last twenty years of his life.

In 1814, there can be no doubt that Marshal Marmont saw things as they really were, and saw them more clearly than his comrades. There can be no doubt that he took the *then popular* side of the question, in helping to recall a family of French princes, in contributing to the final discomfiture of Bonaparte, and in aiding the exchange of what had been a military dictatorship, for the establishment of a constitutional and national monarchy. Yet (the malecontents of all factions joining in one cry) Marmont has borne for nearly half a century the stigma of a traitor, and the very princes whose return to France he helped to effect were more or less forced to seem shy of his services. What then, if it were not fatality, should have again placed him in the awful post of responsibility which he occupied in 1830? Since the year 1817, and his mission to Lyons, he had remained politically idle; for his Embassy Extraordinary to St. Petersburg, at the coronation of the Czar in 1826, was a mere parade, and had no political significancy whatever. Now, in the beginning of the very year

1830, he had reason to believe that his activity was at an end, and to think that the conduct of the government of Charles X. was anything but what might have been expected. When the expedition against Algeria was planned, the Duc de Raguse was not the only man who conceived that the expedition ought to have been placed under his command. It was a rather generally received opinion, that the Marshal's antecedents entitled him to the command of the African campaign. His rival, Bourmont, is said to have been himself so impressed with this idea, that he had promised to propose the Duc de Raguse to the council, and M. de Polignac and M. de Villèle were reported to have announced to him his appointment as certain. Such, however, was not the issue of the event, and Bourmont, as we all know, conducted the campaign of Algiers. Wounded, mortified in every possible sense, Marshal Marmont requested, as a compensation, the Embassy to St. Petersburg, which M. de Mortemart's retirement had left vacant. This also was denied him, but the post suddenly offered as an indemnity for all the rest was one which perhaps occasioned him no less surprise than it occasioned to all those who were nearest to the king. On the 1st of September, 1830, the time of service of Marshal Marmont would have expired; and in vexation and disgust at men and things, he was counting the days whose lapse would set him free to turn his back on France, and go roaming through the world. On the 27th of July, he most unexpectedly received the order to take command of the troops destined to preserve tranquillity in the city of Paris. Upon the discouraged and angry officer, who was only waiting for the hour when he should retire from responsibility altogether, devolved suddenly the heaviest military and political responsibility combined, that could be well laid upon any one individual's shoulders, — that, namely, of defending a government more than half in the wrong against a nation that was only half in the right. The king was warned by one of his ministers in the following terms: "Sire, the Duc de Raguse is your Majesty's very faithful subject. I believe him to be loyal, but he is not lucky. Heaven preserve the king from being defended by the Duc de Raguse, if any troubles break out in Paris!" Notwithstanding this, the sovereign

who had refused the appointment of Marmont to places he was far better qualified to fill, persisted in maintaining him in this, the very last for which he ought to have been chosen. The result is known; the Duc de Raguse, uncertain where his duty lay, instead of first putting down resistance, began by attempting to bring about a *transaction;* he occupied himself by discussing what ought to be done; he aimed at *advising* the crown; and when he had lost his time in the attempt, the crown lay in the gutter, and was trampled upon by the mob. Like one of the most famous heroes of the Thirty Years' War, the Duc de Raguse went forth into exile; and, the death of the Duc de Reichstadt, to whom early associations first led him, having left him comparatively without an occupation, he turned to the heir of the Bourbon branch, and till the period of his death was a tolerably faithful companion and courtier of the exiled Comte de Chambord.

An attentive perusal of Marmont's *Mémoires* will not perhaps teach the reader many new facts; but we maintain that, all partiality put aside, it does give an exceedingly interesting view of the character of Napoleon I., — one adapted not to win for him more admiration than we have been latterly used to bestow, but to render him, as it were, more real in our sight, and to make us feel as though we had ourselves personally known him, and become familiar with his deficiencies as well as with his genius.

Upon this same subject of the Empire, nothing more interesting than what the *Revue des Deux Mondes* published in its second April number can well be imagined. It is an article from the pen of Villemain, entitled, *Une Conversation sous l'Empire*, and is fraught with intense interest, for the reason that it teaches us what, even in the earlier and more glorious days of his extraordinary career, the more intelligent and high-minded as well as the more illustrious of his lieutenants thought of the Emperor. The scene described by M. Villemain transpired in the year 1809, after the Spanish conquest, after the *glories* (!) of Lisbon and Saragossa, and when the Empire, barely five years old, was in the blaze of its nascent splendor.

"We were a small party assembled for the Easter week, at the coun-

try-house of M. C——," says M. Villemain, "and only one more guest was waited for; but that guest was no other than the Duc de Montebello, Marshal Lannes, the hero of the campaigns of 1805, 1806, and 1807, the man whom a calculation of etiquette had decorated with the title of *Colonel-General of the Swiss Guard*, but who was so difficult to transform into a courtier, that it was said he spoke to the Emperor as to an ordinary mortal, venturing even to give him advice touching liberty and peace."

Villemain, then a boy of sixteen or seventeen, wearing the uniform of his college, but already famous throughout the University for his wonderful acquirements and unparalleled memory, expresses himself as full of curiosity for the advent of the warrior of whom he had heard and read so much, and whom in the *salons* of some *emigrés* he had heard described as a rough, rude soldier, uncultivated in intellect as in manners. Judge then of the surprise of the young rhetorician when the Duc de Montebello, so different from what he had been taught to believe, appears before him.

"I listened, eagerly devouring the whole scene," continues Villemain, "and the 'ill-brought-up soldier,' the 'intruder upon greatness,' as I had heard him styled, seemed to me noble and elegant as a knight of Tasso's Poems."

But the really interesting part of the narrative is the conversation in which, during all breakfast-time and immediately after, Marshal Lannes was engaged, upon the subject of the late and of the probably ensuing campaign.

"'It is a frightful thing,' he exclaims, 'to have not armies to conquer, but a nation to subjugate, to have to wrestle with absolute despair.' And alluding then to Saragossa, 'What a war!' is his sudden remark; 'what men! a siege in every street, a mine under every house! To be forced to massacre so many worthy people, — what a duty! It was a horrible war, — I wrote as much to the Emperor; such victories grieve one to the soul!'"

All the opinions emitted by Lannes upon this occasion are worth quoting, for they prove clearly, that, many years before the period when his companions in glory are accused of having deserted his waning fortunes, Napoleon was judged severely by those who owed their elevation to his own; and

they likewise show that, under the appearance of a dominion without end or limit, the cankerworm of discontent was at work, and that the farther-sighted amongst the public at large evidently discerned all the ruler's mistakes, and had the presentiment, that, unless his headlong ambition were restrained and his despotic tendencies modified, some terrible catastrophe would ensue. Let us listen to Marshal Lannes, comparing the campaign of Italy with that of Spain.

"How really grand we all were in Italy, to begin with our General-in-Chief!" he exclaims. "What a *début* to pour down from the Alps into Lombardy, to chase before us four Austrian armies, to spare and respect the Pope who had bid them come, and to restore Rome to him after all was ended! All this is glory. But now-a-days war is the overthrow of dwelling-houses upon their inhabitants, the taking of convents, the murder of monks who fire from out their windows, and the sweeping away of nuns by grape-shot! This is sorry work for brave men. We are told it is a political war. It may be, but it is both an inhuman and an unreasonable war; for where a crown has to be conquered, a nation that merely defends itself has first to be destroyed. This is a work of time, and a sad work at the best."

In the course of conversation, some one present advanced the statement, that the conquest of the Spanish Peninsula was not an original idea of the Emperor's, but had been suggested to him by Talleyrand; and at this all the generous indignation of Marshal Lannes burst forth.

"What!" he cried, "a man shall then steal crowns by the advice of another man! Is not this the proof of an implacable and ever-growing egotism? That man," — (the Emperor Napoleon,) — "that man, — I say it regretfully, for I loved him and shall die for him, — that man cares not for the sacrifice of his marshals and generals, or of all the whole staff of his former army of Italy. Nay, on the contrary, he likes well enough to have new fortunes to make, new dignitaries to name. That, in a measure, gives age to his own fame, and seems to confirm it. The Spanish invasion is merely a result of the formation of the new kingdoms of Holland and Naples. He would like for his dynasty to be the oldest in Europe, and we have been helping him to this by the burning of Saragossa, for which purpose, too, we have left in Spain one hundred and fifty thousand old and seasoned troops, whilst we are now going to encounter the Austrians with new recruits, and men whose second campaign is all they can count. These eternal

forced marches to battle are mortal. They are a drain which carries off more soldiers than are killed by our guns."

It would seem that, in the course of the very interesting conversation recounted by M. Villemain, Dupont de Nemours, the senator, — himself a man of constitutional opinions, — expressed regret that the Emperor had not granted liberal institutions to the Spaniards. Upon this subject the last words alleged to have been spoken by Marshal Lannes are the following, and they are exceedingly significant.

"Liberal institutions in Spain! but why not first of all in France? or, at all events, why not restore to us so many rights that have been taken from us, and replaced only by perpetual war and the servitude of foreign nations? That man" (always the Emperor) "wants to be Charlemagne, to possess in his own person, or in that of a family of kings of his race, all Europe, from the Rhine to the Tagus, and from the Seine to the Danube. Once master that far, you will see him go farther towards the North. At the conferences at Erfurth last year, the only thing that inclined him towards peace was the poisoned dart in his side on which is printed the name of Spain. But now that Saragossa is taken, and that he will gain shortly some great battle in Germany, you will see how many pretexts he will find for his ambition; an ambition whose slaves, alas! we all are, and to which we are all of us tied on diagonally, like the scythes to the war-chariots of the ancients! Like them, we run an edge, swift as the wind, cutting and mowing down everything upon our path, until we are hurled down some precipice where the war-chariot lies broken to pieces, as we shall be!"

This language, than which nothing uttered by Napoleon's bitterest opponents has been stronger, is without doubt curious, when we reflect upon it as expressing the sentiments of one of those men whose glory and whose ambition seemed most indissolubly wedded to the conqueror's own. After this judgment passed upon Bonaparte by Lannes, in 1809, what is there to be wondered at in the abdication of Fontainebleau in 1814? There is close affinity between the two epochs, and if the falling off from their chief of his oldest servants has anything which can yet surprise us, it is that such a falling off did not occur at a much earlier date.*

* Of course the Bonapartist press has attacked M. Villemain upon the ground of inaccuracy, and declared that Marshal Lannes never spoke as he has made him

We cannot mention M. Villemain's name, *apropos* to the very curious page of history with which he furnishes us, without alluding at some length to the last volume for which France is indebted to him. This is a book of nearly five hundred pages, consecrated to the study of contemporary literature, half of which is occupied by the reports to the Academy, which M. Villemain, as Perpetual Secretary, is obliged to make every year, upon the occasion of the distribution of the various prizes. This first part of the volume is interesting from the very circumstance of its showing what has been the literary movement in France for the last ten years (from 1846 to 1856), and from the pictures it gives us of the perfect serenity in which, in the midst of all the troubles of the two years 1848 and 1849, the depositaries of the traditions of literature and art pursued their avocations. We think an attentive perusal of M. Villemain's *Rapports à l'Académie Française* will show the illustrious historian and critic in a light perhaps superior still to any in which we have hitherto been accustomed to regard him. He assumes here and there, in these eloquent addresses to his colleagues of the Institute, the attitude, not only of a great writer and thinker, but that of a great and a courageous citizen. When the representatives of the rabble reigned in France, as at the period we have mentioned, and when the real political antagonist of license was despotism only,—when the contest was between absolutism and anarchy,—words were deeds, and it was no safe thing to chant the praises of the moderation and honesty which are inseparable from true freedom, whilst excess of every description was the order of the day. It is for this that it is well to call the reader's attention to certain passages in M. Villemain's Reports.

In August, 1851, (four months prior to the *coup d'état*,) the Academy decided to award a prize to M. Henri Martin, the historian, for the volume of his History of France treating of Louis XIV. and his accession to the throne at his majority.

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speak. But we believe the Montebello family have, on the contrary, expressed their gratitude to M. Villemain for representing their illustrious father as he really was, a no less upright and liberal citizen, than a dauntless and successful warrior.

M. Henri Martin is an extremely clever man, and one of those historians who unquestionably rank among the highest of the present day in France; but he is one of those whose fault it is to see events for ever through the medium of individual opinion. He is (or was) an ardent socialist, a republican, with that tender leaning towards despotism which is so constantly to be remarked in the so-called democrats of Europe. His historical narrations are, for this reason, up to a certain degree falsified by the bias of his own personal convictions. It so happened that, in treating the events immediately prior to the reign of Louis XIV., alluding to the calmness of Richelieu's last moments, he permitted himself to observe, (with the indulgence towards tyranny we have remarked above,) that

"Probably these great emissaries of Providence feel they will be judged by rules which are not adapted to the comprehension of ordinary minds."

Singling out this passage at the very moment when the indistinct, half-recognized shape of despotism was just beginning to "cast its shadow before" over all France, M. Villemain, in an irresistible access of honest indignation, exclaimed: —

"No, let this never be said! Providence no more than man's conscience — the finest work of Providence — ever admits two orders of moral truth, two unequal measures of justice. Imagine not — whether for a man or for a race — a dictature of genius, a mission, '*providential*' or '*fatal*,' (no matter what the name,) that shall confer a *right* of violence or of iniquity! It is to *prove* the precise reverse that history is written, and that you, M. Henri Martin, have been worthy to write it."

This apostrophe — one of the most eloquent we know of — produced at the time an almost indescribable effect, and read now, after the events of the last five or six years, which have given to it a still more striking sense, it seems to combine the force of prophetic with that of patriotic indignation.

M. Villemain's volume also contains critical and æsthetical studies upon Chateaubriand, Remusat, M. de Broglie (the younger, Madame de Staël's grandson), and Lord Brougham. All of these are equally interesting, and will equally repay the reader for an attentive perusal.

The subject treated by Villemain in conjunction with the name of M. de Chateaubriand is his translation of Milton, which the illustrious French critic very properly does not altogether approve. But into his strictures on the translator it is not our present purpose to enter. We wish merely to show how deeply penetrated he is by the beauty of the original, and in what authoritative terms he transmits to us an appreciation to which no man of Anglo-Saxon origin can be wholly indifferent.

"Milton's immortality," he says, "rests entirely upon *Paradise Lost* (although *Paradise Regained* is full of evangelical beauty). Nowhere has the capacity of human speech been carried so high; nowhere has imagination been more powerful or passion more sublime. Homer has left us the natural epos of the Grecian race; Virgil, the artificial epos of the Romans. Dante, Tasso, Camoens, and others, have been the epic poets of a part of the Christian nations of the West; but to Milton is due the epos of the entire human race, even into the most distant future; and when one day, according to the law of the Bible and the Gospel, by mildness and by strength, by arms and by trade, by science and by charity, the whole world shall be conquered by Christianity, there will not exist for human fancy a grander remembrance than that of the poem of Milton.

"If, at the same time, we look at those vast territories which lie open to the English tongue, if we reflect that — torn from the parent stem, and cast far, far beyond the ocean — a main branch of the Saxon tree, now a giant tree itself, has taken root and spreads its shade over half the continent of America, — if we think that the sap of the same root shall nourish grafts on all the errant populations of the Polynesian deserts, — how shall we escape the endless admiration imposed upon us at sight of the horizon which belongs to the genius of Milton, — of Milton, who, having chosen for his theme the greatest of all human interests, has celebrated it in the widest-spread tongue of the whole world?"

Really good translation — namely, the adequate reproduction in one language of what has been thought in another, evincing the translator's profound and philosophical knowledge of both — is one of the tasks best fitted to attract and occupy a superior intellect. All masters in expression have from time to time given themselves the delight of feeling how ductile was the language wherein they had as yet translated themselves alone, and have aimed at reproducing, under an altered

form, the precise sense of another original creation. Nearly all the illustrious men of the present age may be quoted as examples. Chateaubriand, Shelley, Cousin, Guizot, Schiller, Byron, Arnold, and a host more could be named; and we ourselves have, in our poet Longfellow, one of the best illustrations of what a translator of the first order should be. His translations are not numerous, but they are assuredly among the most complete that can be found in any tongue; his reproductions from the Gascon dialect of Jasmin, for instance, are splendid works of art.

We have indulged in these observations because, in the very book we are speaking of, M. Villemain has, *apropos* to Chateaubriand, a chapter upon translation in general, the capacities of various languages for it, and the effects of these partial transfusions from one national mode of expression into another, — a chapter which we hold to be unique in its way, and which we earnestly recommend to the especial study of our readers. M. Villemain is himself one of the greatest masters in the art of translation, and the most hypercritical among Hellenists, who have had the good fortune to hear his translations from Pindar, declare that the glorious Greek bard loses nothing in fire, in grace, in intensity, in *genuineness*, by being expressed in a strange idiom. They say, in short, that *Pindar is Pindar* in M. Villemain's French, as in his own lofty and harmonious Greek. Of this, the world may soon be able to judge; for Villemain's translation of Pindar, and his Essay on Lyric Poetry in general, is one of the works most anxiously waited for in France, and one of those promised to be the soonest forthcoming.

The periodical publications of the French press have caused some disturbance within these few months. Besides Villemain's *Conversation sous l'Empire*, the *Correspondant* (a monthly journal) has printed an article by M. de Montalembert, which created, as well it might, a deep and serious sensation. The subject was a special one: it was that of the late very important quarrel between church and state, — the appeal of the clergy of Moulins against their Bishop, and the condemnation of the latter by the *Conseil d'Etat*. Into the technicalities of the question we will not enter, nor is it either

our business or our intention to inquire who was in the right, — whether the curates, whom *Monseigneur* is accused of having cheated of the *inamovibilité* to which the Concordat gives them an undoubted claim, or the ecclesiastical Superior, who held that he ought, in his diocese, to be "Superior" in something more than name. All that concerns us is the *literary protest* of such a man as Montalembert, and the reasons for which it has produced such a powerful effect, almost leading to the suppression of the periodical that gave it forth to the world. After two or three chapters (dry enough to those not immediately interested in the matter) upon the legality or illegality of the whole proceeding, the man thought to be more Catholic than all the Catholic Church put together indulges in an attack upon the Catholic clergy of France, which comes from such a source with double effect, and which, however well-merited, (as it incontestably is,) does not the less surprise all those who have been used to look upon its author as the blind defender of the ecclesiastical body, whatever its shortcomings or faults.

The principle of M. de Montalembert's attack is this. Religion, that is, Catholicism, is inseparable from liberty, and the larger the amount of political freedom, the larger the real influence of the Church. M. de Montalembert does not, by any means, stand alone in France in the profession of this doctrine: a very widely extended school is based upon the same belief. However, with the discussion of this theory we have at present nothing to do; suffice it to say, that it is the theory Montalembert has held all his life, and that in its name he now reproaches the greater portion of the clergy of France with having lost what ought to be their influence, their ascendency, *ergo* their power to educate and to elevate, to render at once more enlightened and more pious, the great majority of all classes of the French community.

"The clergy," says Montalembert, — "the clergy, or at all events a large portion of them, have done, and have allowed to be done in their name," (alluding to that ill-guided journal, *L'Univers*,) "what the very government itself has not ventured to do, and what the country has not agreed to, — the clergy have attempted the systematic apology, the theoretic defence of despotism. And this has been done by the very selfsame voices and pens, that for so many years solemnly proclaimed the

theory of unlimited freedom, — of unlimited freedom *for all!* Whilst the founder of the new empire allowed liberty to be looked at by partial and distant glimpses, in a far-off future, and as a possible crowning of his work, the clerical organs of the press maintained that liberty to be impossible and *undesirable*, and declared freedom to be a useless word in a Christian country!

"The same men who, in the clergy's name and stipulating for it, cried out in 1848, 'Let the Republic grant freedom to the Church, *freedom to all*, and the Church will repay the boon by eternal gratitude,' — these *same* men now say, that when Catholics ask for liberty in Protestant states, they do so for themselves *alone*, and regret that they cannot sweep away the entire fabric of *liberal civilization*, which is corrupt to its very vital principles. This constitutes the most frightful inconsistency which the nineteenth century has yet held up to the scorn of the world."

The whole pamphlet (for such it is in fact) is written with an energy that will astonish no one who is accustomed to its author's passionate vituperation; but amongst those who have not narrowly studied his political career, there are many who will exclaim, that Montalembert has for the fiftieth time been treacherous to his own party. Nothing is farther from the truth. From the first sentence he ever wrote or uttered for the public, he has been indissolubly wedded to two causes; to the cause of freedom, and to that of the prosperity of the Catholic Church. It is the inseparability which he conceives to exist between these two causes, that is the origin of the frequent misconception of his own character by the public at large; but of his loyalty to both there cannot be the shadow of a doubt in the mind of any one who shall have watched him narrowly and with impartiality. He believes (and, we again repeat, a whole school is in France founded upon this belief) that all truth is contained in the doctrines of the Catholic Church, and that consequently all freedom is not only compatible with it, but eminently favorable to it. Once admit his premises, and it is easy to perceive that his deductions are inevitably logical; but it is precisely his premises which the general public persists in disputing. This point, as we have already observed, we will not discuss, having no object save that of noticing a very remarkable literary manifestation of a very remarkable literary man; but at the same time it is impossible not to state what are Montalembert's convictions, namely, what are in reality his springs of action,

what constitutes the *raison d'être* of all he ever wrote or said since the day when, as a lad of just twenty-one, he apostrophized the whole Chamber of Peers, and told that venerable assembly (in the year 1831) what were the objects to which he meant to devote himself through life, and to which it is but just to say he has never, for an instant, been unfaithful. Montalembert's attack upon the French clergy for their conduct since the *coup d'état* of 1851 is *an event*, both in a literary and in a political sense; it is the severest blow the existing French clergy have had to bear; but it is in the strictest keeping with the opinions and acts of its author's previous public life. We recommend such of our readers as may wish to have a clear notion of the present position of the French clergy in public opinion, to procure the April number of the *Correspondant*, and to read therein Montalembert's article upon *L'Appel comme d'Abus*.

The transition may seem strange from so serious a subject as that of the state of the clergy in France to a mere novel, which it was first sought by judicial interference to prevent from appearing in print; but the two are not so far apart as might at the outset be supposed. The very faults which M. de Montalembert so strongly points out and blames in the clergy, are among the determining causes of half the irreligion which, from time to time, shows itself in the country, one of the forms of which is literary antagonism. The peculiar characteristic of what may be called the opposition literature, or the "literature of aggression," as some one has styled it, in France, is hatred of constraint no matter of what kind, — abhorrence of rule, whether social, moral, political, or intellectual; and at the bottom of the whole you will find revolt against all forms of religion. Naturally, the more the clergy insist, and insist violently, upon the observance of outward rites, the more the peculiarity of opposition grows to be the rejection of all forms whatsoever. From this point you may start in modern French literature, until you arrive at the negation of whatever is in other countries looked upon as moral or decorous. Hundreds of books of the same kind as "Madame Bovary" exemplify this truth every day in France, but as yet none have exemplified it with so much talent. The

appearance of the first few numbers of this tale in the *Revue de Paris* created a loud outcry, and the publication having been suspended by authority, the tribunals were appealed to, in order that the sale of so immoral a book might be forbidden altogether. Such, however, was not the decree; the author gained his cause; "Madame Bovary" was published in two small octavo volumes, and was bought up so rapidly, that a second edition became necessary at the end of a very few weeks.

As is too often the case, exaggeration has been at work with "Madame Bovary," and, whilst magnifying the faults of the book, has created a frantic curiosity to read it. "Madame Bovary," though full of talent, is neither so immoral nor so original as has been pretended. It remains a great question with us, whether, had Balzac, Eugene Sue, and some few others, not existed, M. Flaubert would ever have produced the work now lying before us; and we at once hasten to say, that nothing in this much talked of novel at all comes up to the immoralities contained in some, not even of the very worst, among the works of the writers we have named. "Madame Bovary" is a picture of the mean and ugly side of provincial life in France. The scene passes entirely in two villages of Normandy, situated in the vicinity of Rouen. The heroine is the wife of a country doctor, who very soon displeases her by the narrowness of his intellect, and the narrowness of whose purse is inadequate to the satisfaction of all her desires and caprices. As to its general outlines, therefore, Madame Bovary is only the thousandth reproduction of the type so hackneyed by all modern French romancers. She is the eternal *femme incomprise*, of whom, by this time, it is but just to say that the French public itself has had too much. But in certain details, it must be admitted that the author evinces considerable talent, and even originality, seizing hold, with remarkable instinct, of what are the peculiar signs of French corruption in the present day. Thus, Madame Bovary, unlike Indiana, Fernande, and so many other of Madame Sand's heroines, does not take in the reader by any false semblance of sentimentality or any mock idealism. You do not find yourself compounding with your own

honesty, and feeling an interest you ought not to have in a guilty woman, merely because she is for ever talking about her "soul," her "aspirations," and her "solitude upon earth." Not one whit of this. You are not "taken in" by Madame Bovary. Her first longings are material, and as narrowly material as they well can be. She longs for superior ease and comfort, for a vehicle of some sort to drive about in, for thicker curtains to her windows, softer cushions to her chairs, more delicate viands on her table, bravér gear upon her back. She sighs for what Bulwer terms the "lovely whereabouts of woman," because she feels that, *in her social centre, these make the woman herself.* If her husband had money enough, she would not dream of straying from the right road, but would do her duty to him and to herself, that is, to her own comfort in the world, by which she would stand to the death. But the luckless Bovary has no money, and Madame Emma, his fair spouse, must and will have what money alone can command. She therefore sets to work to trade and traffic with a linen-draper and haberdasher of the village, who, by means of bills which she signs, (having her husband's proxy for the transaction of all money matters,) and the entire mortgage of a bit of ground and the dwelling-house upon it, consents to furnish her with the articles she successively deems indispensable to her terrestrial felicity.

Nothing (alas!) can be truer to the life, or more cleverly painted, than all this earlier part of Madame Bovary's career, and the character of the *marchand de nouveautes*, who lends her money and furnishes her with goods at a usurious interest, is a portrait well worthy of Teniers or Ostade, in their own style. Nor can anything be more true to life, than the way in which the heroine begins her course of wrong-doing. She is to the very marrow the type of the calculating, hard-bargain-driving Frenchwoman of the rural classes, — the true daughter of envious, Voltairian peasants, to whom a half-education, ill directed, and a half-piety, ill nurtured, has merely given a varnish that is scratched off at the first contact of a *bona fide* interest or passion. All Madame Bovary's *natural* vices, upon their first spontaneous breaking out, are *hard*, not *tender* vices. The irregularities of a more impure

sort come later, and come only because each irregularity superinduces another, and because all impurity and all wrong are one, and hold indissolubly together. Madame Bovary — who, after all her evil-doings, poisons herself to escape the shame of a sale of all she possesses, leaving her husband convinced he has lost an angel — never interests the reader for a moment; for she never interests her author. He dissects her for the benefit of the surrounding spectators, who watch the anatomical process with the curiosity of an amphitheatre-full of medical students; and as an autopsis of the Frenchwoman of the present age, of the Frenchwomen of *all save the highest class*, Madame Bovary, we should be tempted to say, surpasses, in her terrible truth, the most famous pictures of Sue, Balzac, or Madame Sand. She has not the deliberate wickedness of Sue's Ursule, in his celebrated novel *Mathilde*, nor the inborn impurity of Balzac's *Femme de Trente Ans;* she has nothing deliberate about her, no *parti pris*, but inclines to vice, because her determined quest of a luxury beyond the scope of her own immediate sphere inevitably leads her that way. But now, be it remarked, what must up to a certain point be styled the probity of the *bourgeois* nature survives sufficiently in Madame Bovary to prevent her from ever accepting the slightest atom of pecuniary aid from those who become the partakers in her guilt. She provides by endless calculations and combinations for the satisfaction of her desires, and ruins herself, her husband, and her child, all alone and ruthlessly, without the help of any one; nor is it till at the very last moment, when public disgrace stares her in the face, that she once (and once only) turns round to the companions of her evil courses, and says: "Lend me eight thousand francs, or I must die." No one does or can lend, and she does die; but till that hour she has never accepted or asked a pecuniary service from those even who have helped her to go the farthest astray from the paths of virtue and of right.

Since Balzac's time, no work of fiction has produced such a sensation as "Madame Bovary," nor, we unhesitatingly repeat, has any work painted so faithfully certain types of the middle classes in France. For the mere sympathies of the

reader, this is a most unpleasant book; but it is one too full of instruction not to be worth reading, and no one should neglect its perusal who is curious to form for himself a correct idea of what nine tenths of the women of France have become in the gradual development of gold-worship that has been progressing for the last fifteen years in their native country. Careless of truth, full of vanity, but still more covetous even than vain, possessed of whatever intelligence can be developed without elevation, Madame Bovary represents that peculiar type of a woman, whose aptitudes and energies, well directed, might enable her to govern an empire (and herself too), but who, from her utter insensibility to all notions of duty, falls to the lowest depth of a degradation which is, in reality, foreign to her nature. Take all the heroines of Balzac, Sue, Sand, Alexandre Dumas (*fils*), Hugo, and the rest, and you will find only several aspects of the same; but, as we have already observed, there are details in M. Flaubert's book which make his heroine the completest of all.

ART. IX. — *Brazil and the Brazilians, portrayed in Historical and Descriptive Sketches.* By Rev. D. P. KIDDER, D. D., and Rev. J. C. FLETCHER. Illustrated by one hundred and fifty Engravings. Philadelphia: Childs and Peterson. 1857. 8vo. pp. 630.

WE have more than once referred to the value of the contributions to science and knowledge rendered back to their native land by our American missionaries. There are, no doubt, adequate reasons for their accuracy and affluence as sources of information. They are, for the most part, men of liberal culture; while the very purpose that makes them exiles indicates a native breadth of vision and grasp of intellect, no less than superior spiritual endowments. Such men know antecedently what to look for, and where; and in travelling, as in the most recondite departments of philosophy, one finds answers only to questions which he is prepared to ask, and

ascertains only such portions of truth as correspond to interrogations already shaped in his own mind. Then, too, as regards the aspects of nature, devotional sentiment adds keenness even to the perceptive faculties; and none will see so much, and describe so vividly, as he whose conversance with nature is communion with its Author. The philanthropic aim of these countrymen of ours furnishes also a clear medium of vision for whatever concerns man, his condition and his needs, and for the external universe in its relations to man.

We are not, therefore, surprised to find in the volume before us a book of unusual merit and attractiveness. We can best characterize it by saying that it furnishes precisely the picture of Brazil and the Brazilians which we should demand for actual use, were we about to establish our residence in that empire, or were we devising modes of beneficent action, educational, moral, or religious, upon its inhabitants. It comprises a large amount of statistics, as regards the *fauna* and the *flora*, industry and traffic, government and society; but, instead of being given in their crude form, they are presented incidentally, each item in the connection in which we can best trace its significance. It contains also a compend of Brazilian history, not mere annals, or arid lists of names and dates, or disjointed facts; it shows the filaments of past events as they are blended and interwoven in the nation's present, and are giving shape and color to its future.

The authors were admirably well adapted and furnished for their work. They both resided many years in Brazil, were constantly engaged in professional duty, and made numerous missionary journeys into remote provinces, seldom penetrated by naturalists, and as yet unvisited for the purposes of commerce. Mr. Fletcher, as acting Secretary of Legation for the United States, was also brought into intimate relations with the officers of government, and enjoyed the friendly regard of the Emperor, whose portrait is the attractive frontispiece of the volume, and whose intelligence, energy, and devotion to the public weal merit for him a rank second to no sovereign of the age, and the first place among the benefactors of his native land. The work has the fulness

and the confirmed accuracy, without the confusion and repetitiousness, of a double authorship. Dr. Kidder placed all his materials at the command of his junior colleague, who writes in the first person, for the most part recasting the observations of both in his own continuous narrative, though sometimes inserting, without change, portions of the manuscripts of his senior. Mr. Fletcher's style is pure and perspicuous, fresh and fluent, flexible with the diversity of subject and occasion, eminently graphic and picturesque, and adapted to hold the attention and command the unflagging interest of the reader.

Accustomed as we are to dwell with pride on the vast and varied capacities of our own "great country," we are hardly aware that there exists on our continent an empire which contains within itself the elements, already in hopeful development, of a higher and more imposing *status* than ours among the nations of the earth. Yet so it is. Brazil not only, in its superficial dimensions, exceeds the United States by one third, but it is larger than the whole of Europe. Its mineral treasures are paltry, when compared with the unbounded capabilities of its teeming soil. With no extended desert and no blighting sirocco, undisturbed by the earthquakes which perpetually threaten other South American kingdoms, irrigated by unfailing streams, fertilized in all its borders by copious and timely rains, adapted to the culture of almost every product both of the temperate and torrid zone, it demands only occupancy by a free, industrious, and enterprising people to govern the markets and sway the commerce of the world. Its numerous rivers, many of them reaching the ocean by a descent of several hundred feet, have a potential water power which might carry all the looms and spindles in existence, and still run to waste. The Amazon and its branches, several of the largest affluents of the La Plata, and not a few other navigable streams, offer unparalleled facilities for mercantile intercourse, and furnish accessible and safe harbors far up in the interior for such vessels as are elsewhere confined to the ocean and its ports. The climate is temperate and invigorating. The trade winds sweep the whole Atlantic coast with their grateful burden of humidity, — their per-

petual freight of bloom and harvest-wealth. While there are no lofty mountains, except upon the extreme western frontier, the average elevation of the empire is seven hundred feet above the level of the sea, an elevation which virtually transfers Brazil from the torrid to the temperate zone. The mean temperature at Rio de Janeiro is about 73°. The limits of temperature noted by Mr. Fletcher are 60° and 90°. There is thus no atmospheric influence which can depress human energy below its most advantageous working-point. The population of this vast territory does not at the present moment probably exceed eight millions, and of course its resources have hardly begun to be made availing, nor until the reign of the present Emperor has it been rapidly progressive in commerce, industry, knowledge, and art; but on such an arena, intellectual and economical forces, when set in motion, must work with a cumulative power, and the foremost nations of the civilized world may find the Brazilian people abreast with them before they are prepared to own a South American rival.

We cannot forbear speculating on what might have been, when we remember that the most hopeful of the early settlements of Brazil — by more than half a century the earliest Protestant colonization of the New World — was made by a company of French Huguenots, under the patronage of Admiral Coligny. So far as we can trace proximate causes, the disastrous fortunes and the ultimate destruction of this colony resulted from the defection and treachery — *conversion*, so called — of its leader, Villegagnon. Had he remained true to his faith and his trust, these tropical regions might have attracted to their shores the persecuted and oppressed of the seventeenth century, and the foundations of civil and religious freedom have been laid amidst perennial bloom, rather than on the ice-bound coasts and among the bleak forests of New England.

Had not our pages been preoccupied when Mr. Fletcher's book reached us, we should have given a synopsis of his *résumé* of the history of Brazil. But we omit this to find room for a portion of the chapter which contains a sketch of the character, endowments, and habits of the present Emperor, Dom Pedro II.

"He has devoted much time to the science of chemistry, and his laboratory at San Christovão is always the scene of new experiments. Lieutenant Strain, the noble hero of the Darien Expedition, — whose science is as well known as his kindness and bravery, — informed me that, on a visit to Rio de Janeiro more than ten years ago, he found the Emperor a thorough devotee to the studies of natural phenomena. Dr. Reinhardt, who has spent many years in Brazil as a naturalist, visited the capital of the empire when D. Pedro II. was not yet out of his teens: the latter heard that an American *savant* was about to enter upon a scientific exploration of the empire, and sent for him to aid him in performing certain new chemical experiments, accounts of which had been perused by his Majesty in the European journals of science. Dr. Reinhardt further added, that the young monarch, in his enthusiasm, paid no attention to the time that flew by as they, in a tropic clime and a close room, were cooped up for hours over fumigating chemicals.

"It is well known at Rio de Janeiro that he is a good topographical engineer, and his theoretical knowledge of perspective is sometimes put in practice; for the German Prince Adalbert, in the published account of his visit to Brazil, states that the Emperor presented him with a very creditable painting from the Imperial palette. He has a great *penchant* for philological studies. I have heard him speak three different languages, and know, by report, that he converses in three more; and, so far as translating is concerned, he is acquainted with every principal European tongue. His library abounds in the best histories, biographies, and encyclopædias. Some one has remarked that a stranger can scarcely start a subject in regard to his own country that would be foreign to Dom Pedro II. There is not a session of the Brazilian Historical Society from which he is absent; and he is familiar with the modern literature of England, Germany, and the United States, to a degree of minuteness absolutely surprising. When Lamartine's appeal for assistance was wafted over the waters, it was the Emperor of Brazil who rendered him greater material aid than any other, by subscribing for five thousand copies of his work, for which he remitted to the sensitive *littérateur* one hundred thousand francs. His favorite modern poet is Mr. Longfellow, for whom he has an unbounded admiration." — pp. 232, 233.

In September, 1852, the Emperor was invited by Captain Foster, of the American steamer "City of Pittsburg," to make an excursion on board of her. The following incidents in that excursion certainly present his Majesty in a very attrac-

tive aspect, not only as regards his superior intelligence, but equally as to the simplicity and suavity of his demeanor among the plain, rude citizens of our republic.

"The excursion was of unusual interest. The fine steamer of twenty-two hundred tons ploughed her way through the various anchorages until she reached the men-of-war; the cannon of the forts saluted her as she passed, and the vessels-of-war not only sent forth their booming salvos, but the yards were manned, and the sailors shouted their loud vivas to D. Pedro II. In the mean while the Emperor examined the 'City of Pittsburg,' from the coal-bunkers to her engine; and, as it fell to my duty to make many of the explanations, it afforded an opportunity for observing the *man* and forgetting the unbending features of the Emperor. He was not content with beholding the mere upper-works of the machinery, but descended into the hot and oily quarters of the lower part of the ship, where the most intricate portion of the engine was situated: a half-hour was afterward devoted to studying the engraved plan of the machinery, which was further explained by the chief engineer of the steamer, and by Mr. Grundy, an English engineer, who has long been connected with the Brazilian navy.

"When the investigation of the engine was concluded, the Emperor wished to visit the forward-deck. Now, Americans are the vainest people in the world, and we were all afraid that on this part of the vessel Dom Pedro would not only be shocked with the appearance of some very rough specimens of humanity, on their way to the gold-regions of the Pacific, but that the said specimens would not give His Majesty the reception which was due to his station, as the Executive head of the most powerful South American Government. The Emperor's attention, however, could not be diverted to a different point; and the captain, fearing and trembling, was led to the forward-deck. There, upon the taffrail, sat representatives of the New York 'Mose,' the Philadelphia 'Killer,' and the Baltimore 'Plug-Ugly.' The captain's heart sank within him: he was proud of his ship, proud of his illustrious guest, but he had very little to be proud of in some of his passengers, especially the unkempt and unterrified, who were even more picturesque after their voyage than upon election-day. The Emperor now approached the sovereigns, — ay, near enough to have them 'betwixt the wind and his nobility.' Then occurred a scene, rich beyond description, which could never have taken place with others than Americans for actors. One of the unshaven, whose tobacco had, up to this time, occupied the greater portion of his mouth and

thoughts, suddenly tumbled from the taffrail, discharged his quid into the ocean, and, hat in hand, yelled forth, in a well-meaning but terrific voice, 'Boys, three cheers for the Emperor of the Brazils!' In a twinkle of an eye every Californian was upon his feet, and never, in their oft-fought battles for the 'glorious Democracy,' did they send forth such round and hearty huzzas as they did that day to D. Pedro II. The suddenness, the earnestness, the good intention, and the enthusiasm of the whole procedure were most mirth-provoking. The captain's fears subsided; his *pons asinorum* was crossed, and he took breath and laughed freely. The Emperor returned the impromptu salute with great respect, and, for the occasion, with becoming gravity." — pp. 235, 236.

We cannot omit the Emperor's parting message, through Mr. Fletcher, to an author whose extended fame is equally his own just due and his country's honor.

"His Majesty conversed for a long time on the objects for which I came to Brazil, and expressed his gratitude for the *souvenirs* which he had received from citizens of the United States. I stated to him that I would visit the Northern provinces, and then return to my native land. He expressed the customary wishes of a *bon voyage*, &c., but, with great earnestness, said to me, in conclusion, 'Mr. Fletcher, when you return to your country, have the kindness to say to Mr. Longfellow how much pleasure he has given me, and be pleased to tell him *combien je l'estime, combien je l'aime!* — how much I esteem him, how much I love him.'" — p. 250.

The government of Brazil is a constitutional monarchy, not unlike that of Great Britain, with separate provincial administrations, which assimilate it in some degree to that of the United States. The state religion is the Roman Catholic, but all other denominations are tolerated, and no hinderance is interposed to the circulation of the Scriptures or to the labors of Protestant missionaries. Judicial proceedings are public. In criminal cases, and in some civil cases, the right of trial by jury is secured, the decision being governed by the voice of the major part of the jury, not, as with us, by a unanimous verdict. There are two houses of legislature, both elective, and chosen through the intervention of electors, the senators for life, and the representatives for a term of four years. Each province also has its legislative assembly for local laws, taxation, and government.

Among the public institutions of Brazil the hospitals deserve emphatic notice, and it is believed that in no country upon earth are the needs of suffering humanity more generously or tenderly cared for.

"The most extensive hospital in the city [Rio de Janeiro], and indeed in the Empire, is that called the Santa Casa da Misericordia, or the Holy House of Mercy. This establishment is located upon the seashore, under the brow of the Castello Hill, and is open day and night for the reception of the sick and distressed. The best assistance in the power of the administrators to give is here rendered to all, male and female, black or white, Moor or Christian, — none of whom, even the most wretched, are under the necessity of seeking influence or recommendations in order to be received.

"From the statistics of this establishment it appears that more than seven thousand patients are annually received, of whom more than one thousand die.

"In this hospital are treated vast numbers of English and American seamen, the subjects of sickness or accident on their arrival, or during their stay in the port. There are few nations of the world which are not represented among the inmates of the Misericordia of Rio de Janeiro. Free access being always granted to its halls, they furnish an ample and interesting field for benevolent exertions in behalf of the sick and dying.

"The years 1850, '51, '52, and '53 were those of great mortality among foreigners, on account of the first and only known visit of the yellow fever to Rio de Janeiro and the coast of Brazil. The number of deaths among the natives was much exaggerated, and in no portion of the Empire was the mortality ever so great as in those parts of the United States which have so often been visited by the same disease. In 1854, '55, and '56 no cases of the yellow fever occurred, and its appearance and disappearance have been equally mysterious.

"New hospitals were arranged for the reception of foreign mariners stricken down with this fell malady; but none have been so well appointed, so well regulated, and so eminently successful, as the hospital of Jurujuba, under the supervision of an able medical committee, of which Dr. Paulo Candido is the chief. The principal visiting and attending physician is Dr. Correo de Azevado, a gentleman of great affability and experience, speaking ten different languages with fluency, and who is a universal favorite among his patients from all parts of the world. Every day during the year the little steamer 'Constancia,' bearing Dr. Azevado and his assistants, passes through the entire

shipping, receiving the sick, and then transports them to the southern shores of the St. Xavier's or Jurujuba Bay. The hospital is situated in the midst of perpetual verdure, and where the ocean and land breezes are uncontaminated by the many impurities of a vast city. Here are excellent and kind nurses, who co-operate with the physicians in promoting the recovery of the invalids.

"Jurujuba Hospital was for me a place of frequent visitation during the prevalence of the dreaded yellow fever. How many a poor wayfarer of the deep have I seen here and on shipboard, far away from country, home, and relatives, go down to the grave! How often, too, have I witnessed the power of that 'hope which maketh not ashamed,' as I have caught from dying lips the last loving messages sent to a distant father, mother, or sister, or as I have listened to the triumphant hymn which proclaimed the victory over the last foe to man!" — pp. 109 – 111.

Brazil has a common-school system, extending throughout the empire, and the Reports of our own Board of Education are eagerly inquired for among the teachers, as furnishing standards for discipline and instruction, and presenting models for imitation. The general government, in the civil year 1854 – 1855, educated 65,413 children, and as many more must have been educated at private schools and under provincial authority. There are also, under the direction of the state, colleges, naval and military academies, a law school, a medical school, and a theological seminary. The press is free. In Rio de Janeiro journalism is able, prolific, and lucrative. There are issued in the city four daily newspapers, besides several tri-weeklies and weeklies. Of larger periodicals, mention is made of a medical review, and a Brazilian and Foreign Quarterly, the latter conducted with taste and spirit, though resorting too frequently to translation to eke out its quota of printed matter. Besides various literary and scientific associations, which are so organized as to keep in active and useful exercise whatever of learning and talent they embody, there is an Imperial Academy of the Fine Arts, with a director, and professors of painting, of architecture, of sculpture, and of design. This institution receives annually about seventy new pupils, and provides funds for the support at Rome of a limited number of its most promising alumni.

The National Library contains a hundred thousand volumes, is constantly on the increase, and is supplied with the principal European periodicals. This collection is daily open to the public for reading and consultation, and is amply furnished with writing materials and accommodations for students. In fine, the entire apparatus for the culture of intellect, science, and taste is munificent, skilfully arranged, and so conducted as to afford its highest advantages to persons of every condition, race, and color. The actual achievements of Brazilian literature and art have not, indeed, as yet attracted the world's regard; but it must be remembered that men of surpassing genius are, after all, but the exponents and spokesmen of their age and race; that only thirty-five years have elapsed since Brazil had a merely vegetative existence as a remote dependency of an effete European kingdom, and that therefore the national life in all its elements of hope and progress is yet in its early infancy.

The African slave-trade is not only prohibited by the laws of the empire, but discountenanced in good faith by the existing government, so that the importation of slaves has almost ceased; while both public policy and general feeling are in favor of emancipation.

"In Brazil everything is in favor of freedom; and such are the facilities for the slave to emancipate himself, and, when emancipated, if he possess the proper qualifications, to ascend to higher eminences than those of a mere free black, that *fuit* will be written against slavery in this Empire before another half-century rolls around. Some of the most intelligent men that I met with in Brazil — men educated at Paris and Coimbra — were of African descent, whose ancestors were slaves. Thus, if a man have freedom, money, and merit, no matter how black may be his skin, no place in society is refused him. It is surprising also to observe the ambition and the advancement of some of these men with negro blood in their veins. The National Library furnishes not only quiet rooms, large tables, and plenty of books to the seekers after knowledge, but pens and paper are supplied to such as desire these aids to their studies. Some of the closest students thus occupied are mulattoes. The largest and most successful printing-establishment in Rio — that of Sr. F. Paulo Brito — is owned and directed by a mulatto. In the colleges, the medical, law, and theological schools, there is no distinction of color. It must, however, be admitted

that there is a certain, though by no means strong, prejudice existing all over the land in favor of men of pure white descent." — p. 133.

This statement prepares us for the prediction as to the future of labor in Brazil contained in the following extract, which we also quote for its clear recognition of the difficulties in the way of the elevation of the negro race on Anglo-American soil, and of the expediency and philanthropy of African colonization.

"If it be asked, 'Who will be the laborers in Brazil when slavery is no more?' the reply is, that the supply will come from Germany, Portugal, the Azores and Madeira, and other countries.

"It is a striking fact, that emigrants did not begin to arrive from Europe by thousands until 1852. In 1850 and '51 the African slave-trade was annihilated, and in the succeeding year commenced the present comparatively vigorous colonization. Each year the number of colonists is increasing, and the statesmen of the Empire are now devoting much attention to discover the best means for thus promoting the advancement of the country.

"Almost every step in Brazilian progress has been prepared by a previous gradual advance: she did not leap at once into self-government. She was raised from a colonial state by the residence of the Court from Lisbon, and enjoyed for years the position of a constituent portion of the Kingdom of Portugal. The present peaceful state of the Empire under D. Pedro II. was preceded by the decade in which the capabilities of the people for self-government were developed under the Regency. The effectual breaking up of the African slave-trade is but the precursor of a more important step.

"Slavery is doomed in Brazil. As has already been exhibited, when freedom is once obtained, it may be said in general that no social hinderances, as in the United States, can keep down a man of merit. Such hinderances do exist in our country. From the warm regions of Texas to the coldest corner of New England, the free black man, no matter how gifted, experiences obstacles to his elevation which are insurmountable. Across that imaginary line which separates the Union from the possessions of Great Britain, the condition of the African, socially considered, is not much superior. The Anglo-Saxon race, on this point, differs essentially from the Latin nations. The former may be moved to generous pity for the negro, but will not yield socially. The latter, both in Europe and the two Americas, have always placed merit before color. Dumas, the mulatto novel-writer, is as much esteemed in France as

Dickens or Thackeray are in England. An instance came under my own observation which confirms most strongly the remark made above. In 1849, it was my privilege to attend, with a large number of foreigners, a soirée in Paris, given by M. de Tocqueville, then French Minister of Foreign Affairs. I was introduced to a visitor from the United States, who for the first time looked upon the scenes of the gay capital, and as we proceeded to the refreshment-room his arm rested on mine. I found that this clergyman, by his intelligence, common sense, and modesty, commanded the admiration of all with whom he came in contact. A few weeks afterward, a European university of high repute honored him with the degree of Doctor of Divinity. In England he was looked upon with interest and curiosity; but had he proposed a social alliance equal to his own station, I doubt if success would have attended his offer. In 1856, the same clergyman was ejected from a New York railway-omnibus, by a conductor who daily permitted, without molestation, filthy foreigners of the lowest European class to occupy seats in the identical car. When the matter was submitted to the courts of justice, the decision sustained the conductor. There was no attempt to place the case on any other ground than that the plaintiff was a man of African descent.

"Thus far reason and Christianity have proved impotent in rooting out this prejudice, or in doing away with these social hinderances, which, more than slavery, will ever render the black man 'a hewer of wood and a drawer of water' to the Anglo-American, and which, unjust as they are, I fear can never be eradicated. These insurmountable obstacles, it seems to me, like plain providences, point to Liberia as the nearest land where the North-American-born negro may enjoy the full freedom and the social equality enjoyed by the African descendants in the most enlightened government of South America." — pp. 137 – 139.

Among the unpropitious features of Brazilian society are the ignorance and corruption of the clergy, and the consequently low standard of religious conviction and feeling among the people at large. The priesthood in general have not sufficient force of character to win the popular reverence, nor decency enough to be hypocrites. They perform the ritual of the Church at all canonical times, but have, aside from this, no cure of souls, no routine of parochial duty, no habitual ministration of charity, whether among the poor or the sick. During the prevalence of the yellow-fever, referred to in an earlier part of this article, Mr. Fletcher states that he

never saw a Brazilian or Portuguese priest at the hospital which he frequented. The clergy for the most part live in open and avowed licentiousness, and, exempted from the ordinary toil of a laborious life, without mental taste or resources, they incline generally to pleasures of the lowest order. The ceremonial worship of the Brazilian Church is conducted with a pomp and ostentation unsurpassed even in Italy. The saints' days and festivals are celebrated with a most grotesque mixture of observances divine and profane, with the most gorgeous ecclesiastical pageantry and the most rampant rowdyism, reminding us of a Sunday we once passed in New Orleans, on which, in entering a church in the morning, we found on the door a placard announcing to the faithful the disgusting programme of a bull-fight to be enacted at Algiers (on the opposite side of the Mississippi), in the afternoon. The style in which these occasions are *hallowed* in Brazil may be inferred from the following advertisement: —

"The Brotherhood of the Divine Holy Ghost of San Gonçalo will hold the feast of the Holy Ghost, on the 31st instant, with all possible splendor. Devout persons are invited to attend, to give greater pomp to this act of religion. On the 1st proximo there will be the feast of the Most Holy Sacrament, with a procession in the evening, a *Te Deum*, and a sermon. On the 2d, the feast of the patron of San Gonçalo, at three P. M. there will be *brilliant horse-racing;* after which, a *Te Deum* and magnificent fireworks." — pp. 146, 147.

We are not surprised to find that these festivals furnish employment to craftsmen of the order of Demetrius of Ephesus, and they, like their prototype, would, no doubt, be foremost and most fervent in whatever opposition might be raised against the actual preaching of the Gospel. Here is a specimen of the style in which they offer their assorted wares to the public.

"*Notice to the Illustrious Preparers of the Festival of the Holy Spirit.* — In the *Rua dos Ourives*, No. 78, may be found a beautiful assortment of Holy Ghosts, in gold, with glories, at eighty cents each; smaller sizes, without glories, at forty cents; silver Holy Ghosts, with glories, at six dollars and a half per hundred; ditto, without glories, three dollars and a half; Holy Ghosts of tin, resembling silver, seventy-five cents per hundred." — p. 147.

The consequence of this degraded condition of the Church is stupid indifference to religion on the part of the masses, and scepticism among the more enlightened. The confessional is almost deserted. Superstition, though occasionally encountered in gross and besotting forms, can hardly be said to characterize any portion of the people. The Church ritual is attractive on the score of its tinsel splendor, not of its reputed sanctity, and the Te Deum is tolerated, the sermon endured, for the sake of its sequel of horse-racing and fireworks. This condition of things is in itself unspeakably sad; yet it has one hopeful aspect. It almost precludes hostility against any aggressive movement in behalf of a purer faith. The greater portion of both clergy and laity are passively willing that the Bible should be circulated, and the Gospel preached by Protestant divines; while the more sober and reflective of both classes are disposed to hail any remedy for abounding irreligion, and the vices nourished by it. Our author and his colleague were not only everywhere kindly, and often gratefully, received by the laity, but frequently found favor and encouragement from the better and more intelligent of the priesthood, and in some instances from high ecclesiastical functionaries.

Mr. Fletcher offers some well-considered views of the commerce between Brazil and the United States, with suggestions to which it certainly concerns our government and our merchants to give heed.

"Since 1839, Brazil has had steamship-lines running along the whole of her four thousand miles of sea-coast, but it was not until 1850 that steam-communication was established to Europe. It was then that the Royal British Mail Steamship Company, whose vessels start from Southampton, began their monthly voyages; and now Brazil has no less than eight different lines of steamers, connecting her with England, France, Hamburg, Portugal, Belgium, and Sardinia. The United States, which hitherto has been the great commercial rival of Great Britain in Brazil, has not a single line of steamers to any portion of South America; and while England is reaping golden harvests, the balance of trade is each year accumulating against us. With all this so evident, it does seem strange that the General Government of the Union, which has aided in extending our mercantile interests by

subsidies to steamships running to other lands, has been so tardy in regard to South America, and especially unmindful of Brazil. England's commerce with Brazil, since the establishment of her first steam-line in 1850, has increased her exports more than one hundred per cent, while the United States has required *thirteen years* to make the same advance. Her entire commerce with Brazil, imports and exports, has advanced two hundred and twenty-five per cent since her first steam-line was established. Each year the balance of trade is increasing rapidly against us. In 1856, the United States exported to Brazil $ 5,094,904, while in return the United States imported from Brazil $ 19,262,657; or, in other words, our last year's trading with Brazil left against us the cash balance of $ 14,167,753, which we had to pay at heavy rates of exchange. England, in 1855, sold Brazil $ 23,000,000, and bought of her in return only $ 15,000,000, thus leaving the latter her debtor. Why is there such a disastrous account against us? British steamers, energy, and capital, and our neglect, have thus advanced the commerce of England. Our Government and our merchants, notwithstanding their boasted enterprise, have done next to nothing to foster the trade with Brazil. Purchasing, as we do, half her coffee crop and the greater portion of her India-rubber, there ought to be an effort on our part to introduce effectually the many productions of our country which we can furnish as well as Great Britain. Our common cottons are better than the imitations of the same manufactured at Manchester, England, and yet labelled 'Lowell drillings,' and 'York Mills, Saco, Me.' We can furnish many kinds of hardware and other items cheaper and better than England. The few efforts made by single individuals (as in the case of Mr. N. Sands, — Filgueiras, Sands, & Co.) to introduce the labor-saving machines of our country have already resulted in the establishment of four different Brazilian houses in Rio de Janeiro, where one can purchase various articles under the comprehensive name of *Genros Norte Americanos*. In 1856, the United States purchased one third of all the exports of Brazil, but the imports from the United States into the Empire were not one *tenth* of the Brazilian imports. This subject demands investigation from individuals and from our Government." — pp. 194 – 196.

In accordance with these views, Mr. Fletcher, in 1854, made a patriotic effort to introduce the staples of our industry and commerce to the better knowledge of the Brazilians. Being temporarily in this country, he solicited through the press, and by application to individuals, the contribution of specimens of a large variety of manufactured goods, utensils, and

machinery for a public exhibition in Rio de Janeiro of the art and industry of the United States. In many quarters his application was regarded with favor, and in March, 1855, he set sail from Baltimore with his "assorted cargo." A hall in the National Museum was granted him for his exhibition; it was visited by the Emperor and his suite; and such articles as were deemed appropriate gifts to royalty were presented to the imperial family. The results of this most judicious and praiseworthy enterprise can hardly fail to show themselves in the commercial statistics of the present and succeeding years. Certain it is that attention was emphatically drawn to the superiority of some American manufactures, that a new demand was created, and the knowledge of the mercantile resources of our country enlarged and extended; and it may prove that this missionary of the cross will have been the prime agent in righting the balance of trade between our own and the Brazilian ports.

But, while rendering scanty justice to the work before us, we are exceeding our prescribed limits. A more entertaining and instructive volume has not for a long time been issued from the American press. Its typography is in a style of superior excellence, and the numerous engravings are of subjects well chosen for the purpose of illustration, and admirably executed. Where the book itself has not anticipated our comments and extracts, we are sure that our extracts, at least, will aid in extending its circulation, and enhancing the worthily earned reputation of its authors.

Art. X. — CRITICAL NOTICES.

1. — *Le Japon Contemporain.* Par Edouard Fraissinet. Paris: Hachette. 1857. 16mo. pp. 260.

This is a small volume, but eminently entertaining and instructive. M. Fraissinet, unlike French writers of his class, abstains from epigram, and does not amplify his facts by his fertile imagination. His descrip-

tions are veracious, and the marvellous portions are as well vouched for as the commonplaces. He cannot, indeed, give a guide-book of Japan, which shall be fit to accompany the red-covered library of "Murrays," but he has done the next thing to this, — has told almost everything but the routes and the local stories. The face of the country; its numerous divisions; its vegetable, mineral, and metallic wealth; the habits, customs, industry, culture, institutions, and religion of the people; the stately absurdities of royalty and its etiquette; the relation between king and subject, priest and worshipper; the efforts to colonize and Christianize the land; the scientific traditions of the nation, not few nor unimportant; the puzzle of languages, which no foreigner can unravel, and the secret of practical arts, which no stranger shall find out; the reason for condemning and the reasons for justifying the exclusive policy of intercourse; what Japan has been, and what it is likely to be, — this M. Fraissinet attempts to tell as briefly as he may. He expects good results to grow out from the American expedition, though he treats any notion of the subjugation of Japan to a foreign power as ridiculous. His volume is one of the most useful of the excellent series which is establishing the reputation of Hachette in Paris as the rival of Didot.

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2. — *Deux Ans de Révolution en Italie* (1848, 1849). Par F. T. PERRENS. Paris. 1857. 16mo. pp. 554.

THIS work is the most accurate and impartial history of the Italian struggle in the years of revolution which has appeared in any language. Without concealing his sympathy with their cause and their motive, M. Perrens frankly exposes the mistakes of the Italian patriots, and points out the obvious reasons for their failure. His history will not please those who think that all the blunders of noble men are to be praised, or at least overlooked, or those who are intolerant of acquiescence in the temporary necessity of arbitrary government. It will be denounced by the revolutionists, and perhaps by the ultra republicans, yet it will not therefore find favor with aristocratic theorists. The position of M. Perrens is that of a believer in such constitutional monarchy as the government of Sardinia; and though he longs ardently to witness a united Italy, he expects no counterpart in that peninsula to the States of the American Union.

It is not easy to write a history of the Italian revolution, since the movements of the various states, though simultaneous, were not directly

connected with one another, and in no way harmonious. The want of concord among the separate nationalities and their leaders was, from the first, a fatal omen; and now, each revolt has its separate story. M. Perrens has adopted the pleasant expedient of connecting with the account of each movement the name of some distinguished man, though he does not pretend that in more than one or two instances the name of the man can represent the whole spirit of the movement. With the Roman revolution, the most exciting of all, the name of Mazzini, of course, belongs. This thrilling narrative is somewhat too coldly given by M. Perrens, who does not love Mazzini and the men of his class. It is unfortunate for the Roman republic, that it was overthrown by an army of Frenchmen. No French writer likes to confess the crime of his own nation. Gioberti is a greater favorite with our author, and the Piedmontese enterprise is described with an approach to enthusiasm. Cattaneo and Milan form the subject of a vigorous sketch, in which the cruelties of the Austrians are set in strong relief. Manin, yielding to the force of misfortune, and resigning Venice to her fate, loses no credit with M. Perrens by his dignified despair. Montanelli and Tuscany furnish the dullest section of the book. It needs a genius like that of D'Azeglio to glorify a Florentine rebellion. In the accounts of Poerio and Naples, and of Ruggieio Settimo and Sicily, caution is dismissed, and the historian does not hesitate to call the Bourbons by their right names, and to speak of the puerile and brutal tyranny of the Naples dynasty as it deserves.

So able a work ought to be translated into English.

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3. — *La Chevalier Sarti.* Par P. Scudo. Paris. 1857. 16mo. pp. 557.

Portions of this musical novel have appeared from time to time in the columns of the "Revue des Deux Mondes," and the readers of that serial will be glad to get the whole in its present convenient form. It has threefold merit. It is an ingenious and well-wrought tale, it is an exciting chapter of history, and it is a comprehensive account of a remarkable but neglected school of art, the Venetian School. The prime purpose of the volume is evidently to vindicate the Queen of the Adriatic, and to prove that, instead of being last among those who have cultivated and magnified the musical art, her claim is justly paramount. We cannot think that Signor Scudo has quite succeeded in this attempt, nor is it probable that Meyerbeer, to whom the book is dedicated, will consent to the pre-eminent excellence of Venice from the evidence here

furnished. Enough is told, nevertheless, to establish for the city of the Doges at least a second rank in the annals of music.

The Chevalier Sarti is spoken of as a real personage, and we are invited to think that the details of this story tell substantial facts of his early life. However this may be, the facts of life in Venice at the close of the last century are here, — the life of the city palace and the country villa, of the square of St. Mark, the casino of St. Stephen, the theatre, and the gondola; the habits of the aristocracy, the priests, the artists, and the people; the ways of thinking, speaking, intriguing, and conspiring; varieties of age, of character, of situation, and of fortune, — grouped before us in a series of finished cabinet pictures. The portrait of "Beata" reminds us of Allston's Rosalie and Goethe's Mignon, and the Senator Zeno is one of those grand old figures which Titian loved to paint. The outline of the Venetian lady of pure and unmixed blood is complete in the sentence that she was a "Greek slightly modified by Christianity." The musical *abbé* is a perfect type of the clerical class of his period. A refined and fastidious sensualist, without earnestness in faith, without confidence in God or men, careless of the future, whether political or social, of his nation, a dilettante in history and in art, charitable to error, but impatient of theories, he shows us the spirit of the Venetian Church far better than its own dreary records.

The style of the volume is deliciously appropriate. It floats and undulates, like the "gondellieder" of Mendelssohn, in its more serious passages, and sparkles in the lighter passages like a French "barcarolle." It has the fascinating, dreamy mingling of brightness and sadness, of sun and shadow, which surrounds and overhangs that city of so many memories. Its proper preface is, indeed, a sketch of the genius of Beethoven, and the story of the moonlight sonata. The soul of Beethoven was profoundly in sympathy with the life and scenery and spirit of the haughty and daring republic, and its fortunes are not obscurely written out in the mystic chords of his Symphonies. It is Beethoven whom one hears at midnight in Venice, when the shadow of those solemn piles hushes the motionless waters to deeper silence.

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4. — *Germaine.* Par EDMOND ABOUT. Paris. 1857. 16mo. pp. 318.

M. ABOUT will gain a reputation like that of Dumas, if he goes on for a year or two longer. Each quarterly is called to notice some work

from his fluent and brilliant pen. The last issue that has reached us (though we notice in the French papers that another is announced) is this novel of "Germaine." As a story it is inferior to "Tolla," and as a satire it cannot be compared to "Le Roi des Montagnes"; yet it is much better than common French novels. The wit is keen and sparkling, the scenes are excellently painted, the contrast between the French and the Spanish national character and taste is well set forth, and a new chapter of Greek life is given in the account of Corfu, its occupations, its inhabitants, and its nuisances. The letters from Corfu are in the best style of About's humor, full of side-hits, especially at the English, whom, as a true Frenchman, he is never weary of ridiculing; as where he speaks of the two daughters of an India Colonel, on board a steamer, "yellow as Russia leather," silent with their fellow-passengers because unable to speak a word of French, rushing upon deck every few moments to take sketches in their albums of "landscapes like plum-puddings," — or where he mentions that the English have made of Corfu a second Gibraltar *at the expense of the Greeks*, — or where he tells how the English have adapted the death of Joan of Arc for representation in their theatres, making it a death from a wound in battle, and not a judicial murder, and Joan comes in with a "helmet of silver paper, flourishing a great flag like a fan."

The personages of the novel are the Duke and Duchess d'Embleuse, the parents of Germaine; the Countess de Villaneva, and her son Don Diego, who becomes Germaine's husband; Madame de Chermidy, the beautiful and brilliant mistress of Don Diego, whose husband is captain of a French frigate and takes no thought for his wife; Madame de Chermidy's chambermaid, "Le Tas," a true specimen of the Parisian *intrigante;* the Doctor Le Bris, kind, shrewd, and scientific; and Mantoux, the Jewish thief and assassin. The Duke is selfish, weak, lazy, dissolute, and a bankrupt. His wife is amiable, passive, credulous, without any will of her own. The Countess and her son are very grave, very taciturn, very tall and awkward, very proud and sanctimonious. Madame de Chermidy is as cunning as she is beautiful, as unscrupulous as she is ambitious. Her son, Gomez, the only being that she disinterestedly loves, is as ugly as his father, Don Diego. Germaine, a young lady of good education and good parts, appears from the beginning as an invalid, a destined victim of consumption. She marries Don Diego, that his unlawful child may have a lawful mother. Neglecting to die at once, as it was expected, she incurs the bitter hatred of the real mother of Gomez, who devises her destruction. We shall not attempt to state the unravelling of the fourfold plot of this singular story, which begins by a daughter's marrying, in hope, by her speedy death, of re-

lieving her parents from debt, and ends with the murder of the woman who had been meditating another's murder, with a marvellous recovery from hopeless consumption, and with a most improbable adjustment of the strange situations of the several personages.

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5. — *Séjour chez le Grand-Chérif de la Mekke.* Par CHARLES DIDIER. Paris: Hachette. 1857. 16mo. pp. 310.

LESS thorough and instructive than Mr. Burton's account of his pilgrimage to Mecca, this volume by M. Didier is even more graphic and fascinating. The motive for his journey was partly misanthropical. Disgusted with Paris, France, and Europe, for reasons public and private which he does not mention, he goes off to the East to get away from the world and find rest. A pleasant winter in Cairo mollifies his hatred of men in some degree, and he promptly accepts the invitation of an Englishman to go with him to Mount Sinai and Arabia, and as near to Mecca as it may be practicable. The expedition was very successful and satisfactory. They saw everything except Mecca, and saw perhaps as much of Moslem life as if they had seen the Holy City, besides avoiding the infinite trouble and the constant danger of maintaining the most difficult of all disguises. In their proper persons, making no pretensions to any lineage but Frank lineage, or any faith but Christian faith, they were able to sail down the Red Sea, to land unmolested at Jeddah, to traverse without fear the sacred pathway worn by pilgrim feet, and to encamp before Mount Arafat; they were guests of Pachas and of Sherifs, were treated with attention, kindness, and respect, furnished with conveniences of every sort, faithfully escorted from the sea to the mountains and from the mountains to the sea, and returned to Egypt in excellent health and spirits, without any experience of the savage inhospitality of the Moslem fanatics.

At the commencement of his journey M. Didier had the good fortune to meet with Mr. Burton, and obtained from him many useful hints. He bears emphatic testimony to Mr. Burton's skill in counterfeiting the Arabian manners and language, and relates an amusing interview which the "Sheikh Abdallah" had with one of his fellow-pilgrims, who chanced to meet him on the desert. Mr. Burton gave M. Didier, on parting, the Koran which he wore on his expedition, which now for a second time was to be worn in the path of faith at the girdle of an infidel. The visit to Mount Sinai, by way of the valley of Tûr, was at once a pleasant relief from the monotony of the lazy voyage down the

Red Sea, and an excellent preparation for the severer fatigues of Arabia proper. M. Didier's observations at Mount Sinai are worth nothing, except as telling us what the late Egyptian Pacha's whim has accomplished there in the matter of road-making. It is interesting to find the Cairene autocrat attempting in that deserted region to repeat the achievement of Napoleon on the Simplon, and to make a highway and a habitation upon the inaccessible Mount of God.

The volume contains many nice epigrams, which are impartially distributed. M. Didier is a zealous partisan of the Arabs as against the Turks, and believes fully that the term "dog" is justly applied to the Osmanli, and that the "sick man" is near his end. Of the Wahabees, the reformed branch of the Moslems, he gives a good and accurate sketch.

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6. — *Remarkable Providences, illustrative of the earlier Days of American Colonization.* By INCREASE MATHER. With an Introductory Preface, by GEORGE OFFOR. London. 1856. 16mo. pp. 262.

THIS is one of that charming series of "Old Authors" which have appeared at intervals within the past year from the press of Mr. John Russell Smith. It is somewhat singular that the production of an American Puritan divine should have found a place in such a collection. But Increase Mather's work is well worth preserving, and its present publication is timely. It is pleasant to see that the performances which are now attributed to spirits — rappings, tippings, trances, second-sight, and the like — were well known to the grave fathers of New England, and that Dr. Gordon's theory of the Devil at work in these occurrences was defended so ably by a President of Harvard College. We regard this book as a capital contribution to spiritualistic literature, in its collection of "test cases," its accurate relations of marvels, and its delightful credulity. There is no weak scepticism in the author's mind about facts, which have precedents in all ages, from the days of the Patriarchs downward. He is a firm believer. And his well-attested stories are decidedly more entertaining than the doleful narratives, fragmentary ejaculations, and lame verses, which make the substance of the "spiritual" literature now current. We are not stinted to witchcraft, insanity, and hallucinations, but are treated also to earthquakes, hail-storms, shipwrecks, and lightning, — to "God's judgments" generally.

Some of the philosophical speculations of this volume are sagacious, and several are prophetic of recent discoveries. The opinion that

nitre is an ingredient of thunder and lightning is quite consistent with the statement that Satan has "a great operation in causing thunder-storms." Satan, indeed, is the Prince of the Air, though he also has a great deal to do with fire. The demons of this book, though they play some very roguish and uncomfortable pranks, hurling pots and pans about in the most wanton manner, say, nevertheless, some very sensible things, and give some excellent advice to the inquisitive mortals who vex them with queries. We approve the wisdom of that demon "which for three months molested the house of Mr. Perreaud, a Protestant minister in Matiscon. One in the room would needs be propounding needless questions for the Devil to answer, though Mr. Perreaud told him of the danger in it. After a deal of discourse, the Devil said to him, 'You should have hearkened to the minister's good counsel, who told you that you ought not to ask curious questions of the Devil; yet you would do it, and now I must school you for your pains.' Presently upon which the man was, by an invisible hand, plucked up by his thumb and twirled round, and thrown down upon the floor, and so continued in most grievous misery."

The most remarkable chapter in the volume is that on cases of conscience, in which it is considered how far it is lawful and right to take precautions and use charms to exorcise and drive away evil spirits. In this discussion, the copious classical, Rabbinical, and Scriptural erudition of the Puritan scholar appears to great advantage over the superficial knowledge of modern professors of demonology. Ovid, Virgil, Livy, Æschines, Josephus and Rabbi Abraham, Porphyrius and Cornelius Agrippa, St. Ambrose and St. Augustine, William of Malmesbury, Voetius, King James, and Dr. Cotta, are all quoted with a freedom which shows first-hand familiarity with their writings. The general conclusion to which Dr. Mather comes is, that no special means are to be used to get rid of the visits of bad spirits. Music he considers to be an excellent preventive, tested in the case of David before Saul. But, in general, he advises his readers to have as little as possible to do with such incorporeal essences, either in inviting or in hindering their presence. He would even have witches treated mercifully, as human beings, rather than as criminals or outcasts.

The book, as a whole, is a mine of curious learning, as well as a storehouse of curious incidents. We notice that the Preface makes a mistake of three years in the age of Dr. Mather.

7.— *Notes on Noses.* New Edition. London: Bentley. 16mo. pp. 153.

This abrupt title, with the accompanying five-visaged head as its vignette, and the quaint motto from Tristram Shandy, leads the reader to expect an odd, and probably a very absurd book. This expectation is realized only in part. The volume is not absurd, nor is it merely or mainly humorous. Its purpose is half scientific, and its tone seems wholly sincere. And we cheerfully add, that, whatever may be thought of the author's theories about the connection of the nose with mental and spiritual characteristics, or its psychometric importance, his general observations are very ingenious, just, and philosophical. The humor of the volume is only incidental, and is always refined and delicate. It is a suggestive rather than an amusing book.

The writer separates the varieties of Nose into *six* classes, which seem to have each its peculiar mark, though they are often compounded, — the Roman, the Grecian, the Cogitative (which is his epithet for the *broad-nostrilled* nose), the Jewish, or hawk nose, the Snub, and the Celestial. He gives diagrams of each of these classes, with a concise statement of their physical marks and appearances, and their spiritual indications. The Roman nose "indicates great decision, considerable energy, firmness, absence of refinement, and disregard for the *bienséances* of life." The Greek or straight nose "denotes refinement of character, love for the fine arts and *belles-lettres*, astuteness, craft, and a preference for indirect rather than direct action." The Cogitative nose, which must be seen in front, and is always found in connection with some one of the other classes, betokens thoughtfulness, reasoning power, and a love of meditation and intellectual processes. The Jewish nose, which is convex from end to end, "indicates considerable shrewdness in worldly matters, a deep insight into character, and facility of turning that insight to profitable account." Of the Snub and the Celestial, the writer has nothing good to say; they are signs, in his view, of meanness, insolence, and conceit; tolerable sometimes on the face of a pretty woman, but abominable as the ornaments of the masculine head. He prefers the Celestial, however, as a more intelligent nose than the Snub, though on the whole "more impudent." The Celestial nose is the reverse of the Jewish, concave in all its length, and turned up at the end. There are one or two exceptional sorts of nose, which the writer does not attempt to classify under these six heads. Lord Brougham's nose makes a class by itself.

These several classes are considered in their order, and very numerous illustrations from the list of great and famous men are given. There

are wise digressions, a long discussion of the Baconian theory of Science, a discrimination between the feminine and the masculine nose, a dissertation on national noses, and altogether more good reading than is usually found within the compass of so small a volume. We are glad that so pleasant a work has been brought within the reach of American readers.

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8. — *Life in China.* By Rev. William C. Milne, M. A., for many years Missionary among the Chinese. With four Original Maps. London: G. Routledge & Co. 1857. 16mo. pp. 520.

This is one of the most interesting of the numerous books about China which have in these last years come under our notice. If less complete than the work of Mr. Williams, and less finished in its style than that of Mr. Fortune, it is more readable than either. The author has high qualifications for his task. He resided in China for more than thirteen years, stationed at different points, Macao, Tinghai, Ningpo, and Shanghai. He acquired the Chinese language and manners so perfectly, that he travelled thirteen hundred miles in the heart of the country, through three of the most populous provinces, without detection or suspicion. He maintained constant and intimate intercourse with natives of all classes, and kept a daily journal of his observations and experiences.

He prefaces his personal narrative by an extended discussion of the common notions of foreigners about China and the Chinese, treating in order the subjects of odd manners, pigtails, little feet of women, long nails, fans, rice-paper pictures, processions, carved ivory balls, lanterns, chopsticks, rat-eating, bird's-nest soup, infanticide, and want of heart, which are associated by almost all Christians with the name of the Celestial Empire. His explanation and correction of errors in regard to these things will help readers to a more just idea of this misunderstood nation. Indeed, the whole volume is a protest against the prejudices and the superficial judgments of unfair observers and critics. Mr. Bayard Taylor is rebuked for his shallow generalization, that "the Chinese are morally the most debased people on the face of the earth." Mr. Milne affirms that this is far from the truth, and gives the people, on the whole, a high rank among the nations for honesty, purity, and intelligence. Even to their religion he is tolerant, and his horror at their idolatry is much less than might be expected from a missionary. He regards the ground as good ground for Christian efforts, and looks upon the signs of the time as auspicious for the prosecution of evangel-

ical labor. Like all writers of his class, he points out the remarkable likeness between the rites of Buddhism and those of Romanism.

In his discussion of religions in China, — which includes a curious account of the Jewish community at Kaifung, their history and their manuscripts, as well as a sketch of Mohammedanism, — we are surprised to miss any adequate notice of the influence of Confucius, or of the extent to which his writings are read and his doctrines received. This is a singular defect in the volume. If a chapter upon the Chinese sage had been substituted for the long dissertation upon the form and origin of "pagodas," the book would have gained in value. We must add, that vulgarisms of expression, such as "rather taken with," "pitched into," "hove in sight," "agog," and the like, are more frequent than they ought to be in such a book.

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9. — *The Tent and the Khan: a Journey to Sinai and Palestine.* By Robert Walter Stewart, D. D., Leghorn. With Map and Illustrations. Edinburgh: William Oliphant and Sons. 1857. 8vo. pp. 542.

Dr. Stewart's work, issued three years after his return from the Holy Land, bears throughout the evidence of conscientious and careful preparation. The opinions expressed in it on the subject of Scripture Geography are matured after diligent reading and laborious investigation, and are entitled to more weight than the impressions of an ordinary tourist. There is no attempt here to set aside by bold conjecture the views of previous observers; and where there is dissent from these views, it is fortified by good reasons. In regard to the site of Mount Sinai, this writer strongly advocates the opinion of Lepsius, against the traditions of the Church and the conviction of most who have recently written about the Sinaitic question.

The route which he followed from the Mount of Moses to the Holy Land was an unusual one, which we have seen described by no English writer. And though such a deviation from the track of travel hindered him from reaching the capital of Edom, yet the marks and notes by the way of Nukhl which he has given, are more valuable than any new description of Petra could be. In Palestine he visited some out-of-the-way places; and he is able to verify some hypotheses, and to correct some mistakes, of previous travellers.

The minuteness of detail and the almost scholastic character of the discussions, will abate much of the interest which so able a book ought to secure. Though generally a correct writer, Dr. Stewart is not

master of a good English style. His orthography, both of Arabic and English words, is often at fault; his sentences are sometimes involved, and he ventures upon phrases which are allowed by no canons of taste. The following paragraph has several instances of this singular use of language. The Italics are ours.

"Poor Hanna had an adventure during the day, which convulsed us all with laughter. The grate, kettle, pots and pans, and other culinary utensils, had been hung on a young camel, not well broken in, and vicious withal, which had been assigned to Hanna on the principle, I fancy, of not separating the workman from his tools. After frequent disputes which should have the upper hand, Hanna at last applied a cudgel with such effect that the animal set off *roaring*, at a furious pace, enlivened every now and then by a bound, which made the poor fellow *stot* like a ball from his seat, and eventually scattered his bedding and culinary utensils over half a mile of ground. The shrieks of the master, who found that the game was all against him, the bounds of his Pegasus, as he *tore along*, *screeching like a steam-engine*, and the flapping and rattling of a Desert kitchen service on his flanks, which, like a kettle at a dog's tail, made his *evolutions* more frantic, presented a scene so intensely ludicrous, that when I recall it, even at this distance of time, it calls forth *peels* of laughter."

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10. — 1. *Boat Life in Egypt and Nubia.* By WILLIAM C. PRIME. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1857. 12mo. pp. 498.
2. *Tent Life in the Holy Land.* By WILLIAM C. PRIME. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1857. 12mo. pp. 498.

ALL Oriental travellers are privileged to be egotistic in their narratives. A moderate display of vanity and self-satisfaction is pardonable in the record of that dreamy, meditative, half-poetical life, which is passed under the tent or on the mystic river. We expect reverence and rapture in the confessions of one who has seen "the pathways and abiding-places" of the Saviour of men. Mr. Prime, we are compelled to say, gives us rather too much of himself, of his importance, his privilege, his devout feeling, and his private griefs. His egotism is constant, intense, — as strongly marked in his description of scenery, his discussion of antiquities, and his relation of legends, as in the account of his own wonderful and brave achievements. This inordinate subjectiveness is the gravest fault of these volumes, considered as books of travel. We will not add to this the tone of refined sensualism which pervades them, the keen observation of female beauty, and an appreciation of wines and chibouks, — those creature comforts of the East, — which would have delighted Anacreon or Horace, but seem somewhat

alien from the ascetic strictness of Presbyterianism. Such a luxurious tone accords better than asceticism with the spirit of Oriental life. And it is high praise for Mr. Prime's volumes to say, that they faithfully daguerreotype the common life of Egypt and Palestine, and are second in this regard only to the volumes of the "Howadji." Mr. Prime writes in a lively style, admirably adapted to the account of events and rencontres, and the description of places and persons. He is skilful in dialogue, and knows how to set forth a comical or a tragic scene in its proper colors. There are many chapters of genuine pathos in these volumes, and not a few ludicrous adventures which Hogarth could not have improved in picturing. Mr. Prime is more happy in his descriptions of real life, however, than in his stories. He sees better than he invents. And especially when he undertakes to discuss topographical and historical questions is he unsatisfactory. We learn from him nothing of any importance about the monuments of Egypt, and the most valuable, as well as the most entertaining, narrative of what he did in the subterranean chambers of that land, is given in his perilous exploit in the mummy pits of Maabdeh. In the Holy Land, he was favored in getting admission to the mosques of Mount Moriah, and has given of these a tolerably good description. But his discussion of the question of "the Holy Places," and the strange conclusions to which he comes, discredit his ability as a critical obse ver. He is a better judge of *scarabæi* than investigator of difficult historical problems.

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11. — *The New England History, from the Discovery of the Continent by the Northmen, A. D.* 986, *to the Period when the Colonies declared their Independence, A. D.* 1776. By CHARLES W. ELLIOTT. In 2 vols. New York: Charles Scribner. 1857. 12mo. pp. 479, 492.

WE opened this work with interest, as we always do a new History of New England, especially one so attractive in its mechanical execution. We care not how often the story is told, nor how much attention is turned to everything that can illustrate it. No historian could have a nobler theme. The Puritans; their exodus from the Old World, and the foundation of their state in the New; their sufferings and unshrinking endurance; their deep religious feeling, pervading every act, however unimportant; their efforts for posterity in early establishing means of education for all; their dealings with the Indians, often unjust, unless compared with a more modern standard; their religious delusions; their love of liberty and resistance to tyranny, from the first; — all those

acts by which the destiny of our country was spun, and her character moulded, — all their virtues and all their faults, — what a subject for delineation! It has often been attempted, rarely with success. In fact, there have been but few really great historians, in any age or country. No kind of literary labor requires so nice a balance of rare qualities. The historian must not only possess untiring industry; he must be impartial, unbiassed by prejudice or private opinion. He should beware of inculcating particular religious or political opinions, and coloring the characters of men identified with them, to suit his own views. Such a course is unjust to the dead, who, if wronged, can utter no remonstrance from the grave; it is unjust to the living, who, confiding in the faith of the historian, may rightly complain of being misled. Were any writer to avow his purpose to give a one-sided aspect of a question, as a Romanist or a Protestant view of the Reformation, we could not find fault with him, because his intention is honestly expressed, and we can make allowance for the effect of his bias upon his narration. Yet it would be sad to have the truth of history so travestied as to present all the phases of the kaleidoscope, each author arranging the same events to produce the picture of his own thoughts. There would then be no appeal to acknowledged authority, as to facts bearing upon politics or religion. There would be Democratic and Republican, Calvinistic, Arminian, and Universalist histories. History must be struck from our public school studies, because, by law, no sectarian views can there be inculcated. The ancients worshipped one Muse of History; we should offer sacrifices to a thousand.

The work before us has decided merits. It is clear and full, with nothing of that dryness so characteristic of many historians. The author has shown a commendable industry, and brought together much valuable information. To the general reader these volumes will prove interesting. Many curious facts are narrated, and many curious extracts introduced. As a merely literary work it is faulty. But little regard has been paid to what constitutes purity of style, and ungrammatical and coarse expressions not unfrequently occur. But we think it has faults of a graver kind. While professing to write an impartial history, the author has freely introduced his private opinion of views still entertained by large and respectable bodies of Christians. He discusses the theology of the Puritans in a way which must be condemned by those who reject, equally with those who receive it. The levity and coarseness with which he speaks of sentiments dear to many hearts, and of those who inculcated them, will justly forbid the acceptance of the work in many quarters where it might otherwise have found favor.

Equally do we regret the manner in which he has spoken of the

clergy of New England as a class, and of the motives which actuated them. If New England can lay any claims on the score of intelligence, morality, and love of freedom, she owes her position to these very ministers. They had faults, many faults; yet no one can read their history without feeling that they were influenced, even in their errors, by far higher considerations than are imputed to them in this History. Mr. Elliott evidently does not comprehend the men nor the age; does not see the mingling of great and glorious ideas, just beginning to be developed, with the fragments of old falsities, whose roots penetrated far back into the ages past, and which, therefore, could not soon, nor easily, be eradicated. The great wonder as to the character of the Puritans will always be, not that they erred so much, but that they comprehended so much truth. We must object, also, to many of Mr. Elliott's extracts, as adapted to give a wrong impression of the men and of the times. Foolish prayers and narrow views may be found in every age, and yet not mark the age. We would hardly be willing to have an historian, a hundred years hence, judge us by extracts parallel to those here given.

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12. — *Married or Single?* By the Author of "Hope Leslie," "Redwood," "Home," etc., etc. In two volumes. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1857. 12mo. pp. 261, 284.

Miss Sedgwick has the rare gift of conveying moral instruction without *moralizing*. Of didacticism in style there is hardly less in the most trashy novel of the day than in this, her last tale; and yet a story fraught with ethical lessons so various and so searching has seldom come under our cognizance. These lessons, however, are derived, not from abnormal personages, created to point a moral, but from the natural development and action of very much such characters as we are all familiar with. And it is especially in character-painting that Miss Sedgwick may be pronounced second to no living author of fiction. Her *dramatis personæ* in the volumes before us comprise a wonderful diversity of types, none of them abstractions with names, but all of them lifelike, — saints, with just those little blemishes that make them not altogether angels; profligates, with just enough of the Divine image left to raise them above fiends; persons odd and grotesque as any of Dickens's caricatures, yet with enough of common humanity to keep them in gearing with the social machinery of which they form a part. In the *dénouement* of the plot, she is only less successful. Two

of the female characters die, apparently because it was difficult to dispose of them otherwise, and some few of the incidents rather transcend probability; but on the whole the story is managed with extraordinary skill, comprehending as it does several minor plots, with the rehearsal of several eventful chapters of family history prior in point of time to the opening of the first scene. The author's prime aim is to exhibit, as parallel with the holy and benign ministries of the true wife and mother, the no less sacred and lofty sphere of service open to self-respecting and voluntary maidenhood. But to enumerate all the moral axioms and postulates which the story illustrates and defends with explicitness and power, would be to give titles for a tolerably complete treatise of moral philosophy. While we find it hard to use, with regard to the author, degrees of comparison short of the superlative, this seems to us, both in an artistical and an ethical point of view, the best of the series that bears her name.

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13. — *Life of James Montgomery.* By MRS. HELEN C. KNIGHT. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 1857. 12mo. pp. 416.

WHILE James Montgomery's longer poems had a fame that can hardly be said to have survived their author, his sweet hymns, in the half-plaintive, half-jubilant tone of Moravian piety, will give voice to the devotion of Christians of every name, wherever the English language is spoken, till its present idioms grow obsolete. His life, too, is full of interest, as we trace the errant fortunes of his boyhood, the strangely checkered experiences of his editorial career, the slow development of his spiritual character, the genial philanthropy that grew with his years, the unsought honors that clustered around his latter days, and the traits, so like those of the beloved John, that irradiated the protracted old age of his earthly life and the perennial youth of his heart. His letters and subjective poems of themselves form an almost complete autobiography. These Mrs. Knight has compiled with her wonted skill and taste, and bound them together with her own graceful narrative, which supplements, but never supersedes or duplicates, his life-record. Mrs. Knight has thus made a most valuable addition to our biographical literature, and has brought to our familiar knowledge a character which embodies as much of the "beauty of holiness" as it is ever given to any one mortal to attain and exhibit.

14. — *The Grammar of English Grammars, with an Introduction Historical and Critical; the whole methodically arranged and amply illustrated; with Forms of Correcting and of Parsing, Improprieties for Correction, Examples for Parsing, Questions for Examination, Exercises for Writing, Observations for the Advanced Student, Decisions and Proofs for the Settlement of Disputed Points, Occasional Strictures and Defences, an Exhibition of the several Modes of Analysis, and a Key to the Oral Exercises; to which are added Four Appendixes, pertaining separately to the Four Parts of Grammar.* By GOOLD BROWN. Second Edition, revised and improved. New York: Samuel S. and William Wood. 1857. 8vo. pp. 1070.

WE have copied the whole of this long title, which we should have abbreviated were it not an honest title, — were not all the promises it makes fulfilled in the book. It is indeed an encyclopædia of English and general grammar, of the dicta of grammarians, and of all subjects nearly enough allied to grammar to shelter themselves under its name. It can hardly fail of a place in every public library, and on the table of every scholar who is curious as to the structure of his wonted instrument for the reception and transmission of thought. The volume might have been smaller; for it can never be a school-book, and therefore it might have dispensed with the apparatus of examples and exercises adapted to school use. But there are no sins of omission. We doubt whether a topic of grammatical interest could be named which is not here discussed. Yet more, compared with other recent grammarians, Brown's theories and classifications are, on the one hand, simple and easy of comprehension, and, on the other, they shun the extreme of generalization, which in some treatises obliterates real distinctions and confounds essential differences. We should prefer Lindley Murray's nomenclature and arrangement, but, among recent authors, we accord our preference to Brown. The work needs an alphabetical index, which might easily be added in future issues from the plates of the present edition.

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15. — *Report on the Vital Statistics of the United States, made to the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York.* By JAMES WYNNE, M.D. New York: H. Bailliere. 1857. 4to. pp. 214.

THAT figures cannot lie is a plausible fallacy. Nothing can be more delusive than such statistics as are often assumed as the basis of opinion and action. When they embrace only a part of the data essential to a

correct conclusion, or when, covering only a limited extent, and thus liable to be modified by local circumstances, they are made to subserve a broad generalization, they can only lead to error, or perpetuate falsities already current. We make these remarks as suggestive of the peculiar and great merit of Dr. Wynne's book. His inquiries comprehend all parts of our country, all the diversities of condition, occupation, climate, situation, liability to disease, in fine, all such circumstances bearing upon longevity as can be deduced from registers and presented numerically. These are handled with an eminently philosophic treatment, by a mind committed to no theory, and evidently bent solely on the enucleation of the truth. The only error that can attach itself to the conclusions results from the deficiency of American records, and that error is reduced to its minimum by carefully reasoned analogies, based upon the materials in hand. It is gratifying to know that no less than eighteen Life Insurance Companies have aided in the expense of preparing this work. The solvency of these companies, of course, depends on the trustworthiness of their tables of longevity, and the judiciousness of their regulations as to the variable sanitary condition and liabilities of applicants. Their insolvency would be a public calamity of the first magnitude, sweeping away the sole provision which thousands make for the support of their families and the security of their creditors. Dr. Wynne has thus rendered a great and lasting service to his country; while his work cannot but redound to his own high reputation for industry, ability, and scientific culture.

16.— *The American Angler's Guide; or, Complete Fisher's Manual for the United States: containing the Opinions and Practices of experienced Anglers of both Hemispheres; with the various Modes adopted in Ocean, River, Lake, and Pond Fishing; the usual Tackle and Baits required; Instructions in the Art of making Artificial Flies; Methods of making Fish-Ponds, Transportation of Fish, etc., etc., etc.* Fourth Edition, revised, corrected, and greatly improved, with the addition of a Second Part, containing over one hundred Pages of useful and instructive Information. Handsomely illustrated with twenty Engravings of the principal Angle Fish of America, and embellished with numerous Engravings on Steel, Stone, and Wood, by the best Artists. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1857. pp. 332.

This is one of the most beautiful books of the current year. Its engravings alone would give it a very great interest and value. Its

description of the habits of various fishes is minute and thorough. Its instructions to anglers, and its culinary directions for the benefit of epicures, seem to leave nothing unsaid. Literature, black-letter and modern, is ransacked for illustration, and the pages contain many rich and racy *morceaux* of prose and poetry from authors not easily accessible. The work, while a perfect *vade mecum* for the aquatic sportsman, is one of the most entertaining and suggestive of table-books, whether for the library or the drawing-room.

17.—1. *A Manual for the Use of Notaries Public and Bankers; comprising a Summary of the Law of Bills of Exchange and Promissory Notes, both in Europe and the United States, Checks on Bankers, and Sight Bills; with approved Forms of Protest, and Notice of Protest; and References to important Legal Decisions; especially adapted to the Use of Notaries Public and Bankers.* By BERNARD ROELKER, A.M., of the New York Bar. Third Edition. *With numerous Additions in reference to Bills of Exchange and Promissory Notes; Protest; Transfer of Bills and Notes; Letters of Credit; Forged Bills; Fraudulent and Lost Bank Bills; Sight Bills, &c., and Reference to recent Decisions in the United States and English Courts; and a Synopsis of the Usury Laws of each State, and the Law of Damages on Protested Bills.* By J. SMITH HOMANS, Editor of the "Bankers' Magazine." New York. 1857. pp. 244.

2. *The Bankers' Commonplace Book; containing:*—I. *A Treatise on Banking.* By A. B. JOHNSON, Esq., of Utica, New York. II. *Ten Minutes' Advice on keeping a Banker.* By J. W. GILBART, Esq. III. BYLES *on the Foreign Law of Bills of Exchange.* IV. *Remarks on Bills of Exchange.* By JOHN RAMSAY M'CULLOCH, Esq. V. *Forms of Bills of Exchange, in Eight European Languages.* VI. *Forms of Notices of Protest, with Remarks.* VII. *Synopsis of the Bank Laws of Massachusetts.* VIII. *Decisions on Banking, by the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts.* IX. *Suggestions to Young Cashiers on the Duties of their Profession.* X. *On the Duties and Misdoings of Bank Directors.* By A. B. JOHNSON. XI. *A Numismatic Dictionary; or, an Account of Coins of all Countries.* New York. 1857. 12mo. pp. 192.

THESE books, issued from the office of the "Bankers' Magazine," are all that they claim to be, and our best recommendation of them, therefore, is the transcription of their titles in full. Such manuals in

the hands of merchants, as well as of notaries and bankers, would supersede a vast amount of litigation. The first of these books has its value greatly enhanced by a copious alphabetical index of subjects, and another of the judicial cases cited; and the second has ample and minute indexes, one of them alphabetical.

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18. — *The Elements of Drawing; in Three Letters to Beginners.* By JOHN RUSKIN, M.A. With Illustrations drawn by the Author. New York: Wiley and Halsted. 1857. 12mo. pp. 234.

THE object of this work is to delineate a series of exercises, adapted to cultivate keenness and accuracy of sight and the sense of perspective. Mere manipulation is made secondary to the clear perception and conception of the object to be drawn. To the novice in art such a directory must be invaluable; while to the general reader it is interesting and instructive as a commentary on nature, revealing many features of landscape and its elements which are obvious only to the educated eye, yet which, once suggested, can never be lost from sight. It is pleasant to find that Ruskin at length admits one vulnerable point in Turner.

"Turner, though he was professor of perspective to the Royal Academy, did not know what he professed; and never, as far as I remember, drew a building in true perspective in his life; he drew them only with as much perspective as suited him."—p. xvi.

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19. — *A Manual of Ancient Geography.* By DR. LEONHARD SCHMITZ, F. R. S. E. *With a Map, showing the Retreat of the* 10,000 *Greeks under Xenophon.* Philadelphia: Blanchard and Lea. 1857. 12mo. pp. 428.

THE study of ancient geography is proverbially dry, nor has Dr. Schmitz wholly removed that reproach. But he has lightened it, by inserting, wherever there is room, entertaining and instructive scraps of history. He gives us also a "History of Ancient Geography," from the mythical age down to 500 A. D., which forms one of the most attractive chapters of the history of opinions. The first book thus occupied, the remaining three treat of Europe, Asia, and Africa, respectively. The several portions of the ancient world are not, however, described with a dead level of dull minuteness; perspective is con-

sulted; regions on which our curiosity has no hold are passed over very cursorily, while the author pauses to recall classical associations with the well-known geographical names, and enters, as regards them, into the details which their relative importance demands and makes appropriate.

In his Preface, Dr. Schmitz refers to Long's Atlas of Classical Geography, as "in every respect the best and most accurate that has yet been published in this country" (Great Britain). This Atlas was republished by Messrs. Blanchard and Lea in 1856; and, after having had it for several months on our table, we can bear testimony to its fulness, its adaptation to easy reference, and its high style of mechanical execution. We ought to have noticed it when it first appeared; we would now recommend it as an almost essential companion-book to Dr. Schmitz's "Manual," which we believe to be the best work of the kind accessible to American students.

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20. — *A Commentary, Critical, Expository, and Practical, on the Gospels of Matthew and Mark, for the Use of Ministers, Theological Students, Private Christians, Bible Classes, and Sabbath Schools.* By JOHN J. OWEN, D.D. With a Map, Synoptical Index, etc. New York: Leavitt and Allen. 1857. 12mo. pp. 501.

INTO the mutual relations of the synoptical Gospels, and the questions raised by their correspondences and their discrepances, Dr. Owen does not enter, and the textual exposition of these books — the least difficult of interpretation in the canon of the New Testament — furnishes no adequate test of his ability as a critic. But the style of this work would prepare us to anticipate his distinguished success in the more arduous labors which await him in the Gospel of John and the Pauline Epistles. Completeness, precision, and conciseness characterize his commentary. On the few passages which can be supposed to refer to disputed dogmas, he accords, as we should expect, with the Trinitarian and Calvinistic interpretation; but, on these, he does not merge the critic in the controversialist, and still less does he obtrude his own peculiar opinions where the text does not demand their expression. His notes are learned, yet without the ostentation of learning, and devout, without the parade of personal feeling. They contain all that the common reader needs, and nearly all that the scholar can furnish, for the elucidation of the text. In thoroughness, in critical impartiality, and in their tokens of profound Biblical scholarship, we

deem them preferable to Barnes's Commentaries, which we nevertheless hold in high esteem, while they are parallel with that series in their adaptation to popular use.

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21. — *A History of Rome, from the Earliest Times to the Establishment of the Empire. With Chapters on the History of Literature and Art.* By HENRY G. LIDDELL, D.D., Dean of Christ Church, Oxford. Illustrated by numerous Woodcuts. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1857. 12mo. pp. 768.

FOR the use of schools and colleges, and for a large class of readers, this work must assume the first place among the recent Histories of Rome. Its comparative brevity is secured by condensation rather than by omission. It embodies the last results of historical criticism, and exhibits, not merely the series of Rome's political and military fortunes, but the course and tokens of her progress alike in those manly, hardy traits which made her empress of the world, and in those more showy attributes of national greatness and individual magnificence, which in their culminating glory bore the presage of decline, decay, and dismemberment. Dr. Liddell's style is concise, clear, and strong. His numerous classical references and quotations, no less than the chapters expressly devoted to literature, connect the march of events with the development of the national mind, and thus render the work a history of the Romans no less than of Rome.

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22. — *Essays in Biography and Criticism.* By PETER BAYNE, M.A. First Series. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 1857. 12mo. pp. 426.

THIS volume, and a second now in press, are the result of an arrangement — honorable to both parties — between the American publishers and Mr. Bayne, by which the author's rights are held sacred without the intervention of law, and the papers, which might have been pirated as they appeared in London or Edinburgh, are given to the Cisatlantic public under the auspices of him whose property they are. The present volume contains five articles from an Edinburgh Magazine, and three which had not been previously printed. They indicate the traits of mind and heart which render "The Christian Life" so intensely suggestive and vitalizing, and at the same time display a critical power seldom equalled in compre-

hensiveness, depth of insight, candid appreciation, and judicial integrity. The author enters at once into the heart of his subject; his standards of judgment are never lost from sight, or warped in their application to the case in hand; and his verdicts appear, not as the result of individual caprice, but as justified by the clear and full statement of the grounds on which they are pronounced. Two of the papers — on Elizabeth Barrett Browning and on the Bronté Family — are on subjects discussed in our present number, and may be read with added interest in connection with the analysis of these writers by our own contributors. Were we to select either of a series of hardly varying merit for emphatic commendation, it would be that on De Quincey, who in his long career of authorship cannot have found a more admiring or a more discriminating reviewer. We quote the first few sentences of the paper on De Quincey, as no more than a fair specimen of the vigorous grasp with which the author fastens on his theme, and as exemplifying at once the vividness and energy of his style, and a certain floridness, the pruning of which would still further enhance his forcefulness and efficiency as a writer.

"On entering the study of De Quincey's writings, the first thing with which we are impressed is a certain air of perfect ease, and as it were of relaxation, which breathes around. 'The river glideth at his own sweet will'; now lingering to dally with the water-lilies, now wandering into green nooks to reflect the gray rock and silvery birch, now rolling in stately silence through the rich, smooth meadow, now leaping amid a thousand rainbows into the echoing chasm, while the spray rises upwards in a wavering and painted column. Mildness, or majesty, or wild Titanic strength may be displayed, but the river is ever at the same perfect ease, all unconscious of the spectator. 'My way of writing is rather to think aloud, and follow my own humors, than much to consider who is listening to me'; — these words, used with express reference to the mode in which he composed the 'Confessions,' may be taken as characterizing, in a degree more or less eminent, De Quincey's universal manner. The goal, indeed, is always kept in view; however circuitous the wandering may be, there is always a return to the subject; the river's course is always seawards; but there are no fixed embankments, between which, in straight, purpose-like course, the stream is compelled to flow. You are led aside in the most wayward, unaccountable manner, and though you must allow that every individual bay and wooded creek is in itself beautiful, yet, being a Briton, accustomed to feed on facts, like the alligators whom the old naturalists asserted to live on stones, and thinking it right to walk to the purpose of a book with that firm step and by that nearest road which conduct you to your office, you are soon ready to exclaim that this is trifling, and that you wish the author could speak to the point. But there is some witchery which still detains you; the trifling seems to be flavored by some indefinable essence, which spreads an irresistible charm around; you recollect that nature has

innumerable freaks, and may present, in one quarter of a mile, the giant rock and the quivering bluebell, the defiant oak and the trodden lichen, the almost stagnant pool and the surging cataract; at length the thought dawns upon you, that this author is great because he cannot help it; that he is a force in the hand of nature; that, whether you smile, or frown, or weep, or wonder, he goes on with the same absolute ease, speaking with pure spontaneity the thoughts that arise within him. Then your trust becomes deeper, your earnestness of study redoubles, you are profoundly convinced that here is no pretence, no unnatural effort; your murmuring turns to astonishment at the complexity, richness, and strangely blended variety of nature's effects. If your experience is the same as ours honestly was, you will proceed from a certain pleasurable titillation, produced by what you deem twaddle, though twaddle deliciously spiced by genius, to the conviction that, however hampered, however open to objection, here is an intellect, in all the great faculties of analysis, combination, and reception, of a power and range which you are at a loss to measure or define."—pp. 15–17.

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23. — *The Biographical History of Philosophy, from its Origin in Greece down to the Present Day.* By GEORGE HENRY LEWES. Library Edition, much enlarged and thoroughly revised. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1857. 12mo. pp. 801.

MR. LEWES, in his Introduction, discriminates between Philosophy and Science. Philosophy, as he maintains, is purely metaphysical, asks for her reasonings no basis of facts, and for her conclusions, only a logical validity, not evidence or proof; while Science admits as true only what has been tested by experiment or verified by being "confronted with fact." Philosophy therefore can move only in a circle, and must from time to time tread over again her old paths; while Science moves straight onward, and needs not to retrace the steps once taken. Philosophy, from the impossibility of verifying her theories, can give to no one of them an enduring hold on her disciples. An hypothesis unproved, however strong its *a priori* probability, will win belief only under the stimulus of novelty, and in the fresh ardor of propagandism; let the interest in it be worn away by familiarity, one or another alternative hypothesis will first rival, then supplant it. Thus the human mind must necessarily in the lapse of ages not only run through, but wear out by repetition, the limited range of fundamental hypotheses, or so-called philosophies, by which it can account for its own phenomena and those of nature and of being. When this point is reached, Philosophy must die, and yield up the place it had assumed to Positive Science. That crisis is even now passed. Philosophy, born with

Thales, received the honors of burial at the hands of Auguste Comte; and Mr. Lewes is her posthumous biographer. She certainly "died hard," if Sir William Hamilton was energized by her death-throes, and if Ferrier's brilliant, vivacious "Institutes of Metaphysic" were her last words. But our design is to indicate the scope of Mr. Lewes's book, not to affirm or confute its doctrines. While we believe Philosophy divine and immortal, and Science mutable and perishable with the material universe in which it has its birth and being, we nevertheless deem Mr. Lewes's biography a worthy record of large portions of that segment of the eternal years of its subject which falls within his plan. It is rich in historical details, especially of the Greek philosophy, and will be read with interest and profit equally by the author's co-disciples and by those who dissent *toto cælo* from him.

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24. — *Lectures on Temperance.* By ELIPHALET NOTT, D. D., LL. D., President of Union College. With an Introduction by TAYLER LEWIS, LL. D., Professor of Greek in Union College. Edited by AMASA MCCOY, late Editor of "The Prohibitionist." New York: Sheldon, Blakeman, & Co. 1857. 12mo. pp. 341.

WE have no space left us for an extended criticism of these Lectures, to which in some future number we hope to recur with the endeavor to do them justice. Together they constitute the most able, thorough, and efficient argument that has yet been constructed for the disuse of all intoxicating liquors. They are free from fanaticism, and full-fraught with Christian philanthropy. They rest their appeal mainly on the principle of that noble declaration of the Apostle, that "it is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak." They are fervent and eloquent, but argumentative throughout; and the venerable scholar and divine, whose ripened wisdom and unabated energy, at the age of eighty-three, still retain for him his place at the head of our country's educational corps, can hardly have rendered a more signal service to his own and succeeding generations, than in the volume before us. In the Introduction, Professor Lewis has brought to bear upon the great moral question of our times the same keen and vigorous logical power which has won him a place second to no living philosophical writer. The Appendix contains, among other valuable documents, Bishop Potter's admirable "Address on the Drinking Usages of Society." Why cannot our Temperance Societies, instead of commissioning agents whose coarse wit is often their sole claim upon an audience,

or issuing reports full of nauseating details or threadbare commonplaces, put such noble workers as President Nott, Bishop Potter, and Professor Lewis in the fore-front of their battle-array, and strike at the intelligence, talent, and influence of the country by such publications as constitute the volume of which we have now given an imperfect description and an inadequate eulogy?

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25. — *Kiana: a Tradition of Hawaii.* By JAMES J. JARVES. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1857. 12mo. pp. 277.

THERE is a tradition among the natives of Hawaii, that, long before Captain Cook visited the island, a white priest arrived there, bringing with him an idol which was enrolled in the calendar of the Hawaiian gods, and that he acquired great reputation for goodness and an extended influence; also, that from a wrecked vessel the captain and his sister reached the shore, and were hospitably received, and adopted into the families of the chiefs. It is certain that, shortly after the conquest of Mexico, Cortez sent on an exploring expedition to California three vessels, two of which never returned. There are good reasons for believing that the wreck of one of these vessels may have cast upon Hawaii the white strangers of native tradition. Mr. Jarves has made them the heroes of the romance before us. The story is strongly conceived, abounds in conjunctures of thrilling interest, and is wrought out with great vividness and power. The narrative is interspersed with such descriptions of Hawaiian scenery as indicate an artist's eye and a poet's soul. The conversations, however, abound with anachronisms and (if we may be permitted to coin a word of which reviewers are sorely in need) *anatopisms*, untutored savages of the sixteenth century being represented in several instances as talking and reasoning like cultivated and sceptical Frenchmen of the nineteenth.

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26. — *Souvenirs of Travel.* By MADAME OCTAVIA WALTON LE VERT. In two vols. New York: S. H. Goetzel & Co. 1857. 12mo. pp. 348, 348.

A NEW record of European travel would seem the last thing that the public taste could demand or tolerate. Yet we believe that Madame Le Vert will find appreciating readers, even among those who have thought themselves completely satiated with books of this description. We do not regard Madame Le Vert's descriptive talent as superior to

that of cultivated and observing travellers in general. Indeed, her style is that of the *viva voce* narrative of a person of fine culture, mature understanding, elegant taste, and very moderate enthusiasm. She thus satisfies us the most fully in her descriptions of society and of artificial life; the least, in her sketches of Alpine and Italian scenery. But the charm of her work lies in her freedom of access, on terms of equality, to those higher circles of European and especially English society, of which we generally get only the far-off views of those who, "sovereigns" at home, are forced to be plebeians abroad, or the hardly nearer views of those who, by dint of impudence, through extorted introductions, push their way where they are not so much received as tolerated. We by no means admire this inaccessibleness of English aristocratic society; nor do we deem that society one whit the better, because it sees fit to plant around itself a hedge of thorn-bushes. But still it exists, and is of old, — a tradition, an institution, a social force; and we rejoice in the opportunity of inspecting it. Madame Le Vert was everywhere "received," and, while she has not, as we think, violated hospitality by too great license, she certainly exercises the broadest freedom consistent with good breeding in portraying persons, describing objects, relating incidents, and copying conversations. Her two European tours extended through all the portions of Europe usually visited by American travellers, and the narrative of the second commences with a residence of several weeks at Havana. From Havana she embarked for Cadiz, and in Spain she occupies a ground on which she has fewer predecessors and rivals than elsewhere, so that her chapters on the Spanish cities contain a very considerable amount of entirely fresh material.

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27. — *The Lives of the Chief Justices of England. From the Norman Conquest till the Death of Lord Tenterden.* By Lord Chief Justice Campbell, LL. D., F. R. S. E. Vol. III. Philadelphia: Blanchard and Lea. 1857. 8vo. pp. 381.

Lord Campbell has brought down this series of biographies to a period within the memory of the generation now upon the stage, Lord Tenterden's death having taken place in 1832. It is superfluous for us to repeat what has been already said in our pages of the author's admirable adaptation to his work, alike in the profound legal learning which enables him to do professional justice to his subjects, in the union of keen insight and kind appreciation by which he sees the whole of a character, and exhibits it without detraction, petulance, or malice, and

in his conversance with parliamentary and general history, important sections of which are sometimes portions of his narrative. This volume contains the lives of Lords Kenyon, Ellenborough, and Tenterden.

Lord Kenyon presents an instance — unique as we suppose within the last hundred years — of the elevation to the highest judicial honors of a man who had neither birth, genius, address, nor education other than legal, to place him in the line of promotion. He acquired a smattering of Latin at a Welsh free grammar-school, but could not read even the Greek characters, knew nothing of the abstract sciences beyond the "rule of three," and "is said piously to have believed to his dying day that the sun goes round the earth once every twenty-four hours." At the age of fourteen he was articled to an attorney, and by dint of hard drudgery, diligent study of the law, and making his indomitable working capacity of value to those who knew at once how to use and to compensate him, he gradually rose to the very highest trusts, and did honor to the places he successively filled. To be sure, he never outgrew his primitive awkwardness in dress and manners, and cannot be said, except in the widest latitude of metaphor, to have *adorned* his ultimate station. On the Bench and in the House of Lords, he showed, whenever the subject in hand was broad enough, the exceeding narrowness of his general culture and knowledge, and adhered to not a few of the obsolete prejudices of an earlier generation. Yet his legal learning was profound and thorough; he was a man of religious integrity of purpose and character; and though his judicial career has left no enduring memorial in the literature of his profession, his decisions, where they involve no other element than pure law, are still regarded as sound and able.

Lord Tenterden also illustrates the freedom with which unpropped merit can make its way to legal and judicial honors in England. He was the son of a poor barber, and was educated by the charity of his father's customers, almost arrested, however, on the way to eminence by an appointment as a "singing boy" in the Canterbury Cathedral. This place was the summit of his ambition; that it was not his Ararat he owed to a husky voice which made him ineligible. He, unlike Lord Kenyon, was an accomplished scholar, a man of refined tastes, an eloquent advocate, and as well fitted to grace the condition as to discharge the duties of his office.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Chemical Problems and Reactions, to accompany Stöckhardt's Elements of Chemistry. By Josiah P. Cooke, Jr. Cambridge: John Bartlett. 1857. 12mo. pp. 128.

Hand-Books for Home Improvement. — No. IV. How to do Business: a Pocket Manual of Practical Affairs, and Guide to Success in Life; embracing Principles of Business; Advice in Reference to a Business Education; Choice of a Pursuit; Buying and Selling; General Management; Manufacturing; Mechanical Trades; Farming; Book and Newspaper Publishing; Miscellaneous Enterprises; Causes of Success and Failure; How to get Customers; Business Maxims; Letter to a Young Lawyer; Business Forms; Legal and Useful Information; and a Dictionary of Commercial Terms. New York: Fowler & Wells. 1857. 12mo. pp. 156.

Some General Principles, in Ten Lectures. By Rev. C. H. A. Dall, Missionary to India of the American Unitarian Association. Calcutta. 1856.

Circular and Catalogue of the Packer Collegiate Institute, with the Annual Commencement Exercises, July 1, 1857, Joralemon Street, Brooklyn Heights. New York. 1857.

Sixth Annual Report of the Boston Young Men's Christian Union, presented April 15, 1857. With the Charter, By-Laws, Names of Officers and Life-Members. Boston. 1857.

A Catalogue of the Officers and Students of Washington University (Chartered February 22d, 1853). With the Course of Study, Terms of Admission, &c. 1857–8. St. Louis. 1857.

Eighth Annual Report of the New England Female Medical College. Boston. 1857.

Report of the Second Annual Examination at North Granville Ladies' Seminary, July 27, 28, and 29, 1857. With Rev. A. Woodbury's Address. North Granville. 1857.

Sixth Annual Report of the Boston Young Men's Christian Association, with the By-Laws, List of Officers, Life-Members, etc., etc. Presented May 20, 1857. Boston. 1857.

A Legal Review of the Case of Dred Scott, as decided by the Supreme Court of the United States. From the Law Reporter for June, 1857. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1857.

The Movement Cure. By Charles F. Taylor. New York. 1857.

A Reply to William T. Dwight, D. D., on Spiritualism. Three Lectures. By Jabez C. Woodman, Counsellor at Law. Portland: George R. Davis & Brother. 1857.

Wm. R. Prince's Address to the American Institute, on the Character

and Merits of the Chinese Potato — Dioscorea Batatas, delivered March 17, 1857. New York. 1857.

Vacation Thoughts on Capital Punishments. By Charles Phillips, A. B., One of Her Majesty's Commissioners of the Court for the Relief of Insolvent Debtors, in London. London: W. & F. G. Cash. 1857. 8vo. pp. 120.

Considerations on Divorce a Vinculo Matrimonii, in Connection with Holy Scripture. By a Barrister. London: C. J. Stewart. 1857.

A Catalogue of the Officers and Students of Phillips Exeter Academy, for the Academical Year 1856 – 57. Boston. 1857.

Harvard University. Medical Department. Announcement of the Medical Course, commencing on the First Wednesday in November, 1857. Boston. 1857.

Mercantile Library Association of the City of New York. Thirty-sixth Annual Report. With the Report of the Trustees of the Clinton Hall Association. New York. 1857.

The Agricultural College of the State of Michigan. Lansing. 1857.

Isthmus of Suez Ship Canal. Report and Plan of the International Scientific Commission; with Appendix, containing the Latest Official Documents. London: John Weale. 1857. 8vo. pp. 192.

Notice of some Remarks by the late Mr. Hugh Miller. Philadelphia. 1857.

A Biographical Sketch of George Peabody of London. From Hunt's Merchants' Magazine for April, 1857. New York. 1857.

Fifth Annual Report of the Trustees of the Free Public Library. Presented to the City Council, April 4th, 1857. New Bedford. 1857.

The Dutch at the North Pole and the Dutch in Maine. A Paper read before the New York Historical Society, 3d March, 1857. By J. Watts De Peyster, a Member of the Society. New York. 1857.

Peace will triumph. Address before the American Peace Society, at its Twenty-ninth Anniversary, held in Boston, May 25, 1857. By Rufus P. Stebbins, D. D. Boston. 1857.

Speech of the Bishop of London, at the Annual General Meeting of the London Diocesan Church-Building Society, held in Willis's Rooms, on Monday, 8th June, 1857. London. 1857.

Oration, delivered at the Independent Academy, Manchester, Maryland, July 4, 1857. By Charles Henry Foster. Baltimore. 1857.

Addresses delivered at the Dedication of the Clinton Cemetery, with a Copy of the Act authorizing the Formation of Rural Cemetery Associations, together with the Rules and Regulations, Dedicatory Proceedings, &c. Utica. 1857.

A Discourse in Commemoration of Rev. William Parsons Lunt, D. D., delivered at Quincy, Mass., on Sunday, June 7, 1857. By Chandler Robbins. Also, the last Sermon preached by Mr. Lunt, December 28, 1856. With an Appendix. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1857.

Proceedings of the American Antiquarian Society, at the Semiannual Meeting, held in Boston, April 29, 1857. Boston. 1857.

Catalogue of the Officers and Students of Georgetown College, Kentucky. 1856 – 7. Cincinnati: Geo. S. Blanchard. 1857.

Tribute to the Memory of Hon. William L. Lee, late Chief Justice of the Hawaiian Kingdom. By Rev. S. C. Damon. Honolulu. 1857.

An Inheritance to Children's Children. A Discourse occasioned by the Death of Mrs. Sarah Thayer. Preached at Lancaster, June 28, 1857, the Sunday after her Funeral. By George M. Bartol. Boston. 1857.

How does Religion become Christianity? A Sermon preached at the Dedication of the First Unitarian Church in Marietta, Ohio, on Thursday, June 4, 1857. By George E. Ellis. With an Appendix. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1857.

"Thou sayest, Behold, we knew it not." A Sermon, on the urgent Necessity for Additional Churches and Clergymen in certain Parts of the Diocese of London, preached in St. Anne's Church, Highgate Rise, on Sunday, June 7, 1857, on Behalf of the London Diocesan Church-Building Society. By the Rev. T. F. Stooks, M. A., Incumbent of St. Anne's, and Honorary Secretary to the Society. London: Hamilton, Adams, & Co. 1857.

Third Annual Report of the London Diocesan Church-Building Society, and Metropolis Churches Fund, instituted to promote the Building, Enlargement, and Endowment of Churches, good Accommodation for the Poorer Classes being a primary Object, the Erection of Parsonage Houses, and the Employment of Missionary Curates in Destitute Districts, in the Diocese of London (from 1st May, 1856, to 1st May, 1857). London. 1857.

The Dead Secret. By Wilkie Collins. New York: Miller & Curtis. 1857. 12mo. pp. 144.

White Lies. A Novel. By Charles Reade. Parts I. and II. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1857. 12mo. pp. 232.

Library of Select Novels. No. 204. Leonora D'Orco. By G. P. R. James. — No. 206. The Rose of Ashurst. By the Author of "Evelyn Marston," "Emilia Wyndham," "Castle Avon," "The Heiress of Haughton," "Aubrey," &c., &c. — No. 207. The Athelings; or, The Three Gifts. By Margaret Oliphant. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1857.

The Romany Rye. A Sequel to "Lavengro." By George Borrow. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1857. 8vo. pp. 141.

Harper's Story Books. By Jacob Abbott. No. 32. Minigo. — No. 33. Jasper. — No. 34. Congo. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1857.

Report of the Superintendent of the Coast Survey, showing the Progress of the Survey during the Year 1855. Washington. 1856. 4to. pp. 420. Sketches and Diagrams, 60.

Annual Report of the Board of Regents of the Smithsonian Institution, showing the Operations, Expenditures, and Condition of the Institution, for the Year 1856, and the Proceedings of the Board up to January 28, 1857. Washington. 1857. 8vo. pp. 467.

Abridgment of the Debates of Congress, from 1789 to 1856. From Gales & Seaton's Annals of Congress; from their Register of Debates; and from the Official Reported Debates, by John C. Rives. By the Author of the Thirty Years' View. Vol. III. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1857. 8vo. pp. 739.

The Speeches of Henry Clay. Edited by Calvin Calton, LL. D., Professor of Public Economy, Trinity College. In 2 volumes. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. 1857. 8vo. pp. 656, 632.

Biblical Commentary on the New Testament, by Dr. Herman Olshausen,

Professor of Theology in the University of Erlangen. Translated from the German for Clark's Foreign and Theological Library. First American Edition, by A. C. Kendrick, D. D., Professor of Greek in the University of Rochester. To which is prefixed Olshausen's Proof of the Genuineness of the Writings of the New Testament, translated by David Fosdick, Jr. Vol. IV. New York: Sheldon, Blakeman, & Co. 1857. 8vo. pp. 586.

Collections of the New York Hitsorical Society. Second Series. Volume III. — Part I. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1857. 8vo. pp. 358.

Travels and Discoveries in North and Central Africa. Being a Journal of an Expedition undertaken under the Auspices of H. B. M.'s Government in the Years 1849–1855. Vol. I. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1857. 8vo. pp. 657.

Hints on Health; with familiar Instructions for the Treatment and Preservation of the Skin, Hair, Teeth, Eyes, &c. By William Edward Coale, M. D. Third Edition, thoroughly revised, with Additions. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1857. 12mo. pp. 210.

Elements of Logic; designed as a Manual of Instruction. By Henry Coppée, A. M., Professor of English Literature in the University of Pennsylvania. Philadelphia: E. H. Butler & Co. 1858. 16mo. pp. 275.

Appletons' Illustrated Hand-Book of American Travel: a full and reliable Guide by Railway, Steamboat, and Stage, to the Cities, Towns, Waterfalls, Battle-Fields, Mountains, Rivers, Lakes, Hunting and Fishing Grounds, Watering Places, Summer Resorts, and all Scenes and Objects of Importance and Interest in the United States and the British Provinces. By T. Addison Richards. With careful Maps of all Parts of the Country, and Pictures of Famous Places and Scenes, from Original Drawings by the Author and other Artists. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1857. 12mo. pp. 420.

The Olynthiac and other Public Orations of Demosthenes. Translated with Notes, &c., by Charles Rann Kennedy. In 2 volumes. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1857. 12mo. pp. 320, 418.

History of King Philip, sovereign Chief of the Wampanoags. Including the Early History of the Settlers of New England. By John S. C. Abbott. With Engravings. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1857. 16mo. pp. 410.

A Child's History of Greece. By John Bonner, Author of "A Child's History of Rome," &c. In 2 volumes. With numerous Illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1857. 16mo. pp. 315, 287.

Waverley Novels. Household Edition. Old Mortality. In 2 volumes. — The Black Dwarf. A Legend of Montrose. In 2 volumes. — The Heart of Mid-Lothian. In 2 volumes. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1857.

The Poetical Works of John Greenleaf Whittier. Complete in 2 volumes. (Blue and Gold.) Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1857. 16mo. pp. 320, 303.

The Poetical Works of Leigh Hunt. Now first entirely collected, revised by himself, and edited with an Introduction by S. Adams Lee. Complete in 2 volumes. (Blue and Gold.) Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1857. 16mo. pp. 297, 321.

The Poor Boy and Merchant Prince; or, Elements of Success drawn from the Life and Character of the late Amos Lawrence. A Book for Youth. By William M. Thayer. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1857. 12mo. pp. 349.

Nothing to Do: A Tilt at our Best Society. Illustrated. Boston: James French & Co. 1857. 16mo. pp. 45.

Sermons on Special Occasions. By Rev. John Harris, D. D. First Series. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1857. 16mo. pp. 363.

Chile Con Carne; or, The Camp and the Field. By S. Compton Smith, M. D., Acting Surgeon with General Taylor's Division in Mexico. New York: Miller & Curtis. 1857. 12mo. pp. 404.

Virginia Illustrated: containing a Visit to the Virginia Canaan, and The Adventures of Porte Crayon and his Cousins. Illustrated from Drawings by Porte Crayon. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1857. 8vo. pp. 300.

Floral Home; or, First Years of Minnesota. Early Sketches, Later Settlements, and Further Developments. By Harriet E. Bishop. New York: Sheldon, Blakeman, & Co. 1857. 12mo. pp. 342.

Appendix to a Catalogue of Theological Books in Foreign Languages, containing Supplementary Lists of the Sacred Writings, Fathers of the Church and Patristic Literature, Rabbinical and other Commentators, Biblical, Jewish, and Ecclesiastical Antiquities, Church History and Biography, Monastic History, Rule and Discipline, Canon Law and Church Polity, Councils, Canons, Decrees, and Confessions of Faith, Rituals and Liturgical Writings, etc., etc. By David Nutt. London. 1857. 8vo. pp. 186.

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